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Dÿe noble and mÿzty Pzmce excellent
my lozd the Pzmce of my lyfe gracious
I humble seruant and obesient
on to zow estate hÿe and glozious
Of whÿche I am ful tendze and ful zelous
to recommande on to zowe Worthÿnesse
With herte entier and spÿrit of meekenesse

THE WERNER COMPANY, AKRON, O.

PRINCE HENRY AND OCCLEVE.

"hye noble and mygtty Prince excellent
My lord the prince o my lord graciouse
I humble seruant and obedient
Vn to youre estate hye and glorious
Of wyche I am ful tendre and ful yelous
Me recommaunde vn to youre worthynesse
Wyth herte entere and spiritt of meeknesse."

Thomas Occleve or Hoccleve was an English poet and lawyer of the time of Chaucer, living between 1370 and 1454. His chief poem is "De Regimine Principium," a new version of "The Governail of Princes." The plate is the dedication of this work to the prince of the day, afterwards King Henry V. of England.

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ANCIENT AND MODERN

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

EDITOR

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE LUCIA GILBERT RUNKLE
GEORGE HENRY WARNER

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

FORTY-FIVE VOLUMES

VOL. XVIII.

NEW YORK
THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY
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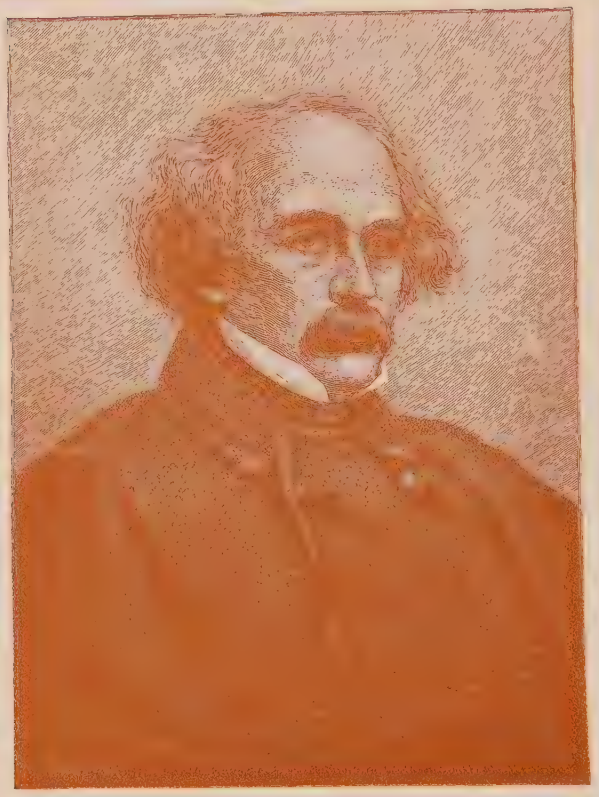

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

BY HENRY JAMES

It is perhaps an advantage in writing of Nathaniel Hawthorne's work, that his life offers little opportunity to the biographer. The record of it makes so few exactions that in a critical account of him — even as brief as this — the work may easily take most of the place. He was one of those happy men of letters in

found successful form. Born at Salem, Massachusetts, on July 4th, 1804, of established local Puritan — and in a conspicuous degree, sturdy seafaring — stock, he was educated at his birthplace and at Bowdoin College, Maine, where H. W. Longfellow was one of his fellow-students. Another was Franklin Pierce, who was to be elected President of the United States in 1852, and with whom Hawthorne

college in 1825 he returned to Salem to live, and in 1828 published in Boston a short romance called 'Fanshawe,' of which the scene, in

ters. The experiment was inevitably faint, but the author's beautiful touch had begun to feel its way. In 1837, after a dozen years spent in special solitude, as he later testified, at Salem, he collected as the first series of 'Twice-Told Tales' various more or less unremunerated contributions to the magazines and annuals of the day. In 1845 appeared the second series, and in 1851 the two volumes were, with a preface peculiarly graceful and touching, reissued together; he is in general never more graceful than when prefatory. In 1851 and 1854 respectively came to light 'The Snow Image' and 'Mosses from an Old Manse,' which form, with the previous double sheaf, his three main gatherings-in of the shorter fiction. I neglect, for brevity and as addressed to children, 'Grandfather's Chair' and 'The Wonder Book' (1851), as well as 'Tanglewood Tales' (1852). Of the other groups, some preceded, some followed, the appearance in 1850 of his second novel, 'The Scarlet Letter.'

These things — the experiments in the shorter fiction — had sounded, with their rare felicity, from the very first the note that was to be Hawthorne's distinguished mark, — that feeling for the latent romance

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

(1804–1864)

BY HENRY JAMES

IT IS perhaps an advantage in writing of Nathaniel Hawthorne's work, that his life offers little opportunity to the biographer. The record of it makes so few exactions that in a critical account of him — even as brief as this — the work may easily take most of the place. He was one of those happy men of letters in whose course the great milestones are simply those of his ideas that found successful form. Born at Salem, Massachusetts, on July 4th, 1804, of established local Puritan — and in a conspicuous degree, sturdy seafaring — stock, he was educated at his birthplace and at Bowdoin College, Maine, where H. W. Longfellow was one of his fellow-students. Another was Franklin Pierce, who was to be elected President of the United States in 1852, and with whom Hawthorne formed relations that became an influence in his life. On leaving college in 1825 he returned to Salem to live, and in 1828 published in Boston a short romance called 'Fanshawe,' of which the scene, in spite of its being a "love story," is laid, but for a change of name, at Bowdoin, with professors and undergraduates for its male characters. The experiment was inevitably faint, but the author's beautiful touch had begun to feel its way. In 1837, after a dozen years spent in special solitude, as he later testified, at Salem, he collected as the first series of 'Twice-Told Tales' various more or less unremunerated contributions to the magazines and annuals of the day. In 1845 appeared the second series, and in 1851 the two volumes were, with a preface peculiarly graceful and touching, reissued together; he is in general never more graceful than when prefatory. In 1851 and 1854 respectively came to light 'The Snow Image' and 'Mosses from an Old Manse,' which form, with the previous double sheaf, his three main gatherings-in of the shorter fiction. I neglect, for brevity and as addressed to children, 'Grandfather's Chair' and 'The Wonder Book' (1851), as well as 'Tanglewood Tales' (1852). Of the other groups, some preceded, some followed, the appearance in 1850 of his second novel, 'The Scarlet Letter.'

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of New England, which in summary form is the most final name to be given, I think, to his inspiration. This element, which is what at its best his genius most expresses, was far from obvious,—it had to be looked for; and Hawthorne found it, as he wandered and mused, in the secret play of the Puritan faith: the secret, I say particularly, because the direct and ostensible, face to face with common tasks and small conditions (as I may call them without prejudice to their general grimness), arrived at forms of which the tender imagination could make little. It could make a great deal, on the other hand, of the spiritual contortions, the darkened outlook, of the ingrained sense of sin, of evil, and of responsibility. There had been other complications in the history of the community surrounding him,—savages from behind, soldiers from before, a cruel climate from every quarter and a pecuniary remittance from none. But the great complication was the pressing moral anxiety, the restless individual conscience. These things were developed at the cost of so many others, that there were almost no others left to help them to make a picture for the artist. The artist's imagination had to deck out the subject, to work it up, as we nowadays say; and Hawthorne's was,—on intensely chastened lines, indeed,—equal to the task. In that manner it came into exercise from the first, through the necessity of taking for granted, on the part of the society about him, a life of the spirit more complex than anything that met the mere eye of sense. It was a question of looking behind and beneath for the suggestive idea, the artistic motive; the effect of all of which was an invaluable training for the faculty that evokes and enhances. This ingenuity grew alert and irrepressible as it manœuvred for the back view and turned up the under side of common aspects,—the laws secretly broken, the impulses secretly felt, the hidden passions, the double lives, the dark corners, the closed rooms, the skeletons in the cupboard and at the feast. It made, in short, and cherished, for fancy's sake, a mystery and a glamour where there were otherwise none very ready to its hand; so that it ended by living in a world of things symbolic and allegoric, a presentation of objects casting, in every case, far behind them a shadow more curious and more amusing than the apparent figure. Any figure therefore easily became with him an emblem, any story a parable, any appearance a cover: things with which his concern is—gently, indulgently, skillfully, with the lightest hand in the world—to pivot them round and show the odd little stamp or sign that gives them their value for the collector.

The specimens he collected, as we may call them, are divisible into groups, but with the mark in common that they are all early products of the dry New England air. Some are myths and mysteries of old Massachusetts,—charming ghostly passages of colonial

history. Such are 'The Grey Champion,' 'The Maypole of Merry Mount,' the four beautiful 'Legends of the Province House.' Others, like 'Roger Malvin's Burial,' 'Rappaccini's Daughter,' 'Young Goodman Brown,' are «moralities» without the moral, as it were; small cold apologues, frosty and exquisite, occasionally gathered from beyond the sea. Then there are the chapters of the fanciful all for fancy's sake, of the pure whimsical, and of observation merely amused and beguiled; pages, many of them, of friendly humorous reflections on what, in Salem or in Boston, a dreamer might meet in his walks. What Hawthorne encountered he instinctively embroidered, working it over with a fine, slow needle, and with flowers pale, rosy, or dusky, as the case might suggest. We have a handful of these in 'The Great Carbuncle' and 'The Great Stone Face,' 'The Seven Vagabonds,' 'The Threefold Destiny,' 'The Village Uncle,' 'The Toll Gatherer's Day,' 'A Rill from the Town Pump,' and 'Chippings with a Chisel.' The inequalities in his work are not, to my sense, great; and in specifying, we take and leave with hesitation.

'The Scarlet Letter,' in 1850, brought him immediate distinction, and has probably kept its place not only as the most original of his novels, but as the most distinguished piece of prose fiction that was to spring from American soil. He had received in 1839 an appointment to a small place in the Boston custom-house, where his labors were sordid and sterile, and he had given it up in permissible weariness. He had spent in 1841 near Roxbury, Massachusetts, a few months in the co-operative community of Brook Farm, a short-lived socialistic experiment. He had married in the following year and gone to live at the old Manse at Concord, where he remained till 1846, when, with a fresh fiscal engagement, he returned to his native town. It was in the intervals of his occupation at the Salem custom-house that 'The Scarlet Letter' was written. The book has achieved the fortune of the small supreme group of novels: it has hung an ineffaceable image in the portrait gallery, the reserved inner cabinet, of literature. Hester Prynne is not one of those characters of fiction whom we use as a term of comparison for a character of fact: she is almost more than that,—she decorates the museum in a way that seems to forbid us such a freedom. Hawthorne availed himself, for her history, of the most striking anecdote the early Puritan chronicle could give him,—give him in the manner set forth by the long, lazy Prologue or Introduction, an exquisite commemoration of the happy dullness of his term of service at the custom-house, where it is his fancy to pretend to have discovered in a box of old papers the faded relic and the musty documents which suggested to him his title and his theme.

It is the story as old as the custom of marriage, — the story of the husband, the wife, and the lover; but bathed in a misty, moonshiny light, and completely neglecting the usual sources of emotion. The wife, with the charming child of her guilt, has stood under the stern inquisitorial law in the public pillory of the adulteress; while the lover, a saintly young minister, undetected and unbetrayed, has in an anguish of pusillanimity suffered her to pay the whole fine. The husband, an ancient scholar, a man of abstruse and profane learning, finds his revenge years after the wrong, in making himself insidiously the intimate of the young minister, and feeding secretly on the remorse, the inward torments, which he does everything to quicken but pretends to have no ground for suspecting. The march of the drama lies almost wholly in the malignant pressure exercised in this manner by Chillingworth upon Dimmesdale; an influence that at last reaches its climax in the extraordinary penance of the subject, who in the darkness, in the sleeping town, mounts, himself, upon the scaffold on which, years before, the partner of his guilt has undergone irrevocable anguish. In this situation he calls to him Hester Prynne and her child, who, belated in the course of the merciful ministrations to which Hester has now given herself up, pass, among the shadows, within sight of him; and they in response to his appeal ascend for a second time to the place of atonement, and stand there with him under cover of night. The scene is not complete, of course, till Chillingworth arrives to enjoy the spectacle and his triumph. It has inevitably gained great praise, and no page of Hawthorne's shows more intensity of imagination; yet the main achievement of the book is not what is principally its subject, — the picture of the relation of the two men. They are too faintly — the husband in particular — though so fancifully figured. 'The Scarlet Letter' lives, in spite of too many cold *concetti*, — Hawthorne's general danger, — by something noble and truthful in the image of the branded mother and the beautiful child. Strangely enough, this pair are almost wholly outside the action; yet they preserve and vivify the work.

'The House of the Seven Gables,' written during a residence of two years at Lenox, Massachusetts, was published in 1851. If there are probably no four books of any author among which, for a favorite, readers hesitate longer than between Hawthorne's four longest stories, there are at any rate many for whom this remains distinctly his largest and fullest production. Suffused as it is with a pleasant autumnal haze, it yet brushes more closely than its companions the surface of American life, comes a trifle nearer to being a novel of manners. The manners it shows us indeed are all interfused with the author's special tone, seen in a slanting afternoon light; but

detail and illustration are sufficiently copious; and I am tempted for my own part to pronounce the book, taking subject and treatment together, and in spite of the position as a more concentrated classic enjoyed by 'The Scarlet Letter,' the closest approach we are likely to have to the great work of fiction, so often called for, that is to do us nationally most honor and most good. The subject reduced to its essence, indeed, accounts not quite altogether for all that there is in the picture. What there is besides is an extraordinary charm of expression, of sensibility, of humor, of touch. The question is that of the mortal shrinkage of a family once uplifted, the last spasm of their starved gentility and flicker of their slow extinction. In the haunted world of Hawthorne's imagination the old Pyncheon house, under its elm in the Salem by-street, is the place where the ghosts are most at home. Ghostly even are its actual tenants, the ancient virgin Hepzibah, with her turban, her scowl, her creaking joints, and her map of the great territory to the eastward belonging to her family,—reduced, in these dignities, to selling profitless pennyworths over a counter; and the bewildered bachelor Clifford, released, like some blinking and noble *déterré* of the old Bastile, from twenty years of wrongful imprisonment. We meet at every turn, with Hawthorne, his favorite fancy of communicated sorrows and inevitable atonements. Life is an experience in which we expiate the sins of others in the intervals of expiating our own. The heaviest visitation of the blighted Pyncheons is the responsibility they have incurred through the misdeeds of a hard-hearted witch-burning ancestor. This ancestor has an effective return to life in the person of the one actually robust and successful representative of the race,—a bland, hard, showy, shallow "ornament of the bench," a massive hypocrite and sensualist, who at last, though indeed too late, pays the penalty and removes the curse. The idea of the story is at once perhaps a trifle thin and a trifle obvious,—the idea that races and individuals may die of mere dignity and heredity, and that they need for refreshment and cleansing to be, from without, breathed upon like dull mirrors. But the art of the thing is exquisite, its charm irresistible, its distinction complete. 'The House of the Seven Gables,' I may add, contains in the rich portrait of Judge Pyncheon a character more solidly suggested than—with the possible exception of the Zenobia of 'The Blithedale Romance'—any other figure in the author's list.

Weary of Lenox, Hawthorne spent several months of 1852 at West Newton near Boston, where 'The Blithedale Romance' was brought forth. He made the most, for the food of fancy, of what came under his hand,—happy in an appetite that could often find a feast in meagre materials. The third of his novels is an echo, delightfully poetized, of his residence at Brook Farm. "Transcendentalism" was

in those days in New England much in the air; and the most comprehensive account of the partakers of this quaint experiment appears to have been held to be that they were Transcendentalists. More simply stated, they were young, candid radicals, reformers, philanthropists. The fact that it sprang — all irresponsibly indeed — from the observation of a known episode, gives 'The Blithedale Romance' also a certain value as a picture of manners; the place portrayed, however, opens quickly enough into the pleasantest and idlest dream-world. Hawthorne, we gather, dreamed there more than he worked; he has traced his attitude delightfully in that of the fitful and ironical Coverdale, as to whom we wonder why he chose to rub shoulders quite so much. We think of him as drowsing on a hillside with his hat pulled over his eyes, and the neighboring hum of reform turning in his ears, to a refrain as vague as an old song. One thing is certain: that if he failed his companions as a laborer in the field, it was only that he might associate them with another sort of success.

We feel, however, that he lets them off easily, when we think of some of the queer figures and queer nostrums then abroad in the land, and which his mild satire — incurring none the less some mild reproach — fails to grind in its mill. The idea that he most tangibly presents is that of the unconscious way in which the search for the common good may cover a hundred interested impulses and personal motives; the suggestion that such a company could only be bound together more by its delusions, its mutual suspicions and frictions, than by any successful surrender of self. The book contains two images of large and admirable intention: that of Hollingsworth the heavy-handed radical, selfish and sincere, with no sense for jokes, for forms, or for shades; and that of Zenobia the woman of "sympathies," the passionate patroness of "causes," who plays as it were with revolution, and only encounters embarrassment. Zenobia is the most graceful of all portraits of the strong-minded of her sex; borrowing something of her grace, moreover, from the fate that was not to allow her to grow old and shrill, and not least touching from the air we attribute to her of looking, with her fine imagination, for adventures that were hardly, under the circumstances, to be met. We fill out the figure, perhaps, and even lend to the vision something more than Hawthorne intended. Zenobia was, like Coverdale himself, a subject of dreams that were not to find form at Roxbury; but Coverdale had other resources, while she had none but her final failure. Hawthorne indicates no more interesting aspect of the matter than her baffled effort to make a hero of Hollingsworth, who proves, to her misfortune, so much too inelastic for the part. All this, as we read it to-day, has a soft, shy glamour, a touch of the poetry of

far-off things. Nothing of the author's is a happier expression of what I have called his sense of the romance of New England.

In 1853 Franklin Pierce, then President, appointed him consul at Liverpool, which was the beginning of a residence of some seven years in England and in Italy, the period to which we owe 'The Marble Faun' and 'Our Old Home.' The material for the latter of these was the first to be gathered; but the appearance of 'The Marble Faun,' begun in Rome in 1858 and finished during a second stay in England, preceded that of its companion. This is his only long drama on a foreign stage. Drawn from his own air, however, are much of its inspiration and its character. Hawthorne took with him to Italy, as he had done to England, more of the old Puritan consciousness than he left behind. The book has been consecrated as a kind of manual of Roman sights and impressions, brought together indeed in the light of a sympathy always detached and often withheld; and its value is not diminished by its constant reference to an order of things of which, at present, the yearning pilgrim — before a board for the most part swept bare — can only pick up the crumbs. The mystical, the mythical, are in 'The Marble Faun' more than ever at hide-and-seek with the real. The author's fancy for freakish correspondences has its way, with Donatello's points of resemblance to the delightful statue in the Capitol. What he offers us is the history of a character blissfully immature, awakening to manhood through the accidental, the almost unconscious, commission of a crime. For the happy youth before his act — the first complete act of his life — there have been no unanswered questions; but after it he finds himself confronted with all the weary questions of the world. This act consists of his ridding of an obscure tormentor — the obscurity is rather a mistake — a woman whom he loves, and who is older, cleverer, and more acquainted with life than himself. The humanizing, the moralizing of the faun is again an ingenious conceit; but it has had for result to have made the subject of the process — and the case is unique in Hawthorne's work — one of those creations of the story-teller who give us a name for a type. There is a kind of young man whom we have now only to call a Donatello, to feel that we sufficiently classify him. It is a part of the scheme of the story to extend to still another nature than his the same sad initiation. A young woman from across the Atlantic, a gentle copyist in Roman galleries of still gentler Guidos and Guercinos, happens to have caught a glimpse, at the critical moment, of the dismal secret that unites Donatello and Miriam. This, for her, is the tree of bitter knowledge, the taste of which sickens and saddens her. The burden is more than she can bear, and one of the most charming passages in the book describes how at last, at a summer's end, in sultry solitude, she

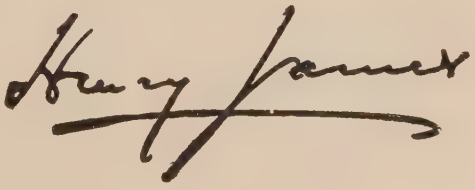
stops at St. Peter's before a confessional, and Protestant and Puritan as she is, yields to the necessity of kneeling there and ridding herself of her obsession. Hawthorne's young women are exquisite; Hilda is a happy sister to the Phœbe of 'The House of the Seven Gables' and the Priscilla of 'The Blithedale Romance.'

The drama in 'The Marble Faun' none the less, I think, is of an effect less complete than that of the almost larger element that I can only call the landscape and the spirit. Nothing is more striking than the awkward grace with which the author utters, without consenting to it,—for he is full of half-amiable, half-angry protest and prejudice,—the message, the mystery of the medium in which his actors move. Miriam and her muffled bandit have faded away, and we have our doubts and even our fears about Kenyon and his American statuary; but the breath of old Rome, the sense of old Italy, still meet us as we turn the page, and the book will long, on the great sentimental journey, continue to peep out of most pockets.

He returned to America in 1860, settled once more at Concord, and died at Plymouth, New Hampshire, in the arms of Franklin Pierce, in 1864. At home, with the aid of many memories and of the copious diaries ultimately published by his wife and children, he brought forth, one by one, the chapters eventually collected under the title of 'Our Old Home.' The American 'Note Books,' the English, and the French and Italian, were given to the world after his death,—in 1868, 1870, and 1871 respectively; and if I add to these the small «campaign» 'Life of Franklin Pierce' (1852), two posthumous fragments, 'Septimius Felton' and 'The Dolliver Romance,' and those scraps and shreds of which his table drawers were still more exhaustively emptied, his literary catalogue—none of the longest—becomes complete.

The important item in this remainder is the close, ripe cluster, the series presented by himself, of his impressions of England. These admirable papers, with much of the same fascination, have something of the same uncomforted note with which he had surrendered himself to the charm of Italy: the mixture of sensibility and reluctance, of response and dissent, the strife between his sense of beauty and his sense of banishment. He came to the Old World late in life—though after dabbling for years, indeed, in the fancied phenomena of time, and with inevitable reserves, mistrusts, and antagonisms. The striking thing to my sense, however, is not what he missed but what he so ingeniously and vividly made out. If he had been, imaginatively, rather old in his youth, he was youthful in his age; and when all is said, we owe him, as a contribution to the immemorial process of lively repartee between the mother land and the daughter, the only pages of the business that can be said to belong to pure

literature. He was capable of writing 'The Marble Faun,' and yet of declaring, in a letter from Rome, that he bitterly detested the place and should rejoice to bid it farewell for ever. Just so he was capable of drawing from English aspects a delight that they had yielded not even to Washington Irving, and yet of insisting, with a perversity that both smiled and frowned, that they rubbed him mainly all the wrong way. At home he had fingered the musty, but abroad he seemed to pine for freshness. In truth, for many persons his great, his most touching sign will have been his aloofness wherever he is. He is outside of everything, and an alien everywhere. He is an æsthetic solitary. His beautiful, light imagination is the wing that on the autumn evening just brushes the dusky window. It was a faculty that gave him much more a terrible sense of human abysses than a desire rashly to sound them and rise to the surface with his report. On the surface — the surface of the soul and the edge of the tragedy — he preferred to remain. He lingered, to weave his web, in the thin exterior air. This is a partial expression of his characteristic habit of dipping, of diving just for sport, into the moral world without being in the least a moralist. He had none of the heat nor of the dogmatism of that character; none of the impertinence, as we feel he would almost have held it, of any intermeddling. He never intermeddled; he was divertedly and discreetly contemplative, pausing oftenest wherever, amid prosaic aspects, there seemed most of an appeal to a sense for subtleties. But of all cynics he was the brightest and kindest, and the subtleties he spun are mere silken threads for stringing polished beads. His collection of moral mysteries is the cabinet of a dilettante.



[All the following selections from Hawthorne's works are made from the authorized editions, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, and are reprinted by their permission.]

SALEM AND THE HAWTHORNES

From 'The Scarlet Letter'

THIS old town of Salem — my native place, though I have dwelt much away from it, both in boyhood and maturer years — possesses or did possess a hold on my affections, the force of which I have never realized during my seasons of actual

residence here. Indeed, so far as its physical aspect is concerned, with its flat, unvaried surface, covered chiefly with wooden houses, few or none of which pretend to architectural beauty; its irregularity, which is neither picturesque nor quaint, but only tame; its long and lazy street, lounging wearisomely through the whole extent of the peninsula, with Gallows Hill and New Guinea at one end and a view of the almshouse at the other,— such being the features of my native town, it would be quite as reasonable to form a sentimental attachment to a disarranged checker-board. And yet, though invariably happiest elsewhere, there is within me a feeling for old Salem, which in lack of a better phrase I must be content to call affection. The sentiment is probably assignable to the deep and aged roots which my family has struck into the soil. It is now nearly two centuries and a quarter since the original Briton, the earliest emigrant of my name, made his appearance in the wild and forest-bordered settlement which has since become a city. And here his descendants have been born and died, and have mingled their earthly substance with the soil, until no small portion of it must necessarily be akin to the mortal frame wherewith for a little while I walk the streets. In part, therefore, the attachment which I speak of is the mere sensuous sympathy of dust for dust. Few of my countrymen can know what it is; nor, as frequent transplantation is perhaps better for the stock, need they consider it desirable to know.

But the sentiment has likewise its moral quality. The figure of that first ancestor, invested by family tradition with a dim and dusky grandeur, was present to my boyish imagination as far back as I can remember. It still haunts me, and induces a sort of home feeling with the past, which I scarcely claim in reference to the present phase of the town. I seem to have a stronger claim to a residence here on account of this grave, bearded, sable-cloaked and steeple-crowned progenitor,— who came so early, with his Bible and his sword, and trode the unworn street with such a stately port, and made so large a figure as a man of war and peace,— a stronger claim than for myself, whose name is seldom heard and my face hardly known. He was a soldier, legislator, judge; he was a ruler in the Church; he had all the Puritanic traits, both good and evil. He was likewise a bitter persecutor; as witness the Quakers, who have remembered him in their histories, and relate an incident of his hard severity towards a woman of their sect which will last longer, it is to be

feared, than any record of his better deeds, although these were many. His son too inherited the persecuting spirit, and made himself so conspicuous in the martyrdom of the witches that their blood may fairly be said to have left a stain upon him. So deep a stain indeed that his old dry bones, in the Charter Street burial-ground, must still retain it, if they have not crumbled utterly to dust! I know not whether these ancestors of mine bethought themselves to repent and ask pardon of Heaven for their cruelties, or whether they are now groaning under the heavy consequences of them, in another state of being. At all events, I the present writer, as their representative, hereby take shame upon myself for their sakes, and pray that any curse incurred by them — as I have heard, and as the dreary and unprosperous condition of the race for many a long year back would argue to exist — may be now and henceforth removed.

Doubtless, however, either of these stern and black-browed Puritans would have thought it quite a sufficient retribution for his sins, that after so long a lapse of years the old trunk of the family tree, with so much venerable moss upon it, should have borne as its topmost bough an idler like myself. No aim that I have ever cherished would they recognize as laudable; no success of mine — if my life, beyond its domestic scope, had ever been brightened by success — would they deem otherwise than worthless, if not positively disgraceful. "What is he?" murmurs one gray shadow of my forefathers to the other. "A writer of story-books! What kind of a business in life, what mode of glorifying God or being serviceable to mankind in his day and generation, may that be? Why, the degenerate fellow might as well have been a fiddler!" Such are the compliments bandied between my great-grandsires and myself, across the gulf of time! And yet, let them scorn me as they will, strong traits of their nature have intertwined themselves with mine.

Planted deep in the town's earliest infancy and childhood by these two earnest and energetic men, the race has ever since subsisted here; always too in respectability: never, so far as I have known, disgraced by a single unworthy member; but seldom or never, on the other hand, after the first two generations, performing any memorable deed, or so much as putting forward a claim to public notice. Gradually they have sunk almost out of sight; as old houses, here and there about the streets, get covered halfway to the eaves by the accumulation of new soil. From father

to son, for above a hundred years, they followed the sea; a gray-headed shipmaster, in each generation, retiring from the quarter-deck to the homestead, while a boy of fourteen took the hereditary place before the mast, confronting the salt spray and the gale, which had blustered against his sire and grandsire. The boy also in due time passed from the forecastle to the cabin, spent a tempestuous manhood, and returned from his world wanderings, to grow old and die, and mingle his dust with the natal earth. This long connection of a family with one spot, as its place of birth and burial, creates a kindred between the human being and the locality, quite independent of any charm in the scenery or moral circumstances that surround him. It is not love, but instinct. The new inhabitant — who came himself from a foreign land, or whose father or grandfather came — has little claim to be called a Salemite; he has no conception of the oyster-like tenacity with which an old settler, over whom his third century is creeping, clings to the spot where his successive generations have been imbedded. It is no matter that the place is joyless for him; that he is weary of the old wooden houses, the mud and dust, the dead level of site and sentiment, the chill east wind, and the chillest of social atmospheres; — all these, and whatever faults besides he may see or imagine, are nothing to the purpose. The spell survives, and just as powerfully as if the natal spot were an earthly Paradise.

So has it been in my case. I felt it almost as a destiny to make Salem my home; so that the mold of features and cast of character which had all along been familiar here, — ever, as one representative of the race lay down in his grave, another assuming as it were his sentry march along the main street, — might still in my little day be seen and recognized in the old town. Nevertheless, this very sentiment is an evidence that the connection, which has become an unhealthy one, should at last be severed. Human nature will not flourish, any more than a potato, if it be planted and replanted for too long a series of generations in the same worn-out soil. My children have had other birthplaces, and so far as their fortunes may be within my control, shall strike their roots into unaccustomed earth.

THE MINISTER'S VIGIL

From 'The Scarlet Letter'

SHORTLY afterwards, the like grisly sense of the humorous again stole in among the solemn phantoms of his thought. He felt his limbs growing stiff with the unaccustomed chilliness of the night, and doubted whether he should be able to descend the steps of the scaffold. Morning would break, and find him there. The neighborhood would begin to rouse itself. The earliest riser, coming forth in the dim twilight, would perceive a vaguely defined figure aloft on the place of shame; and half crazed betwixt alarm and curiosity, would go knocking from door to door, summoning all the people to behold the ghost — as he needs must think it — of some defunct transgressor. A dusky tumult would flap its wings from one house to another. Then, the morning light still waxing stronger, old patriarchs would rise up in great haste, each in his flannel gown, and matronly dames without pausing to put off their night-gear. The whole tribe of decorous personages who had never heretofore been seen with a single hair of their heads awry, would start into public view with the disorder of a nightmare in their aspects. Old Governor Bellingham would come grimly forth with his King James's ruff fastened askew; and Mistress Hibbins with some twigs of the forest clinging to her skirts, and looking sourer than ever, as having hardly got a wink of sleep after her night ride; and good Father Wilson too, after spending half the night at a death-bed, and liking ill to be disturbed thus early out of his dreams about the glorified saints. Hither likewise would come the elders and deacons of Mr. Dimmesdale's church, and the young virgins who so idolized their minister, and had made a shrine for him in their white bosoms; which now, by-the-by, in their hurry and confusion, they would scantly have given themselves time to cover with their kerchiefs. All people, in a word, would come stumbling over their thresholds, and turning up their amazed and horror-stricken visages around the scaffold. Whom would they discern there, with the red eastern light upon his brow? Whom but the Reverend Arthur Dimmesdale, half frozen to death, overwhelmed with shame, and standing where Hester Prynne had stood!

Carried away by the grotesque horror of this picture, the minister, unawares, and to his own infinite alarm, burst into a great

peal of laughter. It was immediately responded to by a light, airy, childish laugh, in which with a thrill of the heart — but he knew not whether of exquisite pain, or pleasure as acute — he recognized the tones of little Pearl.

"Pearl! little Pearl!" cried he after a moment's pause; then, suppressing his voice,— "Hester! Hester Prynne! Are you there?"

"Yes, it is Hester Prynne!" she replied, in a tone of surprise; and the minister heard her footsteps approaching from the sidewalk, along which she had been passing. "It is I, and my little Pearl."

"Whence come you, Hester?" asked the minister. "What sent you hither?"

"I have been watching at a death-bed," answered Hester Prynne; "at Governor Winthrop's death-bed, and have taken his measure for a robe, and am now going homeward to my dwelling."

"Come up hither, Hester, thou and little Pearl," said the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale. "Ye have both been here before, but I was not with you. Come up hither once again, and we will stand all three together!"

She silently ascended the steps, and stood on the platform holding little Pearl by the hand. The minister felt for the child's other hand, and took it. The moment that he did so, there came what seemed a tumultuous rush of new life, other life than his own, pouring like a torrent into his heart and hurrying through all his veins, as if the mother and the child were communicating their vital warmth to his half-torpid system. The three formed an electric chain.

"Minister!" whispered little Pearl.

"What wouldst thou say, child?" asked Mr. Dimmesdale.

"Wilt thou stand here with mother and me, to-morrow noontide?" inquired Pearl.

"Nay, not so, my little Pearl," answered the minister; for with the new energy of the moment, all the dread of public exposure that had so long been the anguish of his life, had returned upon him, and he was already trembling at the conjunction in which — with a strange joy, nevertheless — he now found himself. "Not so, my child. I shall indeed stand with thy mother and thee one other day, but not to-morrow."

Pearl laughed, and attempted to pull away her hand. But the minister held it fast.

"A moment longer, my child!" said he.

"But wilt thou promise," asked Pearl, "to take my hand and mother's hand, to-morrow noontide?"

"Not then, Pearl," said the minister, "but another time."

"And what other time?" persisted the child.

"At the great Judgment Day," whispered the minister,—and strangely enough, the sense that he was a professional teacher of the truth impelled him to answer the child so. "Then and there, before the judgment seat, thy mother, and thou, and I must stand together. But the daylight of this world shall not see our meeting!"

Pearl laughed again.

But before Mr. Dimmesdale had done speaking, a light gleamed far and wide over all the muffled sky. It was doubtless caused by one of those meteors which the night watcher may so often observe burning out to waste in the vacant regions of the atmosphere. So powerful was its radiance that it thoroughly illuminated the dense medium of cloud betwixt the sky and earth. The great vault brightened, like the dome of an immense lamp. It showed the familiar scene of the street with the distinctness of midday, but also with the awfulness that is always imparted to familiar objects by an unaccustomed light. The wooden houses, with their jutting stories and quaint gable peaks; the doorsteps and thresholds, with the early grass springing up about them; the garden plots, black with freshly turned earth; the wheel track, little worn, and even in the market-place margined with green on either side,—all were visible, but with a singularity of aspect that seemed to give another moral interpretation to the things of this world than they had ever borne before. And there stood the minister, with his hand over his heart; and Hester Prynne, with the embroidered letter glimmering on her bosom; and little Pearl, herself a symbol, and the connecting link between those two. They stood in the noon of that strange and solemn splendor; as if it were the light that is to reveal all secrets, and the daybreak that shall unite all who belong to one another.

THE CHILD AT THE BROOK-SIDE

From 'The Scarlet Letter'

"THOU wilt love her dearly," repeated Hester Prynne, as she and the minister sat watching little Pearl. "Dost thou not think her beautiful? And see with what natural skill she has made those simple flowers adorn her! Had she gathered pearls and diamonds and rubies in the wood, they could not have become her better. She is a splendid child! But I know whose brow she has!"

"Dost thou know, Hester," said Arthur Dimmesdale with an unquiet smile, "that this dear child, tripping about always at thy side, hath caused me many an alarm? Methought — O Hester, what a thought is that, and how terrible to dread it! — that my own features were partly repeated in her face, and so strikingly that the world might see them! But she is mostly thine!"

"No, no! not mostly!" answered the mother with a tender smile. "A little longer, and thou needest not to be afraid to trace whose child she is. But how strangely beautiful she looks, with those wild flowers in her hair! It is as if one of the fairies whom we left in our dear old England had decked her out to meet us."

It was with a feeling which neither of them had ever before experienced that they sat and watched Pearl's slow advance. In her was visible the tie that united them. She had been offered to the world, these seven years past, as the living hieroglyphic in which was revealed the secret they so darkly sought to hide, — all written in this symbol, all plainly manifest, had there been a prophet or magician skilled to read the character of flame! And Pearl was the oneness of their being. Be the foregone evil what it might, how could they doubt that their earthly lives and future destinies were conjoined, when they beheld at once the material union and the spiritual idea in whom they met and were to dwell immortally together? Thoughts like these — and perhaps other thoughts, which they did not acknowledge or define — threw an awe about the child as she came onward.

"Let her see nothing strange — no passion nor eagerness — in thy way of accosting her," whispered Hester. "Our Pearl is a fitful and fantastic little elf sometimes. Especially she is seldom tolerant of emotion, when she does not fully comprehend the

why and wherefore. But the child hath strong affections. She loves me, and will love thee!"

"Thou canst not think," said the minister, glancing aside at Hester Prynne, "how my heart dreads this interview, and yearns for it! But in truth, as I already told thee, children are not readily won to be familiar with me. They will not climb my knee, nor prattle in my ear, nor answer to my smile; but stand apart and eye me strangely. Even little babes, when I take them in my arms, weep bitterly. Yet Pearl, twice in her little lifetime, hath been kind to me. The first time,—thou knowest it well! The last was when thou led'st her with thee to the house of yonder stern old governor."

"And thou didst plead so bravely in her behalf and mine!" answered the mother. "I remember it; and so shall little Pearl. Fear nothing! She may be strange and shy at first, but will soon learn to love thee."

By this time Pearl had reached the margin of the brook, and stood on the farther side, gazing silently at Hester and the clergyman, who still sat together on the mossy tree trunk waiting to receive her. Just where she had paused the brook chanced to form a pool, so smooth and quiet that it reflected a perfect image of her little figure, with all the brilliant picturesqueness of her beauty, in its adornment of flowers and wreathed foliage, but more refined and spiritualized than the reality. This image, so nearly identical with the living Pearl, seemed to communicate somewhat of its own shadowy and intangible quality to the child herself. It was strange, the way in which Pearl stood looking so steadfastly at them through the dim medium of the forest gloom; herself meanwhile all glorified with a ray of sunshine that was attracted thitherward as by a certain sympathy. In the brook beneath stood another child,—another and the same,—with likewise its ray of golden light. Hester felt herself in some indistinct and tantalizing manner estranged from Pearl; as if the child, in her lonely ramble through the forest, had strayed out of the sphere in which she and her mother dwelt together, and was now vainly seeking to return to it.

There was both truth and error in the impression: the child and mother were estranged, but through Hester's fault, not Pearl's. Since the latter rambled from her side, another inmate had been admitted within the circle of the mother's feelings, and so modified the aspect of them all that Pearl, the returning

wanderer, could not find her wonted place, and hardly knew where she was.

"I have a strange fancy," observed the sensitive minister, "that this brook is the boundary between two worlds, and that thou canst never meet thy Pearl again. Or is she an elfish spirit, who, as the legends of our childhood taught us, is forbidden to cross a running stream? Pray hasten her; for this delay has already imparted a tremor to my nerves."

"Come, dearest child!" said Hester encouragingly, and stretching out both her arms. "How slow thou art! When hast thou been so sluggish before now? Here is a friend of mine, who must be thy friend also. Thou wilt have twice as much love, henceforward, as thy mother alone could give thee! Leap across the brook, and come to us. Thou canst leap like a young deer!"

Pearl, without responding in any manner to these honey-sweet expressions, remained on the other side of the brook. Now she fixed her bright wild eyes on her mother, now on the minister, and now included them both in the same glance, as if to detect and explain to herself the relation which they bore to one another. For some unaccountable reason, as Arthur Dimmesdale felt the child's eyes upon himself, his hand — with that gesture so habitual as to have become involuntary — stole over his heart. At length, assuming a singular air of authority, Pearl stretched out her hand, with the small forefinger extended and pointing evidently towards her mother's breast. And beneath, in the mirror of the brook, there was the flower-girdled and sunny image of little Pearl, pointing her small forefinger too.

"Thou strange child, why dost thou not come to me?" exclaimed Hester.

Pearl still pointed with her forefinger; and a frown gathered on her brow, the more impressive from the childish, the almost baby-like, aspect of the features that conveyed it. As her mother still kept beckoning to her, and arraying her face in a holiday suit of unaccustomed smiles, the child stamped her foot with a yet more imperious look and gesture. In the brook, again, was the fantastic beauty of the image, with its reflected frown, its pointed finger, and imperious gesture, giving emphasis to the aspect of little Pearl.

"Hasten, Pearl, or I shall be angry with thee!" cried Hester Prynne, who, however inured to such behavior on the elf-child's part at other seasons, was naturally anxious for a more seemly

deportment now. "Leap across the brook, naughty child, and run hither; else I must come to thee!"

But Pearl, not a whit startled at her mother's threats any more than mollified by her entreaties, now suddenly burst into a fit of passion, gesticulating violently and throwing her small figure into the most extravagant contortions. She accompanied this wild outbreak with piercing shrieks, which the woods reverberated on all sides; so that, alone as she was in her childish and unreasonable wrath, it seemed as if a hidden multitude were lending her their sympathy and encouragement. Seen in the brook once more was the shadowy wraith of Pearl's image, crowned and girdled with flowers, but stamping its foot, wildly gesticulating, and in the midst of all, still pointing its small forefinger at Hester's bosom!

"I see what ails the child," whispered Hester to the clergyman, and turning pale in spite of a strong effort to conceal her trouble and annoyance. "Children will not abide any, the slightest, change in the accustomed aspect of things that are daily before their eyes. Pearl misses something which she has always seen me wear!"

"I pray you," answered the minister, "if thou hast any means of pacifying the child, do it forthwith! Save it were the cankered wrath of an old witch like Mistress Hibbins," added he, attempting to smile, "I know nothing that I would not sooner encounter than this passion in a child. In Pearl's young beauty, as in the wrinkled witch, it has a preternatural effect. Pacify her, if thou lovest me!"

Hester turned again towards Pearl, with a crimson blush upon her cheek, a conscious glance aside at the clergyman, and then a heavy sigh; while even before she had time to speak the blush yielded to a deadly pallor.

"Pearl," said she sadly, "look down at thy feet! There!—before thee!—on the hither side of the brook!"

The child turned her eyes to the point indicated; and there lay the scarlet letter, so close upon the margin of the stream that the gold embroidery was reflected in it.

"Bring it hither!" said Hester.

"Come thou and take it up!" answered Pearl.

"Was ever such a child!" observed Hester, aside to the minister. "Oh, I have much to tell thee about her! But in very truth, she is right as regards this hateful token. I must bear its

torture yet a little longer,—only a few days longer,—until we shall have left this region and look back hither as to a land which we have dreamed of. The forest cannot hide it! The mid-ocean shall take it from my hand, and swallow it up forever!"

With these words she advanced to the margin of the brook, took up the scarlet letter and fastened it again into her bosom. Hopefully but a moment ago as Hester had spoken of drowning it in the deep sea, there was a sense of inevitable doom upon her as she thus received back this deadly symbol from the hand of fate. She had flung it into infinite space! she had drawn an hour's free breath!—and here again was the scarlet misery, glittering on the old spot! So it ever is, whether thus typified or no, that an evil deed invests itself with the character of doom. Hester next gathered up the heavy tresses of her hair, and confined them beneath her cap. As if there was a withering spell in the sad letter, her beauty, the warmth and richness of her womanhood, departed like fading sunshine; and a gray shadow seemed to fall across her.

When the dreary change was wrought, she extended her hand to Pearl.

"Dost thou know thy mother now, child?" asked she reproachfully, but with a subdued tone. "Wilt thou come across the brook and own thy mother, now that she has her shame upon her,—now that she is sad?"

"Yes; now I will!" answered the child, bounding across the brook and clasping Hester in her arms. "Now thou art my mother indeed! and I am thy little Pearl!"

In a mood of tenderness that was not usual with her, she drew down her mother's head, and kissed her brow and both her cheeks. But then—by a kind of necessity that always impelled this child to alloy whatever comfort she might chance to give with a throb of anguish—Pearl put up her mouth and kissed the scarlet letter too!

"That was not kind!" said Hester. "When thou hast shown me a little love, thou mockest me!"

"Why doth the minister sit yonder?" asked Pearl.

"He waits to welcome thee," replied her mother. "Come thou, and entreat his blessing! He loves thee, my little Pearl, and loves thy mother too. Wilt thou not love him? Come! he longs to greet thee!"

"Doth he love us?" said Pearl, looking up with acute intelligence into her mother's face. "Will he go back with us, hand in hand, we three together into the town?"

"Not now, my dear child," answered Hester. "But in days to come, he will walk hand in hand with us. We will have a home and fireside of our own; and thou shalt sit upon his knee; and he will teach thee many things, and love thee dearly. Thou wilt love him; wilt thou not?"

"And will he always keep his hand over his heart?" inquired Pearl.

"Foolish child, what a question is that!" exclaimed her mother. "Come and ask his blessing!"

But whether influenced by the jealousy that seems instinctive with every petted child towards a dangerous rival, or from whatever caprice of her freakish nature, Pearl would show no favor to the clergyman. It was only by an exertion of force that her mother brought her up to him, hanging back, and manifesting her reluctance by odd grimaces; of which, ever since her babyhood, she had possessed a singular variety, and could transform her mobile physiognomy into a series of different aspects, with a new mischief in them, each and all. The minister — painfully embarrassed, but hoping that a kiss might prove a talisman to admit him into the child's kindlier regards — bent forward and impressed one on her brow. Hereupon Pearl broke away from her mother, and running to the brook, stooped over it and bathed her forehead, until the unwelcome kiss was quite washed off and diffused through a long lapse of the gliding water. She then remained apart, silently watching Hester and the clergyman; while they talked together, and made such arrangements as were suggested by their new position and the purposes soon to be fulfilled.

And now this fateful interview had come to a close. The dell was to be left a solitude among its dark old trees, which with their multitudinous tongues would whisper long of what had passed there, and no mortal be the wiser. And the melancholy brook would add this other tale to the mystery with which its little heart was already overburdened, and whereof it still kept up a murmuring babble, with not a whit more cheerfulness of tone than for ages heretofore.

THE REVELATION OF THE SCARLET LETTER

From 'The Scarlet Letter'

The eloquent voice, on which the souls of the listening audience had been borne aloft as on the swelling waves of the sea, at length came to a pause. There was a momentary silence, profound as what should follow the utterance of oracles. Then ensued a murmur and half-hushed tumult; as if the auditors, released from the high spell that had transported them into the region of another's mind, were returning into themselves with all their awe and wonder still heavy on them. In a moment more, the crowd began to gush forth from the doors of the church. Now that there was an end, they needed other breath, more fit to support the gross and earthly life into which they relapsed, than that atmosphere which the preacher had converted into words of flame, and had burdened with the rich fragrance of his thought.

In the open air their rapture broke into speech. The street and the market-place absolutely babbled, from side to side, with applauses of the minister. His hearers could not rest until they had told one another of what each knew better than he could tell or hear. According to their united testimony, never had man spoken in so wise, so high, and so holy a spirit, as he that spake this day; nor had inspiration ever breathed through mortal lips more evidently than it did through his. Its influence could be seen, as it were, descending upon him, and possessing him, and continually lifting him out of the written discourse that lay before him, and filling him with ideas that must have been as marvelous to himself as to his audience. His subject, it appeared, had been the relation between the Deity and the communities of mankind, with a special reference to the New England which they were here planting in the wilderness. And as he drew towards the close, a spirit as of prophecy had come upon him, constraining him to its purpose as mightily as the old prophets of Israel were constrained; only with this difference, that whereas the Jewish seers had denounced judgments and ruin on their country, it was his mission to foretell a high and glorious destiny for the newly gathered people of the Lord. But throughout it all, and through the whole discourse, there had been a certain deep sad undertone of pathos, which could not be interpreted otherwise

than as the natural regret of one soon to pass away. Yes, their minister whom they so loved — and who so loved them all that he could not depart heavenward without a sigh — had the foreboding of untimely death upon him, and would soon leave them in their tears! This idea of his transitory stay on earth gave the last emphasis to the effect which the preacher had produced: it was as if an angel in his passage to the skies had shaken his bright wings over the people for an instant, — at once a shadow and a splendor, — and had shed down a shower of golden truths upon them.

Thus there had come to the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale — as to most men in their various spheres, though seldom recognized until they see it far behind them — an epoch of life more brilliant and full of triumph than any previous one, or than any which could hereafter be. He stood at this moment on the very proudest eminence of superiority to which the gifts of intellect, rich lore, prevailing eloquence, and a reputation of whitest sanctity, could exalt a clergyman in New England's earliest days, when the professional character was of itself a lofty pedestal. Such was the position which the minister occupied, as he bowed his head forward on the cushions of the pulpit at the close of his Election Sermon. Meanwhile Hester Prynne was standing beside the scaffold of the pillory, with the scarlet letter still burning on her breast!

Now was heard again the clangor of the music, and the measured tramp of the military escort, issuing from the church door. The procession was to be marshaled thence to the town hall, where a solemn banquet would complete the ceremonies of the day.

Once more, therefore, the train of venerable and majestic fathers was seen moving through a broad pathway of the people, who drew back reverently on either side, as the governor and magistrates, the old and wise men, the holy ministers, and all that were eminent and renowned, advanced into the midst of them. When they were fairly in the market-place, their presence was greeted by a shout. This — though doubtless it might acquire additional force and volume from the childlike loyalty which the age awarded to its rulers — was felt to be an irrepressible outburst of enthusiasm kindled in the auditors by that high strain of eloquence which was yet reverberating in their ears. Each felt the impulse in himself and in the same breath

caught it from his neighbor. Within the church it had hardly been kept down; beneath the sky it pealed upward to the zenith. There were human beings enough, and enough of highly wrought and symphonious feeling, to produce that more impressive sound than the organ tones of the blast, or the thunder, or the roar of the sea: even that mighty swell of many voices, blended into one great voice by the universal impulse which makes likewise one vast heart out of the many. Never from the soil of New England had gone up such a shout! Never on New England soil had stood the man so honored by his mortal brethren as the preacher!

How fared it with him then? Were there not the brilliant particles of a halo in the air about his head? So etherealized by spirit as he was, and so apotheosized by worshiping admirers, did his footsteps, in the procession, really tread upon the dust of earth?

As the ranks of military men and civil fathers moved onward, all eyes were turned towards the point where the minister was seen to approach among them. The shout died into a murmur, as one portion of the crowd after another obtained a glimpse of him. How feeble and pale he looked, amid all his triumph! The energy — or say rather the inspiration — which had held him up until he should have delivered the sacred message that brought its own strength along with it from heaven, was withdrawn now that it had so faithfully performed its office. The glow which they had just before beheld burning on his cheek was extinguished, like a flame that sinks down hopelessly among the late decaying embers. It seemed hardly the face of a man alive, with such a deathlike hue; it was hardly a man with life in him that tottered on his path so nervelessly, — yet tottered, and did not fall!

One of his clerical brethren,— it was the venerable John Wilson,— observing the state in which Mr. Dimmesdale was left by the retiring wave of intellect and sensibility, stepped forward hastily to offer his support. The minister tremulously but decidedly repelled the old man's arm. He still walked onward, if that movement could be so described which rather resembled the wavering effort of an infant, with its mother's arms in view outstretched to tempt him forward. And now, almost imperceptible as were the latter steps of his progress, he had come opposite the well-remembered and weather-darkened scaffold where long since, with all that dreary lapse of time between, Hester Prynne

had encountered the world's ignominious stare. There stood Hester, holding little Pearl by the hand! and there was the scarlet letter on her breast! The minister there made a pause, although the music still played the stately and rejoicing march to which the procession moved. It summoned him onward, onward to the festival!—but here he made a pause.

Bellingham, for the last few moments, had kept an anxious eye upon him. He now left his own place in the procession and advanced to give assistance, judging from Mr. Dimmesdale's aspect that he must otherwise inevitably fall. But there was something in the latter's expression that warned back the magistrate, although a man not readily obeying the vague intimations that pass from one spirit to another. The crowd meanwhile looked on with awe and wonder. This earthly faintness was in their view only another phase of the minister's celestial strength; nor would it have seemed a miracle too high to be wrought for one so holy, had he ascended before their eyes, waxing dimmer and brighter, and fading at last into the light of heaven.

He turned towards the scaffold, and stretched forth his arms.

"Hester," said he, "come hither! Come, my little Pearl!"

It was a ghastly look with which he regarded them; but there was something at once tender and strangely triumphant in it. The child, with the birdlike motion which was one of her characteristics, flew to him and clasped her arms about his knees. Hester Prynne—slowly, as if impelled by inevitable fate, and against her strongest will—likewise drew near, but paused before she reached him. At this instant old Roger Chillingworth thrust himself through the crowd,—or perhaps, so dark, disturbed, and evil was his look, he rose up out of some nether region,—to snatch back his victim from what he sought to do! Be that as it might, the old man rushed forward and caught the minister by the arm.

"Madman, hold! what is your purpose?" whispered he. "Wave back that woman! cast off this child! All shall be well! Do not blacken your fame, and perish in dishonor! I can yet save you. Would you bring infamy on your sacred profession?"

"Ha, tempter! methinks thou art too late," answered the minister, encountering his eye fearfully but firmly. "Thy power is not what it was. With God's help, I shall escape thee now!"

He again extended his hand to the woman of the scarlet letter.

"Hester Prynne," cried he with a piercing earnestness, "in the name of Him, so terrible and so merciful, who gives me grace at this last moment to do what — for my own heavy sin and miserable agony — I withheld myself from doing seven years ago, come hither now, and twine thy strength about me! Thy strength, Hester; but let it be guided by the will which God hath granted me! This wretched and wronged old man is opposing it with all his might; with all his own might, and the fiend's! Come, Hester, come! Support me up yonder scaffold!"

The crowd was in a tumult. The men of rank and dignity who stood more immediately around the clergyman were so taken by surprise and so perplexed as to the purport of what they saw, — unable to receive the explanation which most readily presented itself, or to imagine any other, — that they remained silent and inactive spectators of the judgment which Providence seemed about to work. They beheld the minister, leaning on Hester's shoulder, and supported by her arm around him, approach the scaffold and ascend its steps; while still the little hand of the sin-born child was clasped in his. Old Roger Chillingworth followed, as one intimately connected with the drama of guilt and sorrow in which they had all been actors, and well entitled therefore to be present at its closing scene.

"Hadst thou sought the whole earth over," said he, looking darkly at the clergyman, "there was no one place so secret, no high place nor lowly place, where thou couldst have escaped me, save on this very scaffold!"

"Thanks be to Him who hath led me hither!" answered the minister.

Yet he trembled, and turned to Hester with an expression of doubt and anxiety in his eyes, not the less evidently betrayed that there was a feeble smile upon his lips.

"Is not this better," murmured he, "than what we dreamed of in the forest?"

"I know not! I know not!" she hurriedly replied. "Better? Yea; so we may both die, and little Pearl die with us!"

"For thee and Pearl be it as God shall order," said the minister; "and God is merciful! Let me now do the will which he hath made plain before my sight. For, Hester, I am a dying man. So let me make haste to take my shame upon me!"

Partly supported by Hester Prynne, and holding one hand of little Pearl's, the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale turned to the

dignified and venerable rulers; to the holy ministers, who were his brethren; to the people, whose great heart was thoroughly appalled, yet overflowing with tearful sympathy, as knowing that some deep life matter — which if full of sin was full of anguish and repentance likewise — was now to be laid open to them. The sun, but little past its meridian, shone down upon the clergyman and gave a distinctness to his figure, as he stood out from all the earth to put in his plea of guilty at the bar of Eternal justice.

"People of New England!" cried he, with a voice that rose over them high, solemn, and majestic,—yet had always a tremor through it, and sometimes a shriek, struggling up out of a fathomless depth of remorse and woe,—"ye that have loved me! ye that have deemed me holy!—behold me here, the one sinner of the world! At last! at last! I stand upon the spot where seven years since I should have stood; here with this woman, whose arm, more than the little strength wherewith I have crept hitherward, sustains me at this dreadful moment from groveling down upon my face. Lo, the scarlet letter which Hester wears! Ye have all shuddered at it! Wherever her walk hath been, wherever, so miserably burdened, she may have hoped to find repose, it hath cast a lurid gleam of awe and horrible repugnance round about her. But there stood one in the midst of you at whose brand of sin and infamy ye have not shuddered!"

It seemed at this point as if the minister must leave the remainder of his secret undisclosed. But he fought back the bodily weakness, and still more the faintness of heart, that was striving for the mastery with him. He threw off all assistance, and stepped passionately forward a pace before the woman and the child.

"It was on him!" he continued, with a kind of fierceness, so determined was he to speak out the whole. "God's eye beheld it! The angels were forever pointing at it! The Devil knew it well, and fretted it continually with the touch of his burning finger! But he hid it cunningly from men, and walked among you with the mien of a spirit mournful because so pure in a sinful world! and sad, because he missed his heavenly kindred! Now at the death hour he stands up before you! He bids you look again at Hester's scarlet letter. He tells you that with all its mysterious horror, it is but the shadow of what he bears on his own breast; and that even this his own red stigma is no

more than the type of what has seared his inmost heart! Stand any here that questioned God's judgment on a sinner? Behold! behold a dreadful witness of it!"

With a convulsive motion, he tore away the ministerial band from before his breast. It was revealed! But it were irreverent to describe that revelation. For an instant, the gaze of the horror-stricken multitude was concentred on the ghastly miracle; while the minister stood with a flush of triumph in his face, as one who in the crisis of acutest pain had won a victory. Then down he sank upon the scaffold. Hester partly raised him, and supported his head against her bosom. Old Roger Chillingworth knelt down beside him with a blank, dull countenance, out of which the life seemed to have departed.

"Thou hast escaped me!" he repeated more than once. "Thou hast escaped me!"

"May God forgive thee!" said the minister. "Thou too hast deeply sinned."

He withdrew his dying eyes from the old man, and fixed them on the woman and the child.

"My little Pearl," said he, feebly,—and there was a sweet and gentle smile over his face, as of a spirit sinking into deep repose; nay, now that the burden was removed, it seemed almost as if he would be sportive with the child,—"dear little Pearl, wilt thou kiss me now? Thou wouldst not, yonder in the forest! But now thou wilt?"

Pearl kissed his lips. A spell was broken. The great scene of grief in which the wild infant bore a part had developed all her sympathies; and as her tears fell upon her father's cheek, they were the pledge that she would grow up amid human joy and sorrow, nor forever do battle with the world, but be a woman in it. Toward her mother too, Pearl's errand as a messenger of anguish was all fulfilled.

"Hester," said the clergyman, "farewell!"

"Shall we not meet again?" whispered she, bending her face down close to his. "Shall we not spend our immortal life together? Surely, surely, we have ransomed one another, with all this woe! Thou lookest far into eternity, with those bright dying eyes. Then tell me what thou seest?"

"Hush, Hester, hush!" said he, with tremulous solemnity. "The law we broke! the sin here so awfully revealed! Let these alone be in thy thoughts! I fear! I fear! It may be that when

we forgot our God, when we violated our reverence each for the other's soul, it was thenceforth vain to hope that we could meet hereafter in an everlasting and pure reunion. God knows; and he is merciful! He hath proved his mercy most of all in my afflictions: by giving me this burning torture to bear upon my breast! by sending yonder dark and terrible old man, to keep the torture always at red heat! by bringing me hither, to die this death of triumphant ignominy before the people! Had either of these agonies been wanting, I had been lost forever. Praised be his name! His will be done! Farewell!"

That final word came forth with the minister's expiring breath. The multitude, silent till then, broke out in a strange deep voice of awe and wonder which could not as yet find utterance, save in this murmur that rolled so heavily after the departed spirit.

HEPZIBAH PYNCHEON

From 'The House of the Seven Gables'

All this time, however, we are loitering faint-heartedly on the threshold of our story. In very truth, we have an invincible reluctance to disclose what Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon was about to do.

It has already been observed that in the basement story of the gable fronting on the street, an unworthy ancestor nearly a century ago had fitted up a shop. Ever since the old gentleman retired from trade and fell asleep under his coffin-lid, not only the shop door but the inner arrangements had been suffered to remain unchanged; while the dust of ages gathered inch-deep over the shelves and counter, and partly filled an old pair of scales, as if it were of value enough to be weighed. It treasured itself up too in the half-open till, where there still lingered a base sixpence, worth neither more nor less than the hereditary pride which had here been put to shame. Such had been the state and condition of the little shop in old Hepzibah's childhood, when she and her brother used to play at hide-and-seek in its forsaken precincts. So it had remained until within a few days past.

But now, though the shop window was still closely curtained from the public gaze, a remarkable change had taken place in its interior. The rich and heavy festoons of cobweb, which it had

cost a long ancestral succession of spiders their life's labor to spin and weave, had been carefully brushed away from the ceiling. The counter, shelves, and floor had all been scoured, and the latter was overstrewn with fresh blue sand. The brown scales too had evidently undergone rigid discipline, in an unavailing effort to rub off the rust, which, alas! had eaten through and through their substance. Neither was the little old shop any longer empty of merchantable goods. A curious eye, privileged to take an account and investigate behind the counter, would have discovered a barrel,—yea, two or three barrels and half-ditto,—one containing flour, another apples, and a third, perhaps, Indian meal. There was likewise a square box of pine-wood, full of soap in bars; also another of the same size in which were tallow candles, ten to the pound. A small stock of brown sugar, some white beans and split peas, and a few other commodities of low price and such as are constantly in demand, made up the bulkier portion of the merchandise. It might have been taken for a ghostly or phantasmagoric reflection of the old shopkeeper Pyncheon's shabbily provided shelves, save that some of the articles were of a description and outward form which could hardly have been known in his day. For instance, there was a glass pickle jar, filled with fragments of Gibraltar rock; not indeed splinters of the veritable stone foundation of the famous fortress, but bits of delectable candy, neatly done up in white paper. Jim Crow, moreover, was seen executing his world-renowned dance in gingerbread. A party of leaden dragoons were galloping along one of the shelves, in equipments and uniform of modern cut; and there were some sugar figures, with no strong resemblance to the humanity of any epoch, but less unsatisfactorily representing our own fashions than those of a hundred years ago. Another phenomenon, still more strikingly modern, was a package of lucifer matches, which in old times would have been thought actually to borrow their instantaneous flame from the nether fires of Tophet.

In short, to bring the matter at once to a point, it was incontrovertibly evident that somebody had taken the shop and fixtures of the long-retired and forgotten Mr. Pyncheon, and was about to renew the enterprise of that departed worthy, with a different set of customers. Who could this bold adventurer be? and of all places in the world, why had he chosen the House of the Seven Gables as the scene of his commercial speculations?

We return to the elderly maiden. She at length withdrew her eyes from the dark countenance of the colonel's portrait, heaved a sigh,— indeed, her breast was a very cave of Æolus that morning,— and stepped across the room on tiptoe, as is the customary gait of elderly women. Passing through an intervening passage, she opened a door that communicated with the shop, just now so elaborately described. Owing to the projection of the upper story — and still more to the thick shadow of the Pyncheon elm, which stood almost directly in front of the gable — the twilight here was still as much akin to night as morning. Another heavy sigh from Miss Hepzibah! After a moment's pause on the threshold, peering towards the window with her near-sighted scowl as if frowning down some bitter enemy, she suddenly projected herself into the shop. The haste, and as it were the galvanic impulse, of the movement were really quite startling.

Nervously — in a sort of frenzy, we might almost say — she began to busy herself in arranging some children's playthings and other little wares, on the shelves and at the shop window. In the aspect of this dark-arrayed, pale-faced, ladylike old figure, there was a deeply tragic character that contrasted irreconcilably with the ludicrous pettiness of her employment. It seemed a queer anomaly that so gaunt and dismal a personage should take a toy in hand; a miracle that the toy did not vanish in her grasp; a miserably absurd idea that she should go on perplexing her stiff and sombre intellect with the question how to tempt little boys into her premises. Yet such is undoubtedly her object. Now she places a gingerbread elephant against the window, but with so tremulous a touch that it tumbles upon the floor, with the dismemberment of three legs and its trunk; it has ceased to be an elephant, and has become a few bits of musty gingerbread. There again she has upset a tumbler of marbles, all of which roll different ways, and each individual marble, devil-directed, into the most difficult obscurity that it can find. Heaven help our poor old Hepzibah, and forgive us for taking a ludicrous view of her position! As her rigid and rusty frame goes down upon its hands and knees in quest of the absconding marbles, we positively feel so much the more inclined to shed tears of sympathy, from the very fact that we must needs turn aside and laugh at her. For here — and if we fail to impress it suitably upon the reader, it is our own fault, not that of the theme — here is one of the truest points of melancholy interest that occur

in ordinary life. It was the final throe of what called itself old gentility. A lady who had fed herself from childhood with the shadowy food of aristocratic reminiscences, and whose religion it was that a lady's hand soils itself irremediably by doing aught for bread,—this born lady, after sixty years of narrowing means, is fain to step down from her pedestal of imaginary rank. Poverty, treading closely at her heels for a lifetime, has come up with her at last. She must earn her own food, or starve! And we have stolen upon Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon, too irreverently, at the instant of time when the patrician lady is to be transformed into the plebeian woman.

In this republican country, amid the fluctuating waves of our social life, somebody is always at the drowning-point. The tragedy is enacted with as continual a repetition as that of a popular drama on a holiday; and nevertheless is felt as deeply, perhaps, as when a hereditary noble sinks below his order. More deeply; since with us, rank is the grosser substance of wealth and a splendid establishment, and has no spiritual existence after the death of these, but dies hopelessly along with them. And therefore, since we have been unfortunate enough to introduce our heroine at so inauspicious a juncture, we would entreat for a mood of due solemnity in the spectators of her fate. Let us behold in poor Hepzibah the immemorial lady,—two hundred years old on this side of the water, and thrice as many on the other,—with her antique portraits, pedigrees, coats of arms, records and traditions, and her claim as joint heiress to that princely territory at the eastward, no longer a wilderness but a populous fertility; born too in Pyncheon Street, under the Pyncheon elm, and in the Pyncheon house, where she has spent all her days,—reduced now in that very house to be the huckstress of a cent-shop!

This business of setting up a petty shop is almost the only resource of women in circumstances at all similar to those of our unfortunate recluse. With her near-sightedness and those tremulous fingers of hers, at once inflexible and delicate, she could not be a seamstress; although her sampler of fifty years gone by exhibited some of the most recondite specimens of ornamental needlework. A school for little children had been often in her thoughts; and at one time she had begun a review of her early studies in the New England Primer, with a view to prepare herself for the office of instructress. But the love of children had

never been quickened in Hepzibah's heart, and was now torpid if not extinct; she watched the little people of the neighborhood from her chamber window, and doubted whether she could tolerate a more intimate acquaintance with them. Besides, in our day the very A B C has become a science, greatly too abstruse to be any longer taught by pointing a pin from letter to letter. A modern child could teach old Hepzibah more than old Hepzibah could teach the child. So, with many a cold, deep heart-quake at the idea of at last coming into sordid contact with the world, from which she had so long kept aloof, while every added day of seclusion had rolled another stone against the cavern door of her hermitage, the poor thing bethought herself of the ancient shop window, the rusty scales, and dusty till. She might have held back a little longer; but another circumstance, not yet hinted at, had somewhat hastened her decision. Her humble preparations therefore were duly made, and the enterprise was now to be commenced. Nor was she entitled to complain of any remarkable singularity in her fate; for in the town of her nativity we might point to several little shops of a similar description: some of them in houses as ancient as that of the seven gables; and one or two, it may be, where a decayed gentlewoman stands behind the counter, as grim an image of family pride as Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon herself.

It was overpoweringly ridiculous,—we must honestly confess it,—the deportment of the maiden lady while setting her shop in order for the public eye. She stole on tiptoe to the window, as cautiously as if she conceived some bloody-minded villain to be watching behind the elm-tree with intent to take her life. Stretching out her long, lank arm, she put a paper of pearl buttons, a jew's-harp, or whatever the small article might be, in its destined place, and straightway vanished back into the dusk as if the world need never hope for another glimpse of her. It might have been fancied indeed that she expected to minister to the wants of the community unseen, like a disembodied divinity or enchantress, holding forth her bargains to the reverential and awe-stricken purchaser in an invisible hand. But Hepzibah had no such flattering dream. She was well aware that she must ultimately come forward and stand revealed in her proper individuality; but like other sensitive persons, she could not bear to be observed in the gradual process, and chose rather to flash forth on the world's astonished gaze at once.

The inevitable moment was not much longer to be delayed. The sunshine might now be seen stealing down the front of the opposite house, from the windows of which came a reflected gleam, struggling through the boughs of the elm-tree and enlightening the interior of the shop more distinctly than heretofore. The town appeared to be waking up. A baker's cart had already rattled through the street, chasing away the latest vestige of night's sanctity with the jingle-jangle of its dissonant bells. A milkman was distributing the contents of his cans from door to door, and the harsh peal of a fisherman's conch-shell was heard far off, around the corner. None of these tokens escaped Hepzibah's notice. The moment had arrived. To delay longer would be only to lengthen out her misery. Nothing remained except to take down the bar from the shop door, leaving the entrance free — more than free; welcome, as if all were household friends, to every passer-by whose eyes might be attracted by the commodities of the window. This last act Hepzibah now performed, letting the bar fall with what smote upon her excited nerves as a most astounding clatter. Then, as if the only barrier betwixt herself and the world had been thrown down, and a flood of evil consequences would come tumbling through the gap, she fled into the inner parlor, threw herself into the ancestral elbow-chair, and wept.

Our miserable old Hepzibah! It is a heavy annoyance to a writer who endeavors to represent nature, its various attitudes and circumstances, in a reasonably correct outline and true coloring, that so much of the mean and ludicrous should be hopelessly mixed up with the purest pathos which life anywhere supplies to him. What tragic dignity, for example, can be wrought into a scene like this? How can we elevate our history of retribution for the sin of long ago, when, as one of our most prominent figures, we are compelled to introduce — not a young and lovely woman, nor even the stately remains of beauty, storm-shattered by affliction, but a gaunt, sallow, rusty-jointed maiden, in a long-waisted silk gown, and with the strange horror of a turban on her head? Her visage is not even ugly. It is redeemed from insignificance only by the contraction of her eyebrows into a near-sighted scowl. And finally, her great life trial seems to be that after sixty years of idleness, she finds it convenient to earn comfortable bread by setting up a shop in a small way. Nevertheless, if we look through all the heroic fortunes of mankind,

we shall find this same entanglement of something mean and trivial with whatever is noblest in joy or sorrow. Life is made up of marble and mud. And without all the deeper trust in a comprehensive sympathy above us, we might hence be led to suspect the insult of a sneer as well as an immitigable frown, on the iron countenance of Fate. What is called poetic insight is the gift of discerning, in this sphere of strangely mingled elements, the beauty and the majesty which are compelled to assume a garb so sordid.

THE OLD MANSE

From 'Mosses from an Old Manse'

BETWEEN two tall gate-posts of rough-hewn stone (the gate itself having fallen from its hinges at some unknown epoch) we beheld the gray front of the old parsonage terminating the vista of an avenue of black-ash trees. It was now a twelvemonth since the funeral procession of the venerable clergyman, its last inhabitant, had turned from that gateway toward the village burying-ground. The wheel track leading to the door, as well as the whole breadth of the avenue, was almost overgrown with grass, affording dainty mouthfuls to two or three vagrant cows and an old white horse who had his own living to pick up along the roadside. The glimmering shadows that lay half asleep between the door of the house and the public highway were a kind of spiritual medium, seen through which the edifice had not quite the aspect of belonging to the material world. Certainly, it had little in common with those ordinary abodes which stand so imminent upon the road that every passer-by can thrust his head, as it were, into the domestic circle. From these quiet windows the figures of passing travelers look too remote and dim to disturb the sense of privacy. In its near retirement and accessible seclusion, it was the very spot for the residence of a clergyman — a man not estranged from human life, yet enveloped, in the midst of it, with a veil woven of intermingled gloom and brightness. It was worthy to have been one of the time-honored parsonages of England, in which through many generations a succession of holy occupants pass from youth to age, and bequeath each an inheritance of sanctity to pervade the house and hover over it as with an atmosphere.

Nor, in truth, had the Old Manse ever been profaned by a lay occupant until that memorable summer afternoon when I entered it as my home. A priest had built it; a priest had succeeded to it; other priestly men from time to time had dwelt in it; and children born in its chambers had grown up to assume the priestly character. It was awful to reflect how many sermons must have been written there. The latest inhabitant alone — he by whose translation to Paradise the dwelling was left vacant — had penned nearly three thousand discourses, besides the better if not the greater number that gushed living from his lips. How often, no doubt, had he paced to and fro along the avenue, attuning his meditations to the sighs and gentle murmurs and deep and solemn peals of the wind among the tops of the lofty trees! In that variety of natural utterances he could find something accordant with every passage of his sermon, were it of tenderness or reverential fear. The boughs over my head seemed shadowy with solemn thoughts, as well as with rustling leaves. I took shame to myself for having been so long a writer of idle stories, and ventured to hope that wisdom would descend upon me with the falling leaves of the avenue, and that I should light upon an intellectual treasure in the Old Manse well worth those hoards of long-hidden gold which people seek for in moss-grown houses. Profound treatises of morality, a layman's unprofessional and therefore unprejudiced views of religion, histories (such as Bancroft might have written had he taken up his abode here, as he once purposed) bright with picture, gleaming over a depth of philosophic thought, — these were the works that might fitly have flowed from such a retirement. In the humblest event, I resolved at least to achieve a novel that should evolve some deep lesson, and should possess physical substance enough to stand alone. . . .

The study had three windows set with little old-fashioned panes of glass, each with a crack across it. The two on the western side looked or rather peeped between the willow branches down into the orchard, with glimpses of the river through the trees. The third, facing northward, commanded a broader view of the river at a spot where its hitherto obscure waters gleam forth into the light of history. It was at this window that the clergyman who then dwelt in the manse stood watching the outbreak of a long and deadly struggle between two nations. He saw the irregular array of his parishioners on

the farther side of the river, and the glittering line of the British on the hither bank; he awaited in an agony of suspense the rattle of the musketry. It came; and there needed but a gentle wind to sweep the battle smoke around this quiet house. . . .

A youth in the service of the clergyman happened to be chopping wood that April morning at the back door of the manse; and when the noise of battle rang from side to side of the bridge, he hastened across the intervening field to see what might be going forward. It is rather strange, by the way, that this lad should have been so diligently at work when the whole population of town and country were startled out of their customary business by the advance of the British troops. Be that as it might, the tradition says that the lad had now left his task and hurried to the battle-field with the axe still in his hand. The British had by this time retreated; the Americans were in pursuit; and the late scene of strife was thus deserted by both parties. Two soldiers lay on the ground — one was a corpse; but as the young New-Englander drew nigh, the other Briton raised himself painfully on his hands and knees and gave a ghastly stare into his face. The boy — it must have been a nervous impulse without purpose, without thought, and betokening a sensitive and impressionable nature rather than a hardened one — the boy uplifted his axe and dealt the wounded soldier a fierce and fatal blow upon the head. I could wish that the grave might be opened; for I would fain know whether either of the skeleton soldiers has the mark of an axe on his skull.

The story comes home to me like truth. Oftentimes as an intellectual and moral exercise I have sought to follow that poor youth through his subsequent career, and observe how his soul was tortured by the blood-stain, contracted as it had been before the long custom of war had robbed human life of its sanctity, and while it still seemed murderous to slay a brother man. This one circumstance has borne more fruit for me than all that history tells us of the fight. . . .

When summer was dead and buried, the Old Manse became as lonely as a hermitage. Not that ever — in my time at least — it had been thronged with company; but at no rare intervals we welcomed some friend out of the dusty glare and tumult of the world, and rejoiced to share with him the transparent obscurity that was floating over us. In one respect our precincts were like the Enchanted Ground through which the pilgrim traveled on

his way to the Celestial City. The guests, each and all, felt a slumbrous influence upon them; they fell asleep in chairs, or took a more deliberate siesta on the sofa, or were seen stretched among the shadows of the orchard, looking up dreamily through the boughs. They could not have paid a more acceptable compliment to my abode, nor to my own qualities as a host. I held it as a proof that they left their cares behind them as they passed between the stone gate-posts at the entrance of our avenue, and that the so powerful opiate was the abundance of peace and quiet within and all around us. Others could give them pleasures and amusement or instruction — these could be picked up anywhere; but it was for me to give them rest — rest in a life of trouble! What better could be done for those weary and world-worn spirits? for him whose career of perpetual action was impeded and harassed by the rarest of his powers and the richest of his acquirements? for another, who had thrown his ardent heart from earliest youth into the strife of politics, and now, perchance, began to suspect that one lifetime is too brief for the accomplishment of any lofty aim? for her on whose feminine nature had been imposed the heavy gift of intellectual power such as a strong man might have staggered under, and with it the necessity to act upon the world? — in a word, not to multiply instances, what better could be done for anybody who came within our magic circle than to throw the spell of a tranquil spirit over him? And when it had wrought its full effect, then we dismissed him with but misty reminiscences, as if he had been dreaming of us. . . .

These hobgoblins of flesh and blood were attracted thither by the wide-spreading influence of a great original thinker, who had his earthly abode at the opposite extremity of our village. His mind acted upon other minds of a certain constitution with wonderful magnetism, and drew many men upon long pilgrimages to speak with him face to face. Young visionaries, to whom just so much of insight had been imparted as to make life all a labyrinth around them, came to seek the clue that should guide them out of their self-involved bewilderment. Gray-headed theorists, whose systems, at first air, had finally imprisoned them in an iron framework, traveled painfully to his door, not to ask deliverance but to invite the free spirit into their own thraldom. People that had lighted on a new thought, or a thought that they fancied new, came to Emerson, as the finder of a glittering

gem hastens to a lapidary to ascertain its quality and value. Uncertain, troubled, earnest wanderers through the midnight of a moral world beheld its intellectual fire as a beacon burning on a hill-top, and climbing the difficult ascent, looked forth into the surrounding obscurity more hopefully than hitherto. The light revealed objects unseen before,—mountains, gleaming lakes, glimpses of a creation among the chaos; but also, as was unavoidable, it attracted bats and owls and the whole host of night birds, which flapped their dusky wings against the gazer's eyes, and sometimes were mistaken for fowls of angelic feather. Such delusions always hover nigh whenever a beacon fire of truth is kindled.

For myself, there had been epochs of my life when I too might have asked of this prophet the master word that should solve me the riddle of the universe; but now, being happy, I felt as if there were no question to be put, and therefore admired Emerson as a poet of deep beauty and austere tenderness, but sought nothing from him as a philosopher. It was good nevertheless to meet him in the wood paths, or sometimes in our avenue, with that pure intellectual gleam diffused about his presence like the garment of a Shining One; and he so quiet, so simple, so without pretension, encountering each man alike as if expecting to receive more than he could impart. And in truth, the heart of many an ordinary man had, perchance, inscriptions which he could not read. But it was impossible to dwell in his vicinity without inhaling more or less the mountain atmosphere of his lofty thought, which in the brains of some people wrought a singular giddiness,—new truth being as heady as new wine. Never was a poor little country village infested with such a variety of queer, strangely dressed, oddly behaved mortals, most of whom took upon themselves to be important agents of the world's destiny, yet were simply bores of a very intense water. Such, I imagine, is the invariable character of persons who crowd so closely about an original thinker as to draw in his unuttered breath, and thus to become imbued with a false originality. This triteness of novelty is enough to make any man of common-sense blaspheme at all ideas of less than a century's standing, and pray that the world may be petrified and rendered immovable in precisely the worst moral and physical state that it ever yet arrived at, rather than be benefited by such schemes of such philosophers. . . .

Glancing back over what I have written, it seems but the scattered reminiscences of a single summer. In fairyland there is no measurement of time; and in a spot so sheltered from the turmoil of life's ocean, three years hasten away with a noiseless flight, as the breezy sunshine chases the cloud shadows across the depths of a still valley. Now came hints, growing more and more distinct, that the owner of the old house was pining for his native air. Carpenters next appeared, making a tremendous racket among the outbuildings, strewing the green grass with pine shavings and chips of chestnut joists, and vexing the whole antiquity of the place with their discordant renovations. Soon, moreover, they divested our abode of the veil of woodbine which had crept over a large portion of its southern face. All the aged mosses were cleared unsparingly away, and there were horrible whispers about brushing up the external walls with a coat of paint,—a purpose as little to my taste as might be that of rouging the venerable cheeks of one's grandmother. But the hand that renovates is always more sacrilegious than that which destroys. In fine, we gathered up our household goods, drank a farewell cup of tea in our pleasant little breakfast-room,—delicately fragrant tea, an unpurchasable luxury, one of the many angel gifts that had fallen like dew upon us,—and passed forth between the tall stone gate-posts, as uncertain as the wandering Arabs where our tent might next be pitched. Providence took me by the hand, and—an oddity of dispensation which, I trust, there is no irreverence in smiling at—has led me, as the newspapers announce, while I am writing from the Old Manse, into a custom-house. As a story-teller I have often contrived strange vicissitudes for my imaginary personages, but none like this.

THE FAUN'S TRANSFORMATION

From 'The Marble Faun'

The door of the court-yard swung slowly, and closed itself of its own accord. Miriam and Donatello were now alone there. She clasped her hands and looked wildly at the young man, whose form seemed to have dilated, and whose eyes blazed with the fierce energy that had suddenly inspired him. It had kindled him into a man; it had developed within him an

intelligence which was no native characteristic of the Donatello whom we have heretofore known. But that simple and joyous creature was gone forever.

"What have you done?" said Miriam in a horror-stricken whisper.

The glow of rage was still lurid on Donatello's face, and now flashed out again from his eyes.

"I did what ought to be done to a traitor!" he replied. "I did what your eyes bade me do, when I asked them with mine, as I held the wretch over the precipice!"

These last words struck Miriam like a bullet. Could it be so? had her eyes provoked or assented to this deed? She had not known it. But alas! looking back into the frenzy and turmoil of the scene just acted, she could not deny — she was not sure whether it might be so or no — that a wild joy had flamed up in her heart when she beheld her persecutor in his mortal peril. Was it horror? or ecstasy? or both in one? Be the emotion what it might, it had blazed up more madly when Donatello flung his victim off the cliff, and more and more while his shriek went quivering downward. With the dead thump upon the stones below had come an unutterable horror.

"And my eyes bade you do it!" repeated she.

They both leaned over the parapet, and gazed downward as earnestly as if some inestimable treasure had fallen over, and were yet recoverable. On the pavement below was a dark mass lying in a heap, with little or nothing human in its appearance, except that the hands were stretched out, as if they might have clutched for a moment at the small square stones. But there was no motion in them now. Miriam watched the heap of mortality while she could count a hundred, which she took pains to do. No stir; not a finger moved!

"You have killed him, Donatello! he is quite dead!" said she. "Stone dead! Would I were so too!"

"Did you not mean that he should die?" sternly asked Donatello, still in the glow of that intelligence which passion had developed in him. "There was short time to weigh the matter; but he had his trial in that breath or two while I held him over the cliff, and his sentence in that one glance when your eyes responded to mine! Say that I have slain him against your will, — say that he died without your whole consent, — and in another breath you shall see me lying beside him."

"Oh, never!" cried Miriam. "My one, own friend! Never, never, never!"

She turned to him,—the guilty, blood-stained, lonely woman,—she turned to her fellow criminal, the youth, so lately innocent, whom she had drawn into her doom. She pressed him close, close to her bosom, with a clinging embrace that brought their two hearts together, till the horror and agony of each was combined into one emotion, and that a kind of rapture.

"Yes, Donatello, you speak the truth!" said she: "my heart consented to what you did. We two slew yonder wretch. The deed knots us together for time and eternity, like the coil of a serpent!"

They threw one other glance at the heap of death below, to assure themselves that it was there; so like a dream was the whole thing. Then they turned from that fatal precipice, and came out of the court-yard, arm in arm, heart in heart. Instinctively, they were heedful not to sever themselves so much as a pace or two from one another, for fear of the terror and deadly chill that would thenceforth wait for them in solitude. Their deed—the crime which Donatello wrought, and Miriam accepted on the instant—had wreathed itself, as she said, like a serpent in inextricable links about both their souls, and drew them into one, by its terrible contractile power. It was closer than a marriage bond. So intimate in those first moments was the union, that it seemed as if their new sympathy annihilated all other ties, and that they were released from the chain of humanity; a new sphere, a special law, had been created for them alone. The world could not come near them: they were safe!

When they reached the flight of steps leading downward from the Capitol, there was a far-off noise of singing and laughter. Swift indeed had been the rush of the crisis that was come and gone! This was still the merriment of the party that had so recently been their companions; they recognized the voices which, a little while ago, had accorded and sung in cadence with their own. But they were familiar voices no more; they sounded strangely, and as it were, out of the depths of space; so remote was all that pertained to the past life of these guilty ones, in the moral seclusion that had suddenly extended itself around them. But how close and ever closer did the breadth of the immeasurable waste that lay between them and all brotherhood or sisterhood, now press them one within the other!

"O friend!" cried Miriam, so putting her soul into the word that it took a heavy richness of meaning, and seemed never to have been spoken before,—"O friend, are you conscious, as I am, of this companionship that knits our heart-strings together?"

"I feel it, Miriam," said Donatello. "We draw one breath; we live one life!"

"Only yesterday," continued Miriam,—"nay, only a short half-hour ago,—I shivered in an icy solitude. No friendship, no sisterhood, could come near enough to keep the warmth within my heart. In an instant all is changed! There can be no more loneliness!"

"None, Miriam!" said Donatello.

"None, my beautiful one!" responded Miriam, gazing in his face, which had taken a higher, almost an heroic aspect from the strength of passion. "None, my innocent one! Surely it is no crime that we have committed. One wretched and worthless life has been sacrificed to cement two other lives for evermore."

"For evermore, Miriam!" said Donatello; "cemented with his blood!"

The young man started at the word which he had himself spoken; it may be that it brought home to the simplicity of his imagination what he had not before dreamed of,—the ever-increasing loathsomeness of a union that consists in guilt. Cemented with blood, which would corrupt and grow more noisome for ever and for ever, but bind them none the less strictly for that!

"Forget it! Cast it all behind you!" said Miriam, detecting by her sympathy the pang that was in his heart. "The deed has done its office, and has no existence any more."

They flung the past behind them, as she counseled, or else distilled from it a fiery intoxication which sufficed to carry them triumphantly through those first moments of their doom. For guilt has its moment of rapture too. The foremost result of a broken law is ever an ecstatic sense of freedom. And thus there exhaled upward (out of their dark sympathy, at the base of which lay a human corpse) a bliss, or an insanity, which the unhappy pair imagined to be well worth the sleepy innocence that was forever lost to them.

As their spirits rose to the solemn madness of the occasion they went onward,—not stealthily, not fearfully, but with a stately gait and aspect. Passion lent them (as it does to meaner

shapes) its brief nobility of carriage. They trode through the streets of Rome as if they too were among the majestic and guilty shadows, that from ages long gone by have haunted the blood-stained city. And at Miriam's suggestion they turned aside, for the sake of treading loftily past the old site of Pompey's forum.

"For there was a great deed done here!" she said,—"a deed of blood, like ours! Who knows but we may meet the high and ever sad fraternity of Cæsar's murderers, and exchange a salutation?"

"Are they our brethren now?" asked Donatello.

"Yes; all of them," said Miriam; "and many another, whom the world little dreams of, has been made our brother or our sister by what we have done within this hour!"

And at the thought she shivered. Where then was the seclusion, the remoteness, the strange, lonesome Paradise, into which she and her one companion had been transported by their crime? Was there indeed no such refuge, but only a crowded thoroughfare and jostling throng of criminals? And was it true that whatever hand had a blood-stain on it, or had poured out poison, or strangled a babe at its birth, or clutched a grandsire's throat, he sleeping, and robbed him of his few last breaths, had now the right to offer itself in fellowship with their two hands? Too certainly that right existed. It is a terrible thought, that an individual wrong-doing melts into the great mass of human crime, and makes us, who dreamed only of our own little separate sin,—makes us guilty of the whole. And thus Miriam and her lover were not an insulated pair, but members of an innumerable confraternity of guilty ones, all shuddering at each other.

JOHN HAY

(1838–)

BORN in 1838 at Salem, Indiana, of Scotch ancestry, John Hay passed his early years as does the average intelligent Western boy. When only twenty he was graduated from Brown University, where his work in English composition was thought to indicate literary ability. Studying law at Springfield, Illinois, he began practice there in 1861; but soon after accompanied President Lincoln to Washington as his assistant secretary, and acting as adjutant and aide also, grew into close intimacy with the statesman whose biographer he became. Like most ardent young men of his time, he entered the army, attaining the brevet rank of colonel and assistant adjutant-general. His large opportunities for meeting men, his gift for making friends, and his tactful good sense, especially qualified him for his later diplomatic career.

JOHN HAY

Soon after the war Colonel Hay went as Secretary of Legation to Paris, where his careful study of French political conditions appears in several of his poems; among them 'Sunrise in the Place de la Concorde,' 'The Sphinx of the Tuileries,' and 'A Triumph of Order.' Sent afterwards to Vienna, he was presently transferred to Madrid as chargé d'affaires. 'Castilian Days' reflects in delightful colors the pleasure he found in the history, the romance, and the beauty of Spain; a pleasure which shows an odd background of American practicality, and a democratic conviction that kings and nobles are as fallible as other men. He greatly admired Castelar, whose acquaintance he made, and translated for American readers his treatise upon 'The Republican Movement in Europe.'

Returning to New York in 1871, Hay joined the staff of the New York Tribune. 'Pike County Ballads,' his second publication, issued in 1871, celebrated in Western dialect the heroism of drinking pilots, swearing engineers, and godless settlers, and caught the fancy of the public by means of its vivid local color and dramatic quality. Some years later these verses were republished in the same volume

with his miscellaneous poems, his 'Wanderlieder,' and his translations.

His most important work is the comprehensive history of the life and times of Abraham Lincoln, written in collaboration with John George Nicolay, the great President's private secretary. Appearing first in the Century Magazine, this was published in ten large volumes, which offer a careful historical survey of the whole period of the Civil War, and of the conditions which made it inevitable. Thoroughly understanding the character and motives of Lincoln, and himself a spectator and an actor in the great drama he describes, Colonel Hay's pages are vividly written, and often touched with personal emotion.

Valuable as this history may prove, however, to the serious reader, in 'Castilian Days' lies the true obligation of the lover of literature to Colonel Hay. When it appeared, the general voice of criticism pronounced it the best book on Spain in the English language. Wide knowledge of the great monarchy of the past, full sympathy with the new republic of the hour, the point of view of the man of letters, the poet, the curious student of social life, and the observer of politics rather than the politician,—these the Western critic brought to the occasion. He saw everything; he weighed and measured customs, institutions, and men; and he wrote down his descriptions and conclusions in a style whose brilliancy would have degenerated into hardness, had it not been saved by a good-natured humor, and a temper of unusual moderation. And if the republic in which the sound republican so hopefully believed is long since swept away, his book remains no less faithful an interpretation of the Spanish character, and no less possible a forecast of the future of the Spanish people.

LINCOLN'S DEATH AND FAME

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IN FACT, it was among the common people of the entire civilized world that the most genuine and spontaneous manifestations of sorrow and appreciation were produced, and to this fact we attribute the sudden and solid foundation of Lincoln's fame. It requires years, perhaps centuries, to build the structure of a reputation which rests upon the opinion of those distinguished for learning or intelligence; the progress of opinion from the few to the many is slow and painful. But in the case of Lincoln the many imposed their opinion all at once; he was canonized, as he

lay on his bier, by the irresistible decree of countless millions. The greater part of the aristocracy of England thought little of him; but the burst of grief from the English people silenced in an instant every discordant voice. It would have been as imprudent to speak slightingly of him in London as it was in New York. Especially among the Dissenters was honor and reverence shown to his name. The humbler people instinctively felt that their order had lost its wisest champion.

Not only among those of Saxon blood was this outburst of emotion seen. In France a national manifestation took place, which the government disliked but did not think it wise to suppress. The students of Paris marched in a body to the American Legation to express their sympathy. A two-cent subscription was started to strike a massive gold medal; the money was soon raised, but the committee was forced to have the work done in Switzerland. A committee of French Liberals brought the medal to the American minister, to be sent to Mrs. Lincoln. "Tell her," said Eugène Pelletan, "the heart of France is in that little box." The inscription had a double sense; while honoring the dead republican, it struck at the Empire: "Lincoln — the Honest Man; abolished Slavery, re-established the Union; Saved the Republic, without veiling the Statue of Liberty."

Everywhere on the Continent the same swift apotheosis of the people's hero was seen. An Austrian deputy said to the writer, "Among my people his memory has already assumed superhuman proportions; he has become a myth, a type of ideal democracy." Almost before the earth closed over him he began to be the subject of fable. The Freemasons of Europe generally regard him as one of them — his portrait in Masonic garb is often displayed; yet he was not one of that brotherhood. The Spiritualists claim him as their most illustrious adept, but he was not a Spiritualist; and there is hardly a sect in the Western world, from the Calvinist to the atheist, but affects to believe he was of their opinion.

A collection of the expressions of sympathy and condolence which came to Washington from foreign governments, associations, and public bodies of all sorts, was made by the State Department, and afterwards published by order of Congress. It forms a large quarto of a thousand pages, and embraces the utterances of grief and regret from every country under the sun, in almost every language spoken by man.

But admired and venerated as he was in Europe, he was best understood and appreciated at home. It is not to be denied that

in his case, as in that of all heroic personages who occupy a great place in history, a certain element of legend mingles with his righteous fame. He was a man, in fact, especially liable to legend. We have been told by farmers in central Illinois that the brown thrush did not sing for a year after he died. He was gentle and merciful, and therefore he seems in a certain class of annals to have passed all his time in soothing misfortune and pardoning crime. He had more than his share of the shrewd native humor, and therefore the loose jest-books of two centuries have been ransacked for anecdotes to be attributed to him. He was a great and powerful lover of mankind, especially of those not favored by fortune. One night he had a dream, which he repeated the next morning to the writer of these lines, which quaintly illustrates his unpretending and kindly democracy. He was in some great assembly; the people made a lane to let him pass. "He is a common-looking fellow," some one said. Lincoln in his dream turned to his critic and replied in his Quaker phrase, "Friend, the Lord prefers common-looking people; that is why he made so many of them." He that abases himself shall be exalted. Because Lincoln kept himself in such constant sympathy with the common people, whom he respected too highly to flatter or mislead, he was rewarded by a reverence and a love hardly ever given to a human being. Among the humble working people of the South whom he had made free, this veneration and affection easily passed into the supernatural. At a religious meeting among the negroes of the Sea Islands a young man expressed the wish that he might see Lincoln. A gray-headed negro rebuked the rash aspiration: "No man see Linkum. Linkum walk as Jesus walk; no man see Linkum."

But leaving aside these fables, which are a natural enough expression of a popular awe and love, it seems to us that no more just estimate of Lincoln's relation to his time has ever been made, nor perhaps ever will be, than that uttered by one of the wisest and most American of thinkers, Ralph Waldo Emerson, a few days after the assassination. We cannot forbear quoting a few words of this remarkable discourse, which shows how Lincoln seemed to the greatest of his contemporaries:—

"A plain man of the people, an extraordinary fortune attended him. Lord Bacon says, 'Manifest virtues procure reputation; occult ones fortune.' . . . His occupying the chair of State was a triumph of the good sense of mankind and of the public conscience. . . . . He grew according to the need; his mind mastered the problem of

the day; and as the problem grew, so did his comprehension of it. Rarely was a man so fitted to the event. . . . It cannot be said that there is any exaggeration of his worth. If ever a man was fairly tested, he was. There was no lack of resistance, nor of slander, nor of ridicule. . . . Then what an occasion was the whirlwind of the war! Here was no place for holiday magistrate, nor fair-weather sailor; the new pilot was hurried to the helm in a tornado. In four years — four years of battle days — his endurance, his fertility of resources, his magnanimity, were sorely tried and never found wanting. There by his courage, his justice, his even temper, his fertile counsel, his humanity, he stood a heroic figure in the centre of a heroic epoch. He is the true history of the American people in his time; the true representative of this continent — father of his country; the pulse of twenty millions throbbing in his heart, the thought of their minds articulated by his tongue."

The quick instinct by which the world recognized him even at the moment of his death as one of its greatest men, was not deceived. It has been confirmed by the sober thought of a quarter of a century. The writers of each nation compare him with their first popular hero. The French find points of resemblance in him to Henry IV.; the Dutch liken him to William of Orange: the cruel stroke of murder and treason by which all three perished in the height of their power naturally suggests the comparison, which is strangely justified in both cases, though the two princes were so widely different in character. Lincoln had the wit, the bonhomie, the keen practical insight into affairs, of the Béarnais; and the tyrannous moral sense, the wide comprehension, the heroic patience of the Dutch patriot, whose motto might have served equally well for the American President — "*Sævis tranquillus in undis.*" European historians speak of him in words reserved for the most illustrious names. Merle d'Aubigné says, "The name of Lincoln will remain one of the greatest that history has to inscribe on its annals." Henri Martin predicts nothing less than a universal apotheosis: "This man will stand out in the traditions of his country and the world as an incarnation of the people, and of modern democracy itself." Emilio Castelar, in an oration against slavery in the Spanish Cortes, called him "humblest of the humble before his conscience, greatest of the great before history."

In this country, where millions still live who were his contemporaries, and thousands who knew him personally; where the

envies and jealousies which dog the footsteps of success still linger in the hearts of a few; where journals still exist that loaded his name for four years with daily calumny, and writers of memoirs vainly try to make themselves important by belittling him,— his fame has become as universal as the air, as deeply rooted as the hills. The faint discords are not heard in the wide chorus that hails him second to none and equaled by Washington alone. The eulogies of him form a special literature. Preachers, poets, soldiers, and statesmen employ the same phrases of unconditional love and reverence. Men speaking with the authority of fame use unqualified superlatives. Lowell in an immortal ode calls him "new birth of our new soil, the first American." General Sherman says, "Of all the men I ever met, he seemed to possess more of the elements of greatness, combined with goodness, than any other." General Grant, after having met the rulers of almost every civilized country on earth, said Lincoln impressed him as the greatest intellectual force with which he had ever come in contact.

He is spoken of with scarcely less of enthusiasm by the more generous and liberal spirits among those who revolted against his election and were vanquished by his power. General Longstreet calls him "the greatest man of Rebellion times, the one matchless among forty millions for the peculiar difficulties of the period." An eminent Southern orator, referring to our mixed Northern and Southern ancestry, says: "From the union of those colonists, from the straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood, slowly perfecting through a century, came he who stands as the first typical American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace of this republic — Abraham Lincoln."

It is not difficult to perceive the basis of this sudden and world-wide fame, nor rash to predict its indefinite duration. There are two classes of men whose names are more enduring than any monument: the great writers, and the men of great achievement,— the founders of States, the conquerors. Lincoln has the singular fortune to belong to both these categories; upon these broad and stable foundations his renown is securely built. Nothing would have more amazed him while he lived than to hear himself called a man of letters; but this age has produced few greater writers. We are only recording here the judgment of his peers. Emerson ranks him with Æsop and Pilpay, in his

lighter moods, and says: "The weight and penetration of many passages in his letters, messages, and speeches, hidden now by the very closeness of their application to the moment, are destined to a wide fame. What pregnant definitions, what unerring common-sense, what foresight, and on great occasions what lofty, and more than national, what human tone! His brief speech at Gettysburg will not easily be surpassed by words on any recorded occasion."

His style extorted the high praise of French Academicians; Montalembert commended it as a model for the imitation of princes. Many of his phrases form part of the common speech of mankind. It is true that in his writings the range of subjects is not great; he is concerned chiefly with the political problems of the time, and the moral considerations involved in them. But the range of treatment is remarkably wide; it runs from the wit, the gay humor, the florid eloquence of his stump speeches to the marvelous sententiousness and brevity of the letter to Greeley and the address of Gettysburg, and the sustained and lofty grandeur of the Second Inaugural.

The more his writings are studied in connection with the important transactions of his age, the higher will his reputation stand in the opinion of the lettered class. But the men of study and research are never numerous; and it is principally as a man of action that the world at large will regard him. It is the story of his objective life that will forever touch and hold the heart of mankind. His birthright was privation and ignorance — not peculiar to his family, but the universal environment of his place and time; he burst through those enchaining conditions by the force of native genius and will: vice had no temptation for him; his course was as naturally upward as the skylark's; he won, against all conceivable obstacles, a high place in an exacting profession and an honorable position in public and private life; he became the foremost representative of a party founded on an uprising of the national conscience against a secular wrong, and thus came to the awful responsibilities of power in a time of terror and gloom. He met them with incomparable strength and virtue. Caring for nothing but the public good, free from envy or jealous fears, he surrounded himself with the leading men of his party, his most formidable rivals in public esteem, and through four years of stupendous difficulties he was head and shoulders above them all in the vital qualities of wisdom, foresight, knowledge

of men, and thorough comprehension of measures. Personally opposed, as the radicals claim, by more than half of his own party in Congress, and bitterly denounced and maligned by his open adversaries, he yet bore himself with such extraordinary discretion and skill that he obtained for the government all the legislation it required, and so impressed himself upon the national mind that without personal effort or solicitation he became the only possible candidate of his party for re-election, and was chosen by an almost unanimous vote of the electoral colleges.

His qualities would have rendered his administration illustrious even in time of peace; but when we consider that in addition to the ordinary work of the executive office, he was forced to assume the duties of commander-in-chief of the national forces engaged in the most complex and difficult war of modern times, the greatness of spirit as well as the intellectual strength he evinced in that capacity is nothing short of prodigious. After-times will wonder, not at the few and unimportant mistakes he may have committed, but at the intuitive knowledge of his business that he displayed. We would not presume to express a personal opinion in this matter. We use the testimony only of the most authoritative names. General W. T. Sherman has repeatedly expressed the admiration and surprise with which he has read Mr. Lincoln's correspondence with his generals, and his opinion of the remarkable correctness of his military views. General W. F. Smith says:—"I have long held to the opinion that at the close of the war Mr. Lincoln was the superior of his generals in his comprehension of the effect of strategic movements and the proper method of following up victories to their legitimate conclusions." General J. H. Wilson holds the same opinion; and Colonel Robert N. Scott, in whose lamented death the army lost one of its most vigorous and best trained intellects, frequently called Mr. Lincoln "the ablest strategist of the war."

To these qualifications of high literary excellence, and easy practical mastery of affairs of transcendent importance, we must add, as an explanation of his immediate and world-wide fame, his possession of certain moral qualities rarely combined in such high degree in one individual. His heart was so tender that he would dismount from his horse in a forest to replace in their nest young birds which had fallen by the roadside; he could not sleep at night if he knew that a soldier-boy was under sentence of death; he

could not, even at the bidding of duty or policy, refuse the prayer of age or helplessness in distress. Childern instinctively loved him; they never found his rugged features ugly; his sympathies were quick and seemingly unlimited. He was absolutely without prejudice of class or condition. Frederick Douglass says he was the only man of distinction he ever met who never reminded him, by word or manner, of his color; he was as just and generous to the rich and well-born as to the poor and humble — a thing rare among politicians. He was tolerant even of evil: though no man can ever have lived with a loftier scorn of meanness and selfishness, he yet recognized their existence and counted with them. He said one day, with a flash of cynical wisdom worthy of a La Rochefoucauld, that honest statesmanship was the employment of individual meanness for the public good. He never asked perfection of any one; he did not even insist, for others, upon the high standards he set up for himself. At a time before the word was invented he was the first of opportunists. With the fire of a reformer and a martyr in his heart, he yet proceeded by the ways of cautious and practical statecraft. He always worked with things as they were, while never relinquishing the desire and effort to make them better. To a hope which saw the Delectable Mountains of absolute justice and peace in the future, to a faith that God in his own time would give to all men the things convenient to them, he added a charity which embraced in its deep bosom all the good and the bad, all the virtues and the infirmities of men, and a patience like that of nature, which in its vast and fruitful activity knows neither haste nor rest.

A character like this is among the precious heirlooms of the republic; and by a special good fortune, every part of the country has an equal claim and pride in it. Lincoln's blood came from the veins of New England emigrants, of Middle-State Quakers, of Virginia planters, of Kentucky pioneers; he himself was one of the men who grew up with the earliest growth of the Great West. Every jewel of his mind or his conduct sheds radiance on each portion of the nation. The marvelous symmetry and balance of his intellect and character may have owed something to this varied environment of his race, and they may fitly typify the variety and solidity of the republic. It may not be unreasonable to hope that his name and his renown may be forever a bond of union to the country which he loved with an affection so impartial, and served, in life and in death, with such entire devotion.

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WHEN PHYLLIS LAUGHS

When Phyllis laughs, in sweet surprise
My heart asks if my dazzling eyes
Or if my ears take more delight
In luscious sound or beauty bright,
When Phyllis laughs.

In crinkled eyelids hid Love lies,
In the soft curving lips I prize
Promise of raptures infinite,
When Phyllis laughs.

Far to the Orient fancy flies.
I see beneath Idalian skies,
Clad only in the golden light,
Calm in perfection's peerless might,
The laughter-loving Venus rise,
When Phyllis laughs.

NIGHT IN VENICE

Love, in this summer night, do you recall
Midnight, and Venice, and those skies of June
Thick-sown with stars, when from the still lagoon
We glided noiseless through the dim canal?
A sense of some belated festival
Hung round us, and our own hearts beat in tune
With passionate memories that the young moon
Lit up on dome and tower and palace wall.
We dreamed what ghosts of vanished loves made part
Of that sweet light and trembling, amorous air.
I felt — in those rich beams that kissed your hair,
Those breezes warm with bygone lovers' sighs —
All the dead beauty of Venice in your eyes,
All the old loves of Venice in my heart.

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A WOMAN'S LOVE

A SENTINEL angel sitting high in glory
Heard this shrill wail ring out from purgatory:—
"Have mercy, mighty angel,—hear my story!

"I loved, and blind with passionate love, I fell.
Love brought me down to death, and death to hell;
For God is just, and death for sin is well.

"I do not rage against his high decree,
Nor for myself do ask that grace shall be,
But for my love on earth who mourns for me.

"Great Spirit! Let me see my love again
And comfort him one hour, and I were fain
To pay a thousand years of fire and pain."

Then said the pitying angel: "Nay, repent
That wild vow! Look, the dial finger's bent
Down to the last hour of thy punishment!"

But still she wailed: "I pray thee, let me go!
I cannot rise to peace and leave him so.
Oh, let me soothe him in his bitter woe!"

The brazen gates ground sullenly ajar,
And upward, joyous, like a rising star,
She rose and vanished in the ether far.

But soon adown the dying sunset sailing,
And like a wounded bird her pinions trailing,
She fluttered back, with broken-hearted wailing.

She sobbed, "I found him by the summer sea
Reclined, his head upon a maiden's knee—
She curled his hair and kissed him. Woe is me!"

She wept, "Now let my punishment begin!
I have been fond and foolish. Let me in
To expiate my sorrow and my sin."

The angel answered, "Nay, sad soul, go higher!
To be deceived in your true heart's desire
Was bitterer than a thousand years of fire!"

JIM BLUDSO, OF THE PRAIRIE BELLE

WALL, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
Becase he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three year
That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
The night of the Prairie Belle?

He weren't no saint,—them engineers
Is all pretty much alike:
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill,
And another one here in Pike;
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward hand in a row,
But he never funked, and he never lied,—
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had:
To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river;
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire,—
A thousand times he swore
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip,
And her day come at last,—
The Movastar was a better boat,
But the Belle she *wouldn't* be passed.
And so she come tearin' along, that night—
The oldest craft on the line—
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she clared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned, and made
For the willer-bank on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out,
Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

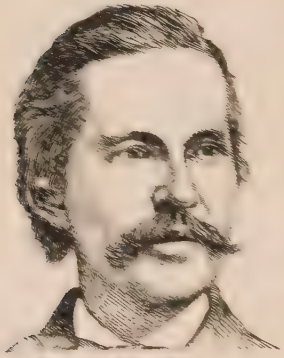
Through the hot black breath of the burnin' boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knowed he would keep his word.
And sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smoke-stacks fell,—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint — but at judgment
I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing,—
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't agoing to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

(1830-1886)

REVOLUTIONARY ancestry, and the only son of an officer in the United States naval service, Paul Hamilton Hayne was born in Charleston, South Carolina, January 1st, 1830. Few American poets have grown up with outward circumstances more kindly toward a literary career and its practical risks. A name of high local distinction, wealth, and associations with men of letters were part of Hayne's environment from the beginning. The literary gatherings in the Hayne household, in which William Gilmore Simms, John C. Calhoun, and Hugh S. Legaré were prominent, drew all Charleston's intellectual life at the time to a common centre.



PAUL H. HAYNE

Hayne was a graduate in 1850 of the college of his native city. For a time he studied law. With the outbreak of the Civil War he took service, and was on the staff of General Pickens. Broken health induced him unwillingly to resign. With the bombardment of Charleston and the advance of the Federal army he suffered severe losses. His costly house, his library, and pretty much all his belongings being swept away by fire or pillage. A ruined man pecuniarily, he betook himself to the Pine Barrens of Georgia. There he built himself a cottage at Copse Hill. There he gardened, wrote verses, kept up his correspondence with the outer world, corrected his proofs, and it is said "was perfectly happy" during more than fifteen years, until his death in 1886. He was much of an invalid by constitution; and with his frail vitality, his accomplishing so much is a striking example of the will to live and to do what we wish to do.

Mr. Hayne's early literary work was connected with the Southern Literary Messenger, to which so many of the South's poets were contributors at one time or another. Later he became editor of the Charleston Literary Gazette, and held a post on the Charleston Evening News. In 1872 appeared his 'Legends and Lyrics,' one collection of his poems; in 1873 his edition of the literary remains of his friend

Timrod, with a sympathetic biography; in 1875 he published 'The Mountain of the Lovers,'—like 'The Wife of Brittany,' one of his long poems,—and in later succession we have other titles; with his poems in a complete edition in 1882.

Mr. Hayne's verse largely reflects aspects of nature in the Southern United States. There is a strong influence of Wordsworth in much of his writing. In other descriptive poetry, and in that of a reflective or dramatic spirit, he won a measurable success, occasionally coming into obvious poetical touch with Robert Browning. His sonnets are a large element of his writing; a species of verse in which he delighted, his meditative humor finding it, over and over again, a vehicle at once suitable and congenial.

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ODE TO SLEEP

BEYOND the sunset and the amber sea
To the lone depths of ether, cold and bare,
Thy influence, soul of all tranquillity,
Hallows the earth and awes the reverent air;
Yon laughing rivulet quells its silvery tune;
The pines, like priestly watchers tall and grim,
Stand mute against the pensive twilight dim,
Breathless to hail the advent of the moon;
From the white beach the ocean falls away
Coyly, and with a thrill; the sea-birds dart
Ghostlike from out the distance, and depart
With a gray fleetness, moaning the dead day;
The wings of Silence, overfolding space,
Droop with dusk grandeur from the heavenly steep,
And through the stillness gleams thy starry face,—
Serenest Angel, Sleep!

Come! woo me here, amid these flowery charms;
Breathe on my eyelids; press thy odorous lips
Close to mine own; enwreathe me in thine arms,
And cloud my spirit with thy sweet eclipse;
No dreams! no dreams! keep back the motley throng,—
For such are girded round with ghastly might,
And sing low burdens of despondent song,
Decked in the mockery of a lost delight;

I ask oblivion's balsam! the mute peace
  Toned to still breathings, and the gentlest sighs;
  Not music woven of rarest harmonies
Could yield me such elysium of release:
The tones of earth are weariness,—not only
  'Mid the loud mart, and in the walks of trade,
But where the mountain Genius broodeth lonely,
  In the cool pulsing of the sylvan shade;
Then bear me far into thy noiseless land;
  Surround me with thy silence, deep on deep,
    Until serene I stand
Close by a duskier country, and more grand
  Mysterious solitude, than thine, O Sleep!

As he whose veins a feverous frenzy burns,
  Whose life-blood withers in the fiery drouth,
Feebly and with a languid longing turns
  To the spring breezes gathering from the south,
So, feebly and with languid longing, I
Turn to thy wished nepenthe, and implore
  The golden dimness, the purpureal gloom
Which haunt thy poppied realm, and make the shore
  Of thy dominion balmy with all bloom.
In the clear gulfs of thy serene profound,
Worn passions sink to quiet, sorrows pause,
  Suddenly fainting to still-breathèd rest:
Thou own'st a magical atmosphere, which awes
  The memories seething in the turbulent breast;
Which, muffling up the sharpness of all sound
Of mortal lamentation, solely bears
  The silvery minor toning of our woe,
  All mellowed to harmonious underflow,
Soft as the sad farewells of dying years,—
  Lulling as sunset showers that veil the west,
    And sweet as Love's last tears
When over-welling hearts do mutely weep:
  O griefs! O wailings! your tempestuous madness,
  Merged in a regal quietude of sadness,
Wins a strange glory by the streams of sleep!

Then woo me here, amid these flowery charms;
  Breathe on my eyelids, press thy odorous lips
Close to mine own; enfold me in thine arms,
  And cloud my spirit with thy sweet eclipse;

And while from waning depth to depth I fall,
Down lapsing to the utmost depths of all,
  Till wan forgetfulness obscurely stealing
    Creeps like an incantation on the soul,
And o'er the slow ebb of my conscious life
  Dies the thin flush of the last conscious feeling,
    And like abortive thunder, the dull roll
  Of sullen passions ebbs far, far away,—
O Angel! loose the chords which cling to strife,
Sever the gossamer bondage of my breath,
  And let me pass, gently as winds in May,
  From the dim realm which owns thy shadowy sway,
To thy diviner sleep, O sacred Death!

ASPECTS OF THE PINES

TALL, sombre, grim, against the morning sky
  They rise, scarce touched by melancholy airs,
Which stir the fadeless foliage dreamfully,
  As if from realms of mystical despairs.

Tall, sombre, grim, they stand with dusky gleams
  Brightening to gold within the woodland's core,
Beneath the gracious noontide's tranquil beams—
  But the weird winds of morning sigh no more.

A stillness strange, divine, ineffable,
  Broods round and o'er them in the wind's surcease,
And on each tinted copse and shimmering dell
  Rests the mute rapture of deep-hearted peace.

Last, sunset comes—the solemn joy and might
  Borne from the west when cloudless day declines—
Low, flute-like breezes sweep the waves of light,
  And lifting dark green tresses of the pines,

Till every lock is luminous, gently float,
  Fraught with hale odors up the heavens afar,
To faint when twilight on her virginal throat
  Wears for a gem the tremulous vesper star.

POVERTY

ONCE I beheld thee, a lithe mountain maid,
Embrowned by wholesome toils in lusty air;
Whose clear blood, nurtured by strong primitive cheer,
Through Amazonian veins flowed unafraid.
Broad-breasted, pearly-teethed, thy pure breath strayed,
Sweet as deep-uddered kine's curled in the rare
Bright spaces of thy lofty atmosphere,
O'er some rude cottage in a fir-grown glade.
Now, of each brave ideal virtue stripped,
O Poverty! I behold thee as thou art,—
A ruthless hag, the image of woeful dearth,
Of brute despair, gnawing its own starved heart.
Thou ravening wretch! fierce-eyed and monster-lipped,
Why scourge forevermore God's beauteous earth?

THE HYACINTH

HERE in this wrecked storm-wasted garden close,
The grave of infinite generations fled
Of flowers that now lie lustreless and dead
As the gray dust of Eden's earliest rose,
What bloom is this, whose classical beauty glows
Radiantly chaste, with the mild splendor shed
Round a Greek virgin's poised and perfect head,
By Phidias wrought 'twixt rapture and repose?
Mark the sweet lines whose matchless ovals curl
Above the fragile stem's half-shrinking grace,
And say if this pure hyacinth doth not seem
(Touched by enchantments of an antique dream)
A flower no more, but the low drooping face
Of some love-laden, fair Athenian girl?

WILLIAM HAZLITT

(1778–1830)

THE life of William Hazlitt, apart from his matrimonial infelicities, is uneventful. He was born the 10th of April, 1778, at Maidstone, England, where his father was a Unitarian minister; not a Presbyterian, as the Encyclopædia Britannica has it. Of him Hazlitt gives an interesting though pathetic picture. A learned and a kindly man, he spent sixty years of his life in petty squabbles over disputed texts of Scripture and in pleading the cause of civil and religious liberty. "What dreams of philosophy and poetry," says his son, "were stifled in the dreary tomes over which he sacrificed fancy and imagination! For ease, half-play on words, and a supine monkish pleasantry," he says of his letters, "I have never seen his equal."

WILLIAM HAZLITT

The boy was intended by his father for the Unitarian ministry; but though he went to a denominational college, he disliked the idea of preaching. He was about twenty when he heard the memorable sermon of Coleridge which was said to have fixed his career. Coleridge was visiting a neighboring minister, and Hazlitt walked twelve miles through the mud before daylight to hear him. The sermon set him to thinking, not of theology but of metaphysics. He gave up his studies, and having some talent for painting, devoted himself from this time forth to his two passions, art and metaphysics. And although he was destined to succeed in neither, yet to his knowledge of both he owed his pre-eminence in the career which he entered only by accident. "Nowhere," says one of his critics, "is abstract thought so picturesquely bodied forth by concrete illustration."

At the end of seven years, having come to the conclusion that he could not be a Titian, he published his first book, 'An Essay on the Principles of Human Action'; a book as dry as his favorite biscuit. Thenceforth, he wrote on any subject for any employer. From the first he seems to have been fairly paid, and to have gained a

hearing. He was at least sufficiently interesting to provoke the implacable hostility of Blackwood and the Quarterly. For eighteen years he was a regular contributor to the Edinburgh Review, the London Review, and the New Monthly, while various daily and weekly papers constantly employed him.

Hazlitt, like many persons of limited affections, had a capacity for sudden passions; but finally, after many love affairs, he married at the age of thirty a Miss Stoddard, with whom he lived for fourteen unhappy years. He then met the somewhat mythical Sarah Walker, the daughter of a lodging-house keeper, for whom he resolved to leave his wife. As Mrs. Hazlitt was relieved to be rid of him, they easily obtained a Scotch divorce. When, however, the mature lover was free, Miss Walker had discreetly disappeared. Three months afterwards he married a Mrs. Bridgewater, who took him on a Continental tour, but left him within the twelvemonth. Thackeray describes the journey abroad as that of "a penniless student tramping on foot, and not made after the regular fashion of the critics of the day, by the side of a young nobleman in a post-chaise"; but the fact is that the bride of this second matrimonial venture paid the bills. His other visit to the Continent was amply provided for by a commission to copy pictures in the Louvre. Hazlitt lived only five years after separating from his second wife. Pecuniary difficulties and the failure of his publishers hastened his death, which occurred in London September 18th, 1830. Only his son and his beloved friend Charles Lamb were with him when he died.

The father of Coventry Patmore gives an interesting picture of Hazlitt at thirty-five: "A pale anatomy of a man, sitting uneasily on half a chair, his anxious, highly intellectual face looking upon vacancy,—emaciate, unstrung, inanimate." But "the poor creature," as he used to call himself, was the launcher forth of the winged word that could shake the hearts of princes and potentates. The most unscrupulous biographer would hardly have dared to reveal Hazlitt, the most reserved of men, as he reveals himself to the reader. Every essay is autobiographical, and reflects his likes and dislikes. In that strange book 'The New Pygmalion,' as in 'Liber Amoris,' he invites the horrified British public to listen to his transports concerning the lodging-house keeper's daughter. He abuses the Duke of Wellington, idol of that public, as he abuses whoever may chance to disagree with him on personal or impersonal subjects. The brilliant iconoclast must have been the most uncomfortable of men to live with. No wonder that Lamb used to sigh, pathetically, "I wish he would not quarrel with everybody." For he fell out with the amiable Leigh Hunt, with the idol of his youth, Coleridge, whose poetry he began at once to undervalue, and with Wordsworth and Southey,

because they took a moderate view of the French Revolution. He rated Shelley absurdly low for no better reason than that he was a gentleman, and loaded Scott with bad names because he accepted a baronetcy. De Quincey declared that "With Hazlitt, whatever is, is wrong," and quotes an admirer of the critic who professed to shudder whenever his hand went to his breast pocket, lest he should draw out a dagger. What his politics were, except to worship the genius of the French Revolution and abhor a something which he called "the hag of legitimacy," no one knew. His heroes were the first Napoleon and Rousseau.

Hazlitt says, with his usual indifference, that when he began to write he left off reading. Much as he admired 'Waverley' and the other "Scotch novels," as they were called, he never got through more than half of any one, although it was his business to review them. He gave a series of lectures on the Elizabethan dramatists, and afterwards casually mentioned to Lamb that he had read only about a quarter of Beaumont and Fletcher. And though he prided himself on his metaphysics, he knew none of the metaphysicians but the French and English philosophers of the eighteenth century. Platonists tell us that he went to Taylor the Platonist for his ideas. He pretended to pride himself that he cared for no new book, and declared that he neither corrected his own proof sheets nor read his work in print. Of the beautiful 'Introduction to the Elizabethan Poets' Mr. Saintsbury says, "All Hazlitt's faults to be found in it are due not to prejudice, or error of judgment, but to occasional deficiency of information."

A bundle of inconsistencies, he had a sort of inexplicable constancy, holding the same ideas at the end of his life that he had at its beginning. While his egotism was as stupendous as that of Rousseau or Napoleon, he seemed to possess a double consciousness: with one breath he blesses and curses. What he says of Burke sounds like the ravings of a madman; yet he places Burke in his proper place as the greatest of English political writers. He hacks and hews the Lake School, while he discloses their choicest beauties. "Were the author of 'Waverley' to come into the room, I would kiss the hem of his garment," he said; but Scott the man is to him "the greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind." His judgment of an author depended upon two circumstances: his private associations and his sympathy with the writer.

Yet Hazlitt had something which is better than the capacity to criticize fairly, to be consistent or learned, or to exercise the cardinal virtues. He was an artist, and whatever he wrote is literature. His choice of subject is of small importance if the reader is armed against his prejudices. Some biographers rank him highest as a critic, others

as an essayist; but it is not easy to classify his work. Essay or criticism, it is Hazlitt and the world that Hazlitt sees. His criticisms are scattered through the seven volumes of his writings edited by his son, but they are collected in the three volumes entitled 'The Characters of Shakespeare,' 'Elizabethan Literature,' and 'The English Poets and the English Comic Writers.' His essays are classed in the volumes 'The Spirit of the Age,' 'The Plain Dealer,' 'The Round Table,' and 'Sketches and Essays.' In the essays we find the famous 'Going to a Fight,' the beautiful and pathetic 'Farewell to Essay-Writing,' the 'Going on a Journey,' 'My First Acquaintance with Poets,' 'On Taste,' 'On the Indian Jugglers,' 'On Londoners and Country People.' These are named not because they are special efforts, for Hazlitt seldom tried himself in any direct flight, but as specimens of the range of his subjects.

His style is as varied as his themes: gay, semi-sentimental, hitting hard like his own pugilists, judicious, gossipy, richly embroidered as mediæval tapestry, grave, and chaste. It has been already said that Hazlitt is a man of letters, and that all he touched became literature. It is fair to go further, and suggest that a certain amount of literary temperament is necessary to enjoy him, and perhaps a certain maturity of taste. He is the essayist of the traveler who has reached the Delectable Mountains of middle age, from whose calm heights he takes a wide and reasonable view; the essayist for the drawn curtain and the winter fireside after the leisurely meal, when his pungent talk is the after-taste of some rare cordial.

Shakespeare scholars agree that he knows nothing of Shakespeare but the text, and that he has added nothing to the explanation of difficult passages; but they, as well as the general reader, turn to him for noble enthusiasm and calm judgment. It is of Shakespeare's characters that he writes, not of his plays; and it is Timon, Othello, Antony and Cleopatra,—the doers, not the dreamers,—who interest him, and whom he hates and loves. Strange to say, though he rated himself so highly as a metaphysician, Hamlet is one of his least successful portraitures; his artist's eye saw Shakespeare played, not written, and Kean, whom he first ridiculed and then praised, said that Hazlitt had taught him more than his stage manager.

What he did for the Elizabethan dramatists was to rediscover their excellences and find them an audience. He shows Congreve's merits with a force not possible to a calmer judgment. How discriminating, on the contrary, is his praise of the sweetness of Dekker and of the beauties of 'The Beggar's Opera'! and though personal in its vindictiveness, what a splendid assault he makes on Sidney's 'Arcadia'!

Hazlitt is accused of reversing the counsel of the proverb, and speaking good *only* of the dead. He was certainly unlike the little

members of the little mutual-admiration societies who half a century later take themselves so seriously. It was his art which he found serious. Mr. Saintsbury makes the important point that his work molded the genius of his literary juniors. In 'The Spirit of the Age' there are distinct intimations of Carlyle. "Where the devil did you get that style?" Jeffrey asked Macaulay. It is easy to see where, when one reads Hazlitt's contributions to Jeffrey's own Review. In another way, he furnished a model to Dickens and Thackeray; and no one who is familiar with the essay on 'Nicholas Poussin' will fail to add Ruskin to his "fair herd of literary children."

It is almost incredible that with his spirit and temperament, Hazlitt's last words should have been, "I have had a happy life." But literature was to him the wife and children and friends of whom perhaps she robbed him, while becoming, as the poet promises, the solace reserved for him who loves her for herself alone.

OF PERSONS ONE WOULD WISH TO HAVE SEEN

From 'Table Talk'

"Come like shadows — so depart."

LAMB it was, I think, who suggested this subject, as well as the defense of Guy Fawkes, which I urged him to execute. As however he would undertake neither, I suppose I must do both,—a task for which he would have been much fitter, no less from the temerity than the felicity of his pen:—

> "Never so sure our rapture to create
> As when it touched the brink of all we hate."

Compared with him I shall, I fear, make but a commonplace piece of business of it; but I should be loth the idea was entirely lost, and besides, I may avail myself of some hints of his in the progress of it. I am sometimes, I suspect, a better reporter of the ideas of other people than expounder of my own. I pursue the one too far into paradox or mysticism; the others I am not bound to follow farther than I like, or than seems fair and reasonable.

On the question being started, A—— said, "I suppose the two first persons you would choose to see would be the two greatest names in English literature, Sir Isaac Newton and Mr. Locke?" In this A——, as usual, reckoned without his host. Every one burst out a-laughing at the expression of Lamb's face,

in which impatience was restrained by courtesy. "Yes, the greatest names," he stammered out hastily, "but they were not persons — not persons." "Not persons?" said A——, looking wise and foolish at the same time, afraid his triumph might be premature. "That is," rejoined Lamb, "not characters, you know. By Mr. Locke and Sir Isaac Newton, you mean the 'Essay on the Human Understanding' and the 'Principia,' which we have to this day. Beyond their contents there is nothing personally interesting in the men. But what we want to see any one *bodily* for, is when there is something peculiar, striking in the individuals; more than we can learn from their writings, and yet are curious to know. I dare say Locke and Newton were very like Kneller's portraits of them. But who could paint Shakespeare?" "Ay," retorted A——, "there it is: then I suppose you would prefer seeing him and Milton instead?" "No," said Lamb, "neither. I have seen so much of Shakespeare on the stage and on book-stalls, in frontispieces and on mantelpieces, that I am quite tired of the everlasting repetition: and as to Milton's face, the impressions that have come down to us of it I do not like, — it is too starched and puritanical; and I should be afraid of losing some of the manna of his poetry in the leaven of his countenance and the precisian's band and gown."

"I shall guess no more," said A——. "Who is it, then, you would like to see 'in his habit as he lived,' if you had your choice of the whole range of English literature?" Lamb then named Sir Thomas Browne and Fulke Greville, the friend of Sir Philip Sidney, as the two worthies whom he should feel the greatest pleasure to encounter on the door of his apartment in their nightgown and slippers, and to exchange friendly greeting with them. At this A—— laughed outright, and conceived Lamb was jesting with him; but as no one followed his example, he thought there might be something in it, and waited for an explanation in a state of whimsical suspense. Lamb then (as well as I can remember a conversation that passed twenty years ago — how time slips!) went on as follows: —

"The reason why I pitch upon those two authors is, that their writings are riddles, and they themselves the most mysterious of personages. They resemble the soothsayers of old, who dealt in dark hints and doubtful oracles; and I should like to ask them the meaning of what no mortal but themselves, I should suppose, can fathom. There is Dr. Johnson, — I have no curiosity,

no strange uncertainty about him: he and Boswell together have pretty well let me into the secret of what passed through his mind. He and other writers like him are sufficiently explicit: my friends whose repose I should be tempted to disturb (were it in my power), are implicit, inextricable, inscrutable.

"When I look at that obscure but gorgeous prose composition the 'Urn-Burial,' I seem to myself to look into a deep abyss, at the bottom of which are hid pearls and rich treasure; or it is like a stately labyrinth of doubt and withering speculation, and I would invoke the spirit of the author to lead me through it. Besides, who would not be curious to see the lineaments of a man who, having himself been twice married, wished that mankind were propagated like trees?

"As to Fulke Greville, he is like nothing but one of his own 'Prologues spoken by the ghost of an old king of Ormus,'—a truly formidable and inviting personage: his style is apocalyptical, cabalistical, a knot worthy of such an apparition to untie; and for the unraveling a passage or two, I would stand the brunt of an encounter with so portentous a commentator!"

"I am afraid in that case," said A——, "that if the mystery were once cleared up the merit might be lost;" and turning to me, whispered a friendly apprehension that while Lamb continued to admire these old crabbed authors he would never become a popular writer.

Dr. Donne was mentioned as a writer of the same period, with a very interesting countenance, whose history was singular, and whose meaning was often quite as *un-come-at-able* without a personal citation from the dead, as that of any of his contemporaries. The volume was produced; and while some one was expatiating on the exquisite simplicity and beauty of the portrait prefixed to the old edition, A—— got hold of the poetry, and exclaiming "What have we here?" read the following:—

> "Here lies a She-sun, and a He-moon there;
> She gives the best light to his sphere,
> Or each is both and all, and so
> They unto one another nothing owe."

There was no resisting this, till Lamb, seizing the volume, turned to the beautiful 'Lines to his Mistress,' dissuading her from accompanying him abroad, and read them with suffused features and a faltering tongue. . . .

Some one then inquired of Lamb if we could not see from the window the Temple walk in which Chaucer used to take his exercise; and on his name being put to the vote, I was pleased to find that there was a general sensation in his favor in all but A——, who said something about the ruggedness of the metre, and even objected to the quaintness of the orthography. I was vexed at this superficial gloss, pertinaciously reducing everything to its own trite level, and asked "if he did not think it would be worth while to scan the eye that had first greeted the Muse in that dim twilight and early dawn of English literature; to see the head round which the visions of fancy must have played like gleams of inspiration or a sudden glory; to watch those lips that 'lisped in numbers, for the numbers came' as by a miracle, or as if the dumb should speak? Nor was it alone that he had been the first to tune his native tongue (however imperfectly to modern ears); but he was himself a noble, manly character, standing before his age and striving to advance it; a pleasant humorist withal, who has not only handed down to us the living manners of his time, but had no doubt store of curious and quaint devices, and would make as hearty a companion as Mine Host of the Tabard. His interview with Petrarch is fraught with interest. Yet I would rather have seen Chaucer in company with the author of the 'Decameron,' and have heard them exchange their best stories together,—the Squire's Tale against the Story of the Falcon, the Wife of Bath's Prologue against the Adventures of Friar Albert. How fine to see the high mysterious brow which learning then wore, relieved by the gay, familiar tone of men of the world, by the courtesies of genius! Surely, the thoughts and feelings which passed through the minds of these great revivers of learning, these Cadmuses who sowed the teeth of letters, must have stamped an expression on their features as different from the moderns as their books, and well worth the perusal! Dante," I continued, "is as interesting a person as his own Ugolino, one whose lineaments curiosity would as eagerly devour in order to penetrate his spirit, and the only one of the Italian poets I should care much to see. There is a fine portrait of Ariosto by no less a hand than Titian's: light, Moorish, spirited, but not answering our idea. The same artist's large colossal profile of Peter Aretino is the only likeness of the kind that has the effect of conversing with 'the mighty dead,' and this is truly spectral, ghastly, necromantic."

Lamb put it to me if I should like to see Spenser as well as Chaucer; and I answered without hesitation:—"No; for his beauties were ideal, visionary, not palpable or personal, and therefore connected with less curiosity about the man. His poetry was the essence of romance, a very halo round the bright orb of fancy; and the bringing in the individual might dissolve the charm. No tones of voice could come up to the mellifluous cadence of his verse; no form but of a winged angel could vie with the airy shapes he has described. He was (to our apprehensions) rather 'a creature of the element, that lived in the rainbow and played in the plighted clouds,' than an ordinary mortal. Or if he did appear, I should wish it to be as a mere vision like one of his own pageants, and that he should pass by unquestioned like a dream or sound—

'*That* was Arion crowned:
So went he playing on the wat'ry plain!'"

Captain Burney muttered something about Columbus, and Martin Burney hinted at the Wandering Jew; but the last was set aside as spurious, and the first made over to the New World.

"I should like," says Mrs. Reynolds, "to have seen Pope talking with Patty Blount; and I *have* seen Goldsmith." Every one turned round to look at Mrs. Reynolds, as if by so doing they too could get a sight of Goldsmith.

"Where," asked a harsh croaking voice, "was Dr. Johnson in the years 1745–6? He did not write anything that we know of, nor is there any account of him in Boswell during those two years. Was he in Scotland with the Pretender? He seems to have passed through the scenes in the Highlands in company with Boswell many years after, 'with lack-lustre eye,' yet as if they were familiar to him, or associated in his mind with interests that he durst not explain. If so, it would be an additional reason for my liking him; and I would give something to have seen him seated in the tent with the youthful Majesty of Britain, and penning the proclamation to all true subjects and adherents of the legitimate government."

"I thought," said A——, turning short round upon Lamb, "that you of the Lake School did not like Pope?"—"Not like Pope! My dear sir, you must be under a mistake: I can read him over and over forever!"—"Why, certainly, the 'Essay on Man' must be allowed to be a masterpiece."—"It may be so, but I seldom

look into it."—"Oh! then it's his 'Satires' you admire?"—"No, not his 'Satires,' but his friendly epistles and his compliments."—"Compliments? I did not know he ever made any."—"The finest," said Lamb, "that were ever paid by the wit of man. Each of them is worth an estate for life—nay, is an immortality. There is that superb one to Lord Cornbury:—

> 'Despise low joys, low gains;
> Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains;
> Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.'

Was there ever more artful insinuation of idolatrous praise? And then that noble apotheosis of his friend Lord Mansfield (however little deserved), when, speaking of the House of Lords, he adds:

> 'Conspicuous scene! another yet is nigh
> (More silent far) where kings and poets lie;
> Where Murray (long enough his country's pride)
> Shall be no more than Tully or than Hyde!'

And with what a fine turn of indignant flattery he addresses Lord Bolingbroke:—

> 'Why rail they then, if but one wreath of mine,
> O all-accomplished St. John, deck thy shrine?'

Or turn," continued Lamb, with a slight hectic on his cheek and his eye glistening, "to his list of early friends:—

> 'But why then publish?—Granville the polite,
> And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;
> Well-natured Garth inflamed with early praise,
> And Congreve loved and Swift endured my lays;
> The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,
> Even mitred Rochester would nod the head;
> And St. John's self (great Dryden's friend before)
> Received with open arms one poet more.
> Happy my studies, if by these approved!
> Happier their author, if by these beloved!
> From these the world will judge of men and books,
> Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.'"

Here his voice totally failed him, and throwing down the book he said, "Do you think I would not wish to have been friends with such a man as this?"

"What say you to Dryden?" — "He rather made a show of himself, and courted popularity in that lowest temple of Fame, a coffee-house, so as in some measure to vulgarize one's idea of him. Pope, on the contrary, reached the very beau-ideal of what a poet's life should be; and his fame while living seemed to be an emanation from that which was to circle his name after death. He was so far enviable (and one would feel proud to have witnessed the rare spectacle in him) that he was almost the only poet and man of genius who met with his reward on this side of the tomb; who realized in friends, fortune, the esteem of the world, the most sanguine hopes of a youthful ambition, and who found that sort of patronage from the great during his lifetime which they would be thought anxious to bestow upon him after his death. Read Gray's verses to him on his supposed return from Greece, after his translation of Homer was finished, and say if you would not gladly join the bright procession that welcomed him home, or see it once more land at Whitehall stairs."

"Still," said Mrs. Reynolds, "I would rather have seen him talking with Patty Blount, or riding by in a coronet coach with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu!"

Erasmus Phillips, who was deep in a game of piquet at the other end of the room, whispered to Martin Burney to ask if Junius would not be a fit person to invoke from the dead. "Yes," said Lamb, "provided he would agree to lay aside his mask."

We were now at a stand for a short time, when Fielding was mentioned as a candidate; only one, however, seconded the proposition. — "Richardson?" — "By all means, but only to look at him through the glass door of his back shop, hard at work upon one of his novels (the most extraordinary contrast that ever was presented between an author and his works): but not to let him come behind his counter, lest he should want you to turn customer; nor to go up-stairs with him, lest he should offer to read the first manuscript of 'Sir Charles Grandison,' which was originally written in eight-and-twenty volumes octavo, or get out the letters of his female correspondents to prove that 'Joseph Andrews' was low."

There was but one statesman in the whole English history that any one expressed the least desire to see,— Oliver Cromwell, with his fine, frank, rough, pimply face, and wily policy; — and one enthusiast, — John Bunyan, the immortal author of the

'Pilgrim's Progress.' It seemed that if he came into the room, dreams would follow him, and that each person would nod under his golden cloud, "nigh sphered in heaven," a canopy as strange and stately as any in Homer.

Of all persons near our own time, Garrick's name was received with the greatest enthusiasm, who was proposed by Baron Field. He presently superseded both Hogarth and Handel, who had been talked of; but then it was on condition that he should act in tragedy and comedy, in the play and farce 'Lear' and 'Wildair' and 'Abel Drugger.' What a sight for sore eyes that would be! Who would not part with a year's income at least, almost with a year of his natural life, to be present at it? Besides, as he could not act alone, and recitations are unsatisfactory things, what a troop he must bring with him — the silver-tongued Barry, and Quin, and Shuter, and Weston, and Mrs. Clive, and Mrs. Pritchard, of whom I have heard my father speak as so great a favorite when he was young! This would indeed be a revival of the dead, the restoring of art; and so much the more desirable, as such is the lurking skepticism mingled with our overstrained admiration of past excellence, that though we have the speeches of Burke, the portraits of Reynolds, the writings of Goldsmith, and the conversation of Johnson, to show what people could do at that period, and to confirm the universal testimony to the merits of Garrick, yet as it was before our time, we have our misgivings, as if he was probably after all little better than a Bartlemy-fair actor, dressed out to play Macbeth in a scarlet coat and laced cocked hat. For one, I should like to have seen and heard with my own eyes and ears. Certainly, by all accounts, if any was ever moved by the true histrionic *æstus*, it was Garrick. When he followed the Ghost in 'Hamlet' he did not drop the sword, as most actors do, behind the scenes, but kept the point raised the whole way round; so fully was he possessed with the idea, or so anxious not to lose sight of his part for a moment. Once at a splendid dinner party at Lord ——'s they suddenly missed Garrick, and could not imagine what was become of him till they were drawn to the window by the convulsive screams and peals of laughter of a young negro boy, who was rolling on the ground in an ecstasy of delight to see Garrick mimicking a turkey-cock in the court-yard, with his coat-tail stuck out behind, and in a seeming flutter of feathered rage and pride. Of our party only two persons present had seen the British Roscius; and they seemed as

willing as the rest to renew their acquaintance with their old favorite.

We were interrupted in the heyday and mid-career of this fanciful speculation by a grumbler in a corner, who declared it was a shame to make all this rout about a mere player and farce-writer, to the neglect and exclusion of the fine old dramatists, the contemporaries and rivals of Shakespeare. Lamb said he had anticipated this objection when he had named the author of 'Mustapha and Alaham'; and out of caprice insisted upon keeping him to represent the set, in preference to the wild, hare-brained enthusiast Kit Marlowe; to the sexton of St. Ann's, Webster, with his melancholy yew-trees and death's-heads; to Decker, who was but a garrulous proser; to the voluminous Heywood; and even to Beaumont and Fletcher, whom we might offend by complimenting the wrong author on their joint productions. Lord Brook on the contrary stood quite by himself, or in Cowley's words, was "a vast species alone." Some one hinted at the circumstance of his being a lord, which rather startled Lamb; but he said a ghost would perhaps dispense with strict etiquette, on being regularly addressed by his title. Ben Jonson divided our suffrages pretty equally. Some were afraid he would begin to traduce Shakespeare, who was not present to defend himself. "If he grows disagreeable," it was whispered aloud, "there is Godwin can match him." At length his romantic visit to Drummond of Hawthornden was mentioned, and turned the scale in his favor.

Lamb inquired if there was any one that was hanged that I would choose to mention? And I answered, Eugene Aram. The name of the "Admirable Crichton" was suddenly started as a splendid example of *waste* talents, so different from the generality of his countrymen. The choice was mightily approved by a North-Briton present, who declared himself descended from that prodigy of learning and accomplishment, and said he had family plate in his possession as vouchers for the fact, with the initials A. C. — *Admirable Crichton!* Hunt laughed, or rather roared, as heartily at this as I should think he has done for many years.

The last-named mitre-courtier then wished to know whether there were any metaphysicians to whom one might be tempted to apply the wizard spell? I replied, there were only six in modern times deserving the name,— Hobbes, Berkeley, Butler, Hartley, Hume, Leibnitz; and perhaps Jonathan Edwards, a

Massachusetts man. As to the French, who talked fluently of having *created* this science, there was not a tittle in any of their writings that was not to be found literally in the authors I had mentioned. Horne [Horne Tooke], who might have a claim to come in under the head of Grammar, was still living. None of these names seemed to excite much interest, and I did not plead for the reappearance of those who might be thought best fitted by the abstracted nature of their studies for their present spiritual and disembodied state, and who even while on this living stage were nearly divested of common flesh and blood. As A——, with an uneasy fidgety face, was about to put some question about Mr. Locke and Dugald Stewart, he was prevented by Martin Burney, who observed, "If J—— was here, he would undoubtedly be for having up those profound and redoubted scholiasts Thomas Aquinas and Duns Scotus." I said this might be fair enough in him, who had read or fancied he had read the original works; but I did not see how we could have any right to call up those authors to give an account of themselves in person, till we had looked into their writings.

By this time it should seem that some rumor of our whimsical deliberation had got wind, and had disturbed the *irritabile genus* in their shadowy abodes; for we received messages from several candidates that we had just been thinking of. Gray declined our invitation, though he had not yet been asked; Gay offered to come, and bring in his hand the Duchess of Bolton, the original Polly; Steele and Addison left their cards as Captain Sentry and Sir Roger de Coverley; Swift came in and sat down without speaking a word, and quitted the room as abruptly; Otway and Chatterton were seen lingering on the opposite side of the Styx, but could not muster enough between them to pay Charon his fare; Thomson fell asleep in the boat, and was rowed back again; and Burns sent a low fellow, one John Barleycorn, —an old companion of his who had conducted him to the other world,—to say that he had during his lifetime been drawn out of his retirement, as a show, only to be made an exciseman of, and that he would rather remain where he was. He desired, however, to shake hands by his representative; the hand thus held out was in a burning fever, and shook prodigiously.

The room was hung round with several portraits of eminent painters. While we were debating whether we should demand speech with these masters of mute eloquence, whose features

were so familiar to us, it seemed that all at once they glided from their frames, and seated themselves at some little distance from us. There was Leonardo, with his majestic beard and watchful eye, having a bust of Archimedes before him; next him was Raphael's graceful head turned round to the Fornarina; and on his other side was Lucretia Borgia, with calm golden locks; Michael Angelo had placed the model of St. Peter's on the table before him; Correggio had an angel at his side; Titian was seated with his Mistress between himself and Giorgioni; Guido was accompanied by his own Aurora, who took a dice-box from him; Claude held a mirror in his hand; Rubens patted a beautiful panther (led in by a satyr) on the head; Vandyke appeared as his own Paris; and Rembrandt was hid under furs, gold chains, and jewels, which Sir Joshua eyed closely, holding his hand so as to shade his forehead. Not a word was spoken; and as we rose to do them homage they still presented the same surface to the view. Not being *bonâ fide* representations of living people, we got rid of the splendid apparitions by signs and dumb show. As soon as they had melted into thin air there was a loud noise at the outer door, and we found it was Giotto, Cimabue, and Ghirlandaio, who had been raised from the dead by their earnest desire to see their illustrious successors—

> "Whose names on earth
> In Fame's eternal records live for aye!"

Finding them gone, they had no ambition to be seen after them, and mournfully withdrew. "Egad!" said Lamb, "those are the very fellows I should like to have had some talk with, to know how they could see to paint when all was dark around them!"

"But shall we have nothing to say," interrogated G. J——, "to the Legend of Good Women?" "Name, name, Mr. J——," cried Hunt in a boisterous tone of friendly exultation; "name as many as you please, without reserve or fear of molestation!" J—— was perplexed between so many amiable recollections that the name of the lady of his choice expired in a pensive whiff of his pipe; and Lamb impatiently declared for the Duchess of Newcastle. Mrs. Hutchinson was no sooner mentioned, than she carried the day from the Duchess. We were the less solicitous on this subject of filling up the posthumous lists of Good Women, as there was already one in the room as good, as sensible, and in all respects as exemplary, as the best of them could be for their lives! "I should like vastly to have seen Ninon de l'Enclos,"

said that incomparable person; and this immediately put us in mind that we had neglected to pay honor due to our friends on the other side of the Channel: Voltaire the patriarch of levity, and Rousseau the father of sentiment; Montaigne and Rabelais, great in wisdom and in wit; Molière, and that illustrious group that are collected around him (in the print of that subject) to hear him read his comedy of the 'Tartuffe' at the house of Ninon; Racine, La Fontaine, Rochefoucauld, St. Evremont, etc.

"There is one person," said a shrill querulous voice, "I would rather see than all these — Don Quixote!"

"Come, come!" said Hunt, "I thought we should have no heroes, real or fabulous. What say you, Mr. Lamb? are you for eking out your shadowy list with such names as Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Tamerlane, or Ghenghis Khan?" "Excuse me," said Lamb; "on the subject of characters in active life, plotters and disturbers of the world, I have a crotchet of my own, which I beg leave to reserve." — "No, no! come, out with your worthies!" — "What do you think of Guy Fawkes and Judas Iscariot?" Hunt turned an eye upon him like a wild Indian, but cordial and full of smothered glee. "Your most exquisite reason!" was echoed on all sides; and A—— thought that Lamb had now fairly entangled himself. "Why, I cannot but think," retorted he of the wistful countenance, "that Guy Fawkes, that poor fluttering annual scarecrow of straw and rags, is an ill-used gentleman. I would give something to see him sitting pale and emaciated, surrounded by his matches and his barrels of gunpowder, and expecting the moment that was to transport him to Paradise for his heroic self-devotion; but if I say any more, there is that fellow Godwin will make something of it. And as to Judas Iscariot, my reason is different. I would fain see the face of him who, having dipped his hand in the same dish with the Son of Man, could afterwards betray him. I have no conception of such a thing; nor have I ever seen any picture (not even Leonardo's very fine one) that gave me the least idea of it." — "You have said enough, Mr. Lamb, to justify your choice."

"Oh! ever right, Menenius, — ever right!"

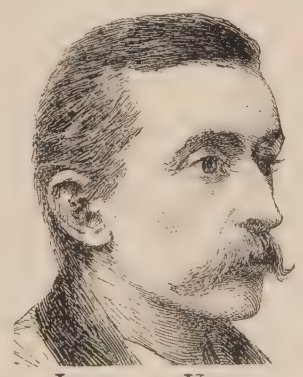
"There is only one other person I can ever think of after this," continued Lamb, but without mentioning a Name that once put on a semblance of mortality. "If Shakespeare was to come into the room, we should all rise up to meet him; but if that person was to come into it, we should all fall down and try to kiss the hem of his garment!"

LAFCADIO HEARN

(1850–)

LAFCADIO HEARN is a painter with the pen. He has the rare gift of sympathetic observation, and the rarer gift of words to express what he sees and feels. It is no exaggeration to say that he is a great colorist, filling his canvas sometimes with glowing hues, again with mists of pearl or opaline lights, and always showing Nature's esoteric as well as her physical charms.

Although he is classed as an American author, Lafcadio Hearn was born in Santa Maura, Ionian Islands,—the ancient Leucadia,—June 27th, 1850; the son of an Englishman and a native Greek. After receiving his education in England he came to America, and became engaged in journalism in Cincinnati and New Orleans. His first long story was 'Chita: A Memory of Last Island' (1889), a marvelous description of the destruction of *L'Île Dernière*, the fashionable watering-place of the aristocratic families of Louisiana. The book is full of remarkable descriptive passages; as for example:—



LAFCADIO HEARN

«On the Gulf side of these islands you may observe that the trees—when there are any trees—all bend away from the sea; and even on bright hot days, when the wind sleeps, there is something grotesquely pathetic in their look of agonized terror. A group of oaks at Grande Isle I remember as especially suggestive: five stooping silhouettes in line against the horizon line, fleeing women with streaming garments and wind-blown hair,—bowing grievously and thrusting out arms desperately northward so as to save themselves from falling. And they are being pursued, indeed,—for the sea is devouring the land.»

Mr. Hearn had published previously 'Stray Leaves from Strange Literatures,' a collection of stories from various sources, including Egyptian, Indian, the Kalevala, and Talmud traditions. This was followed by 'Some Chinese Ghosts,' which like the 'Stray Leaves' consists of gems artistically cut and reset by a literary lapidary. In the preface the author calls himself «a humble traveler, who, entering

the pleasure grounds of Chinese fancy, culls a few of the marvelous flowers there growing,—a self-luminous *hwa-wang*, a black lily, a phosphoric rose or two,—as souvenirs of his curious voyage."

After 'Two Years in the West Indies' and 'Youma'—a story of the fidelity of the "da" (nurse or bonne) to her little white charge during the insurrection of Martinique—were published in 1890, Mr. Hearn went to Japan, where he has since lived. He has taught in various colleges, and has traveled extensively in remote places, giving the results of his thought, study, and observation in 'Out of the East' (1894), 'Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan' (1895), and 'Kokovo' (1896), the latter title meaning "the heart" in its most extended interpretation. In all of these books Mr. Hearn shows his comprehension of and sympathy with Oriental philosophy and art, myth, and tradition, and paints in tender and vivid fashion the scenes and landscapes of his adopted country.

Of mixed race, a fact which by modern theory is conducive to rare gifts in the individual; one who has absorbed impressions from picturesque lands and civilizations, and looked, as well, beneath the surface to the deep sources of human action and feeling, and who is able to express the romantic and the mystic, the brilliantly exotic, with rare literary power,—Mr. Hearn is a striking figure in the English literature of the late nineteenth century.

THE STORM

From 'Chita: A Memory of Last Island.' Copyright 1889, by Harper & Brothers

THIRTY years ago, Last Island lay steeped in the enormous light of even such magical days. July was dying: for weeks no fleck of cloud had broken the heaven's blue dream of eternity; winds held their breath; slow wavelets caressed the bland brown beach with a sound as of kisses and whispers. To one who found himself alone, beyond the limits of the village and beyond the hearing of its voices, the vast silence, the vast light, seemed full of weirdness. And these hushes, these transparencies, do not always inspire a causeless apprehension: they are omens sometimes—omens of coming tempest. Nature,—incomprehensible Sphinx!—before her mightiest bursts of rage ever puts forth her divinest witchery, makes more manifest her awful beauty.

But in that forgotten summer the witchery lasted many long days,—days born in rose-light, buried in gold. It was the

height of the season. The long myrtle-shadowed village was thronged with its summer population; the big hotel could hardly accommodate all its guests; the bathing-houses were too few for the crowds who flocked to the water morning and evening. There were diversions for all: hunting and fishing parties, yachting excursions, rides, music, games, promenades. Carriage wheels whirled flickering along the beach, seaming its smoothness noiselessly, as if muffled. Love wrote its dreams upon the sand.

Then one great noon, when the blue abyss of day seemed to yawn over the world more deeply than ever before, a sudden change touched the quicksilver smoothness of the waters — the swaying shadow of a vast motion. First the whole sea circle appeared to rise up bodily at the sky; the horizon curve lifted to a straight line; the line darkened and approached, — a monstrous wrinkle, an immeasurable fold of green water, moving swift as a cloud shadow pursued by sunlight. But it had looked formidable only by startling contrast with the previous placidity of the open: it was scarcely two feet high; it curled slowly as it neared the beach, and combed itself out in sheets of woolly foam with a low, rich roll of whispered thunder. Swift in pursuit another followed — a third — a feebler fourth; then the sea only swayed a little, and stilled again. Minutes passed, and the immeasurable heaving recommenced — one, two, three, four — seven long swells this time; and the Gulf smoothed itself once more. Irregularly the phenomenon continued to repeat itself, each time with heavier billowing and briefer intervals of quiet, until at last the whole sea grew restless, and shifted color and flickered green; the swells became shorter and changed form. Then from horizon to shore ran one uninterrupted heaving, one vast green swarming of snaky shapes, rolling in to hiss and flatten upon the sand. Yet no single cirrus speck revealed itself through all the violet heights; there was no wind! You might have fancied the sea had been upheaved from beneath.

And indeed, the fancy of a seismic origin for a windless surge would not appear in these latitudes to be utterly without foundation. On the fairest days a southeast breeze may bear you an odor singular enough to startle you from sleep, — a strong, sharp smell as of fish-oil; and gazing at the sea, you might be still more startled at the sudden apparition of great oleaginous patches spreading over the water, sheeting over the swells. That is, if you had never heard of the mysterious submarine oil wells, the

volcanic fountains, unexplored, that well up with the eternal pulsing of the Gulf Stream.

But the pleasure-seekers of Last Island knew there must have been a "great blow" somewhere that day. Still the sea swelled; and a splendid surf made the evening bath delightful. Then just at sundown a beautiful cloud bridge grew up and arched the sky with a single span of cottony pink vapor, that changed and deepened color with the dying of the iridescent day. And the cloud bridge approached, stretched, strained, and swung round at last to make way for the coming of the gale,—even as the light bridges that traverse the dreamy Têche swing open when luggermen sound through their conch-shells the long, bellowing signal of approach.

Then the wind began to blow, with the passing of July. It blew from the northeast,—clear, cool. It blew in enormous sighs, dying away at regular intervals, as if pausing to draw breath. All night it blew; and in each pause could be heard the answering moan of the rising surf,—as if the rhythm of the sea molded itself after the rhythm of the air,—as if the waving of the water responded precisely to the waving of the wind,—a billow for every puff, a surge for every sigh.

The August morning broke in a bright sky; the breeze still came cool and clear from the northeast. The waves were running now at a sharp angle to the shore; they began to carry fleeces, an innumerable flock of vague green shapes, wind-driven to be despoiled of their ghostly wool. Far as the eye could follow the line of the beach, all the slope was white with the great shearing of them. Clouds came, flew as in a panic against the face of the sun, and passed. All that day and through the night and into the morning again the breeze continued from the northeast, blowing like an equinoctial gale.

Then day by day the vast breath freshened steadily, and the waters heightened. A week later sea-bathing had become perilous; colossal breakers were herding in, like moving leviathan backs, twice the height of a man. Still the gale grew, and the billowing waxed mightier, and faster and faster overhead flew the tatters of torn cloud. The gray morning of the 9th wanly lighted a surf that appalled the best swimmers: the sea was one wild agony of foam, the gale was rending off the heads of the waves and veiling the horizon with a fog of salt spray. Shadowless and gray the day remained; there were mad bursts of lashing rain.

Evening brought with it a sinister apparition, looming through a cloud-rent in the west — a scarlet sun in a green sky. His sanguine disk, enormously magnified, seemed barred like the body of a belted planet. A moment, and the crimson spectre vanished, and the moonless night came.

Then the wind grew weird. It ceased being a breath; it became a voice moaning across the world, hooting, uttering nightmare sounds, — *Whoo! — whoo! — whoo!* — and with each stupendous owl-cry the mooing of the waters seemed to deepen, more and more abysmally, through all the hours of darkness. From the northwest the breakers of the bay began to roll high over the sandy slope, into the salines; the village bayou broadened to a bellowing flood. So the tumult swelled and the turmoil heightened until morning — a morning of gray gloom and whistling rain. Rain of bursting clouds and rain of wind-blown brine from the great spuming agony of the sea.

The steamer Star was due from St. Mary's that fearful morning. Could she come? No one really believed it, — no one. And nevertheless men struggled to the roaring beach to look for her, because hope is stronger than reason.

Even to-day, in these Creole islands, the advent of the steamer is the great event of the week. There are no telegraph lines, no telephones: the mail packet is the only trustworthy medium of communication with the outer world, bringing friends, news, letters. The magic of steam has placed New Orleans nearer to New York than to the Timbaliers, nearer to Washington than to Wine Island, nearer to Chicago than to Barataria Bay. And even during the deepest sleep of waves and winds, there will come betimes to sojourners in this unfamiliar archipelago a feeling of lonesomeness that is a fear, a feeling of isolation from the world of men, — totally unlike that sense of solitude which haunts one in the silence of mountain heights, or amid the eternal tumult of lofty granitic coasts: a sense of helpless insecurity. The land seems but an undulation of the sea-bed; its highest ridges do not rise more than the height of a man above the salines on either side; the salines themselves lie almost level with the level of the flood-tides; the tides are variable, treacherous, mysterious. But when all around and above these ever-changing shores the twin vastnesses of heaven and sea begin to utter the tremendous revelation of themselves as infinite forces in contention. then indeed this sense of separation from humanity appalls.

Perhaps it was such a feeling which forced men, on the tenth day of August, eighteen hundred and fifty-six, to hope against hope for the coming of the Star, and to strain their eyes towards far-off Terrebonne. "It was a wind you could lie down on," said my friend the pilot.

"Great God!" shrieked a voice above the shouting of the storm, "*she is coming!*" It was true. Down the Atchafalaya, and thence through strange mazes of bayou, lakelet, and pass, by a rear route familiar only to the best of pilots, the frail river craft had toiled into Caillou Bay, running close to the main shore; and now she was heading right for the island, with the wind aft, over the monstrous sea. On she came, swaying, rocking, plunging, with a great whiteness wrapping her about like a cloud, and moving with her moving,—a tempest-whirl of spray; ghost-white and like a ghost she came, for her smoke-stacks exhaled no visible smoke—the wind devoured it!

The excitement on shore became wild; men shouted themselves hoarse; women laughed and cried. Every telescope and opera-glass was directed upon the coming apparition; all wondered how the pilot kept his feet; all marveled at the madness of the captain.

But Captain Abraham Smith was not mad. A veteran American sailor, he had learned to know the great Gulf as scholars know deep books by heart; he knew the birthplace of its tempests, the mystery of its tides, the omens of its hurricanes. While lying at Brashear City he felt the storm had not yet reached its highest, vaguely foresaw a mighty peril, and resolved to wait no longer for a lull. "Boys," he said, "we've got to take her out in spite of hell!" And they "took her out." Through all the peril, his men stayed by him and obeyed him. By mid-morning the wind had deepened to a roar,—lowering sometimes to a rumble, sometimes bursting upon the ears like a measureless and deafening crash. Then the captain knew the Star was running a race with Death. "She'll win it," he muttered; "she'll stand it. Perhaps they'll have need of me to-night."

She won! With a sonorous steam chant of triumph the brave little vessel rode at last into the bayou, and anchored hard by her accustomed resting-place, in full view of the hotel, though not near enough to shore to lower her gang-plank.

But she had sung her swan song. Gathering in from the northeast, the waters of the bay were already marbling over the

salines and half across the island; and still the wind increased its paroxysmal power.

Cottages began to rock. Some slid away from the solid props upon which they rested. A chimney tumbled. Shutters were wrenched off; verandas demolished. Light roofs lifted, dropped again, and flapped into ruin. Trees bent their heads to the earth. And still the storm grew louder and blacker with every passing hour.

The Star rose with the rising of the waters, dragging her anchor. Two more anchors were put out, and still she dragged —dragged in with the flood, twisting, shuddering, careening in her agony. Evening fell; the sand began to move with the wind, stinging faces like a continuous fire of fine shot; and frenzied blasts came to buffet the steamer forward, sideward. Then one of her hog-chains parted with a clang like the boom of a big bell. Then another! — Then the captain bade his men to cut away all her upper works, clean to the deck. Overboard into the seething went her stacks, her pilot-house, her cabins — and whirled away. And the naked hull of the Star, still dragging her three anchors, labored on through the darkness, nearer and nearer to the immense silhouette of the hotel, whose hundred windows were now all aflame. The vast timber building seemed to defy the storm. The wind, roaring round its broad verandas, hissing through every crevice with the sound and force of steam, appeared to waste its rage. And in the half-lull between two terrible gusts there came to the captain's ears a sound that seemed strange in that night of multitudinous terrors — a sound of music!

Almost every evening throughout the season there had been dancing in the great hall; there was dancing that night also. The population of the hotel had been augmented by the advent of families from other parts of the island, who found their summer cottages insecure places of shelter; there were nearly four hundred guests assembled. Perhaps it was for this reason that the entertainment had been prepared upon a grander plan than usual, that it assumed the form of a fashionable ball. And all those pleasure-seekers, representing the wealth and beauty of the Creole parishes,— whether from Ascension or Assumption, St. Mary's or St. Landry's, Iberville or Terrebonne, whether inhabitants of the multicolored and many-balconied Creole quarter of the quaint metropolis, or dwellers in the dreamy paradises of the

Têche,—mingled joyously, knowing each other, feeling in some sort akin; whether affiliated by blood, connaturalized by caste, or simply interassociated by traditional sympathies of class sentiment and class interest. Perhaps in the more than ordinary merriment of that evening something of nervous exaltation might have been discerned,—something like a feverish resolve to oppose apprehension with gayety, to combat uneasiness by diversion. But the hours passed in mirthfulness; the first general feeling of depression began to weigh less and less upon the guests: they had found reason to confide in the solidity of the massive building; there were no positive terrors, no outspoken fears; and the new conviction of all had found expression in the words of the host himself, "Il n'y a rien de mieux à faire que de s'amuser!" Of what avail to lament the prospective devastation of cane-fields, to discuss the possible ruin of crops? Better to seek solace in choregraphic harmonies, in the rhythm of gracious motion and of perfect melody, than hearken to the discords of the wild orchestra of storms; wiser to admire the grace of Parisian toilets, the eddy of trailing robes with its fairy foam of lace, the ivorine loveliness of glossy shoulders and jeweled throats, the glimmering of satin-slippered feet, than to watch the raging of the flood without, or the flying of the wrack.

So the music and the mirth went on: they made joy for themselves, those elegant guests; they jested and sipped rich wines; they pledged, and hoped, and loved, and promised, with never a thought of the morrow, on the night of the tenth of August, eighteen hundred and fifty-six. Observant parents were there, planning for the future bliss of their nearest and dearest; mothers and fathers of handsome lads, lithe and elegant as young pines, and fresh from the polish of foreign university training; mothers and fathers of splendid girls whose simplest attitudes were witcheries. Young cheeks flushed; young hearts fluttered with an emotion more puissant than the excitement of the dance; young eyes betrayed the happy secret discreeter lips would have preserved. Slave-servants circled through the aristocratic press, bearing dainties and wines, praying permission to pass in terms at once humble and officious,—always in the excellent French which well-trained house-servants were taught to use on such occasions.

Night wore on: still the shining floor palpitated to the feet of the dancers; still the pianoforte pealed, and still the violins

sang; and the sound of their singing shrilled through the darkness, in gasps of the gale, to the ears of Captain Smith, as he strove to keep his footing on the spray-drenched deck of the Star.

"Christ!" he muttered,—"a dance! If that wind whips round south, there'll be another dance! But I guess the Star will stay."

Half an hour might have passed; still the lights flamed calmly, and the violins trilled, and the perfumed whirl went on.

And suddenly the wind veered!

Again the Star reeled, and shuddered, and turned, and began to drag all her anchors. But she now dragged away from the great building and its lights,—away from the voluptuous thunder of the grand piano, even at that moment outpouring the great joy of Weber's melody orchestrated by Berlioz, 'L'Invitation à la Valse,' with its marvelous musical swing!

"Waltzing!" cried the captain. "God help them! God help us all now! *The Wind waltzes to-night, with the Sea for his partner!*"

Oh the stupendous Valse Tourbillon! Oh the mighty Dancer! One—two—three! From northeast to east, from east to southeast, from southeast to south; then from the south he came, whirling the Sea in his arms.

Some one shrieked in the midst of the revels,—some girl who found her pretty slippers wet. What could it be? Thin streams of water were spreading over the level planking, curling about the feet of the dancers. What could it be? All the land had begun to quake, even as but a moment before the polished floor was trembling to the pressure of circling steps; all the building shook now; every beam uttered its groan. What could it be?

There was a clamor, a panic, a rush to the windy night. Infinite darkness above and beyond; but the lantern beams danced far out over an unbroken circle of heaving and swirling black water. Stealthily, swiftly, the measureless sea flood was rising.

"Messieurs—mesdames, ce n'est rien. Nothing serious, ladies, I assure you. Mais nous en avons vu bien souvent, les inondations comme celle-ci; ça passe vite! The water will go down in a few hours, ladies: it never rises higher than this; il n'y a pas le moindre danger, je vous dis! Allons! il n'y a— My God! what is that?"

For a moment there was a ghastly hush of voices. And through that hush there burst upon the ears of all a fearful and unfamilar sound, as of a colossal cannonade — rolling up from the south with volleying lightnings. Vastly and swiftly, nearer and nearer it came, a ponderous and unbroken thunder roll, terrible as the long muttering of an earthquake.

The nearest mainland, across mad Caillou Bay to the sea marshes, lay twelve miles north; west, by the Gulf, the nearest solid ground was twenty miles distant. There were boats, yes! but the stoutest swimmer might never reach them now!

Then rose a frightful cry: the hoarse, hideous, indescribable cry of hopeless fear; the despairing animal cry man utters when suddenly brought face to face with Nothingness, without preparation, without consolation, without possibility of respite. "*Sauve qui peut!*" Some wrenched down the doors; some clung to the heavy banquet tables, to the sofas, to the billiard tables; during one terrible instant, against fruitless heroisms, against futile generosities, raged all the frenzy of selfishness, all the brutalities of panic. And then — then came, thundering through the blackness, the giant swells, boom on boom! One crash! the huge frame building rocks like a cradle, seesaws, crackles. What are human shrieks now? the tornado is shrieking! Another! chandeliers splinter; lights are dashed out; a sweeping cataract hurls in; the immense hall rises, oscillates, twirls as upon a pivot, crepitates, crumbles into ruin. Crash again! the swirling wreck dissolves into the wallowing of another monster billow; and a hundred cottages overturn, spin in sudden eddies, quiver, disjoint, and melt into the seething.

So the hurricane passed, tearing off the heads of the prodigious waves to hurl them a hundred feet in air, heaping up the ocean against the land, upturning the woods. Bays and passes were swollen to abysses; rivers regorged; the sea marshes were changed to raging wastes of water. Before New Orleans the flood of the mile-broad Mississippi rose six feet above highest water-mark. One hundred and ten miles away, Donaldsonville trembled at the towering tide of the Lafourche. Lakes strove to burst their boundaries. Far-off river steamers tugged wildly at their cables, shivering like tethered creatures that hear by night the approaching howl of destroyers. Smoke-stacks were hurled overboard, pilot-houses torn away, cabins blown to fragments.

And over roaring Kaimbuck Pass, over the agony of Caillou Bay, the billowing tide rushed unresisted from the Gulf, tearing and swallowing the land in its course, plowing out deep-sea channels where sleek herds had been grazing but a few hours before, rending islands in twain, and ever bearing with it, through the night, enormous vortex of wreck and vast wan drift of corpses.

But the Star remained. And Captain Abraham Smith, with a long, good rope about his waist, dashed again and again into that awful surging to snatch victims from death,—clutching at passing hands, heads, garments, in the cataract-sweep of the seas; saving, aiding, cheering, though blinded by spray and battered by drifting wreck, until his strength failed in the unequal struggle at last, and his men drew him aboard senseless, with some beautiful half-drowned girl safe in his arms. But well-nigh twoscore souls had been rescued by him; and the Star stayed on through it all.

Long years after, the weed-grown ribs of her graceful skeleton could still be seen, curving up from the sand-dunes of Last Island, in valiant witness of how well she stayed.

Day breaks through the flying wrack, over the infinite heaving of the sea, over the low land made vast with desolation. It is a spectral dawn; a wan light, like the light of a dying sun.

The wind has waned and veered; the flood sinks slowly back to its abysses, abandoning its plunder, scattering its piteous waifs over bar and dune, over shoal and marsh, among the silences of the mango swamps, over the long low reaches of sand grasses and drowned weeds, for more than a hundred miles. From the shell reefs of Pointe-au-Fer to the shallows of Pelto Bay the dead lie mingled with the high-heaped drift; from their cypress groves the vultures rise to dispute a share of the feast with the shrieking frigate-birds and squeaking gulls. And as the tremendous tide withdraws its plunging waters, all the pirates of air follow the great white-gleaming retreat—a storm of billowing wings and screaming throats.

And swift in the wake of gull and frigate-bird the Wreckers come, the Spoilers of the dead,—savage skimmers of the sea, hurricane-riders wont to spread their canvas pinions in the face of storms; Sicilian and Corsican outlaws, Manila men from the

marshes, deserters from many navies, Lascars, marooners, refugees of a hundred nationalities, fishers and shrimpers by name, smugglers by opportunity, wild channel-finders from obscure bayous and unfamiliar *chénières*, all skilled in the mysteries of these mysterious waters beyond the comprehension of the oldest licensed pilot.

There is plunder for all, birds and men. There are drowned sheep in multitude, heaped carcasses of kine. There are casks of claret and kegs of brandy and legions of bottles bobbing in the surf. There are billiard tables overturned upon the sand; there are sofas, pianos, footstools and music-stools, luxurious chairs, lounges of bamboo. There are chests of cedar, and toilet tables of rosewood, and trunks of fine stamped leather stored with precious apparel. There are *objets de luxe* innumerable. There are children's playthings: French dolls in marvelous toilets, and toy carts, and wooden horses, and wooden spades, and brave little wooden ships that rode out the gale in which the great Nautilus went down. There is money in notes and in coin — in purses, in pocket-books, and in pockets; plenty of it! There are silks, satins, laces, and fine linen to be stripped from the bodies of the drowned, and necklaces, bracelets, watches, finger-rings and fine chains, brooches and trinkets. "Chi bidizza! Oh! chi bedda mughieri! Eccu, la bidizza!" That ball-dress was made in Paris by — But you never heard of him, Sicilian Vicenzu.

"Che bella sposina!" Her betrothal ring will not come off, Giuseppe: but the delicate bone snaps easily; your oyster-knife can sever the tendon. "Guardate! chi bedda picciota!" Over her heart you will find it, Valentino — the locket held by that fine Swiss chain of woven hair — "Caya manan!" And it is not your quadroon bondsmaid, sweet lady, who now disrobes you so roughly: those Malay hands are less deft than hers; but she slumbers very far away from you, and may not be aroused from her sleep. "Na quita mo! dalaga! — na quita maganda!" Juan, the fastenings of those diamond ear-drops are much too complicated for your peon fingers: tear them out! — "Dispense, chulita!"

Suddenly a long, mighty silver trilling fills the ears of all; there is a wild hurrying and scurrying; swiftly, one after another, the overburdened luggers spread wings and flutter away.

Thrice the great cry rings rippling through the gray air, and over the green sea, and over the far-flooded shell reefs, where the

huge white flashes are,— sheet-lightning of breakers,— and over the weird wash of corpses coming in.

It is the steam-call of the relief boat, hastening to rescue the living, to gather in the dead.

The tremendous tragedy is over!

MY FIRST DAY IN THE ORIENT

From 'Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan.' Copyright 1894, by Lafcadio Hearn. Reprinted by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, Boston

"TERA?" queries Cha, with his immense white hat in his hand, as I resume my seat in the jinrikisha at the foot of the steps. Which no doubt means, Do I want to see any more temples? Most certainly I do: I have not yet seen Buddha.

"Yes, tera, Cha."

And again begins the long panorama of mysterious shops and tilted eaves, and fantastic riddles written over everything. I have no idea in what direction Cha is running. I only know that the streets seem to become always narrower as we go, and that some of the houses look like great wicker-work pigeon cages only, and that we pass over several bridges before we halt again at the foot of another hill. There is a lofty flight of steps here also, and before them a structure which I know is both a gate and a symbol; imposing, yet in no manner resembling the great Buddhist gateway seen before. Astonishingly simple all the lines of it are: it has no carving, no coloring, no lettering upon it; yet it has a weird solemnity, an enigmatic beauty. It is a torii.

"Miya," observes Cha. Not a tera this time, but a shrine of the gods of the more ancient faith of the land,— a miya.

I am standing before a Shintō symbol; I see for the first time — out of a picture at least — a torii. How describe a torii to those who have never looked at one even in a photograph or engraving? Two lofty columns, like gate pillars, supporting horizontally two cross-beams, the lower and lighter beam having its ends fitted into the columns a little distance below their summits; the uppermost and larger beam supported upon the tops of the columns, and projecting well beyond them to right and left. That is a torii: the construction varying little in design, whether made of stone, wood, or metal. But this description can give no correct idea of the appearance of a torii, of its majestic aspect, of

its mystical suggestiveness as a gateway. The first time you see a noble one, you will imagine perhaps that you see the colossal model of some beautiful Chinese letter towering against the sky; for all the lines of the thing have the grace of an animated ideograph,— have the bold angles and curves of characters made with four sweeps of a master brush.

Passing the torii, I ascend a flight of perhaps one hundred stone steps, and find at their summit a second torii, from whose lower cross-beam hangs festooned the mystic shimenawa. It is in this case a hempen rope of perhaps two inches in diameter through its greater length, but tapering off at either end like a snake. Sometimes the shimenawa is made of bronze, when the torii itself is of bronze; but according to tradition it should be made of straw, and most commonly is. For it represents the straw rope which the deity Futo-tama-no-mikoto stretched behind the Sun goddess, Ama-terasu-oho-mi-Kami, after Ame-no-ta-jikara-wo-no-Kami the Heavenly-hand-strength god had pulled her out, as is told in that ancient myth of Shintō which Professor Chamberlain has translated. And the shimenawa, in its commoner and simpler form, has pendent tufts of straw along its entire length at regular intervals, because originally made, tradition declares, of grass pulled up by the roots, which protruded from the twist of it.

Advancing beyond this torii, I find myself in a sort of park or pleasure ground on the summit of the hill. There is a small temple on the right: it is all closed up; and I have read so much about the disappointing vacuity of Shintō temples that I do not regret the absence of its guardian. And I see before me what is infinitely more interesting: a grove of cherry-trees covered with something unutterably beautiful,— a dazzling mist of snowy blossoms clinging like summer cloud fleece about every branch and twig; and the ground beneath them and the path before me are white with the soft, thick, odorous snow of fallen petals.

Beyond this loveliness are flower-pots surrounding tiny shrines; and marvelous grotto-work, full of monsters,— dragons and mythologic beings chiseled in the rock; and miniature landscape work with tiny groves of dwarf trees, and liliputian lakes, and microscopic brooks and bridges and cascades. Here also are swings for children. And here are belvederes, perched on the verge of the hill, wherefrom the whole fair city, and the whole smooth bay speckled with fishing-sails no bigger than pin-heads, and the

far, faint, high promontories reaching into the sea, are all visible in one delicious view, blue-penciled in a beauty of ghostly haze indescribable.

Why should the trees be so lovely in Japan? With us, a plum or cherry tree in flower is not an astonishing sight; but here it is a miracle of beauty so bewildering that, however much you may have previously read about it, the real spectacle strikes you dumb. You see no leaves,—only one great filmy mist of petals. Is it that the trees have been so long domesticated and caressed by man in this land of the gods that they have acquired souls, and strive to show their gratitude, like women loved, by making themselves more beautiful for man's sake? Assuredly they have mastered men's hearts by their loveliness, like beautiful slaves;—that is to say, Japanese hearts: apparently there have been some foreign tourists of the brutal class in this place, since it has been deemed necessary to set up inscriptions in English announcing that "*It is forbidden to injure the trees.*"

"Tera?"

"Yes, Cha, tera."

But only for a brief while do I traverse Japanese streets. The houses separate, become scattered along the feet of the hills; the city thins away through little valleys, and vanishes at last behind; and we follow a curving road overlooking the sea. Green hills slope steeply down to the edge of the way on the right; on the left, far below, spreads a vast stretch of dun sand and salty pools to a line of surf so distant that it is discernible only as a moving white thread. The tide is out; and thousands of cockle-gatherers are scattered over the sands, at such distances that their stooping figures, dotting the glimmering sea-bed, appear no larger than gnats. And some are coming along the road before us, returning from their search with well-filled baskets,—girls with faces almost as rosy as the faces of English girls.

As the jinrikisha rattles on, the hills dominating the road grow higher. All at once Cha halts again before the steepest and loftiest flight of steps I have yet seen.

I climb and climb and climb, halting perforce, betimes, to ease the violent aching of my quadriceps muscles; reach the top completely out of breath; and find myself between two lions of stone, one showing his fangs, the other with jaws closed. Before me stands the temple, at the farther end of a small bare plateau

surrounded on three sides by low cliffs — a small temple, looking very old and gray. From a rocky height to the left of the building a little cataract tumbles down into a pool, ringed in by a palisade. The voice of the water drowns all other sounds. A sharp wind is blowing from the ocean; the place is chill even in the sun, and bleak, and desolate, as if no prayer had been uttered in it for a hundred years.

Cha taps and calls, while I take off my shoes upon the worn wooden steps of the temple, and after a minute of waiting we hear a muffled step approaching and a hollow cough behind the paper screens. They slide open, and an old white-robed priest appears, and motions me with a low bow to enter. He has a kindly face, and his smile of welcome seems to me one of the most exquisite I have ever been greeted with. Then he coughs again, so badly that I think if I ever come here another time I shall ask for him in vain.

I go in, feeling that soft, spotless, cushioned matting beneath my feet with which the floors of all Japanese buildings are covered. I pass the indispensable bell and lacquered reading-desk; and before me I see other screens only, stretching from floor to ceiling. The old man, still coughing, slides back one of these upon the right and waves me into the dimness of an inner sanctuary, haunted by faint odors of incense. A colossal bronze lamp, with snarling gilded dragons coiled about its columnar stem, is the first object I discern; and in passing it, my shoulder sets ringing a festoon of little bells suspended from the lotus-shaped summit of it. Then I reach the altar, gropingly, unable yet to distinguish forms clearly. But the priest, sliding back screen after screen, pours in light upon the gilded brasses and the inscriptions: and I look for the image of the deity or presiding spirit between the altar groups of convoluted candelabra. And I see — only a mirror, a round pale disk of polished metal, and my own face therein; and behind this mockery of me a phantom of the far sea.

Only a mirror! Symbolizing what? illusion? or that the universe existed for us solely as the reflection of our own souls? or the old Chinese teaching that we must seek the Buddha only in our own hearts? Perhaps some day I shall be able to find out all these things.

As I sit on the temple steps, putting on my shoes preparatory to going, the kind old priest approaches me again, and bowing,

presents a bowl. I hastily drop some coins in it, imagining it to be a Buddhist alms-bowl, before discovering it to be full of hot water. But the old man's beautiful courtesy saves me from feeling all the grossness of my mistake. Without a word, and still preserving his kindly smile, he takes the bowl away, and returning presently with another bowl, empty, fills it with hot water from a little kettle, and makes a sign to me to drink.

Tea is most usually offered to visitors at temples; but this little shrine is very, very poor; and I have a suspicion that the old priest suffers betimes for want of what no fellow-creature should be permitted to need. As I descend the windy steps to the roadway I see him still looking after me, and I hear once more his hollow cough.

Then the mockery of the mirror recurs to me. I am beginning to wonder whether I shall ever be able to discover that which I seek — outside of myself! That is, outside of my own imagination. . . .

The sun is gone; the topaz light is gone: and Cha stops to light his lantern of paper, and we hurry on again, between two long lines of painted paper lanterns suspended before the shops; so closely set, so level those lines are, that they seem two interminable strings of pearls of fire. And suddenly a sound — solemn, profound, mighty — peals to my ears over the roofs of the town: the voice of the tsurigane, the great temple bell of Nungiyama.

All too short the day seemed. Yet my eyes have been so long dazzled by the great white light, and so confused by the sorcery of that interminable maze of mysterious signs which made each street vista seem a glimpse into some enormous *grimoire*, that they are now weary even of the soft glowing of all these paper lanterns, likewise covered with characters that look like texts from a book of magic. And I feel at last the coming of that drowsiness which always follows enchantment.

IMPRESSIONS AND MEMORIES

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"AND this," the reader may say, "this is all that you went forth to see: a torii, some shells, a small damask snake, some stones?"

It is true. And nevertheless I know that I am bewitched. There is a charm indefinable about the place; that sort of charm which comes with a little ghostly thrill, never to be forgotten.

Not of strange sights alone is this charm made, but of numberless subtle sensations and ideas interwoven and interblended: the sweet sharp scents of grove and sea; the blood-brightening, vivifying touch of the free wind; the dumb appeal of ancient, mystic, mossy things; vague reverence evoked by knowledge of treading soil called holy for a thousand years; and a sense of sympathy, as a human duty, compelled by the vision of steps of rock worn down into shapelessness by the pilgrim feet of vanished generations.

And other memories ineffaceable: the first sight of the sea-girt City of Pearl through a fairy veil of haze; the windy approach to the lovely island over the velvety soundless brown stretch of sand; the weird majesty of the giant gate of bronze; the queer, high-sloping, fantastic, quaintly gabled street, flinging down sharp shadows of aerial balconies; the flutter of colored draperies in the sea wind, and of flags with their riddles of lettering; the pearly glimmering of the astonishing shops.

And impressions of the enormous day, the day of the Land of the Gods, a loftier day than ever our summers know; and the glory of the view from those green sacred silent heights between sea and sun; and the remembrance of the sky, a sky spiritual as holiness, a sky with clouds ghost-pure and white as the light itself,—seeming indeed not clouds but dreams, or souls of Bodhisattvas about to melt forever into some blue Nirvana.

And the romance of Benten, too,—the deity of Beauty, the divinity of Love, the goddess of Eloquence. Rightly is she likewise named goddess of the sea. For is not the sea most ancient and most excellent of speakers,—the eternal poet, chanter of that mystic hymn whose rhythm shakes the world, whose mighty syllables no man may learn?

THE TEMPLE OF KWANNON

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And we arrive before the far-famed Kamakura temple of Kwannon,—Kwannon, who yielded up her right to the Eternal Peace that she might save the souls of men, and renounced Nirvana to suffer with humanity for other myriad million ages; Kwannon, the goddess of Pity and of Mercy.

I climb three flights of steps leading to the temple, and a young girl seated at the threshold rises to greet us. Then she disappears within the temple to summon the guardian priest, a venerable man, white-robed, who makes me a sign to enter.

The temple is large as any that I have yet seen, and like the others, gray with the wearing of six hundred years. From the roof there hang down votive offerings, inscriptions, and lanterns in multitude, painted with various pleasing colors. Almost opposite to the entrance is a singular statue, a seated figure of human dimensions and most human aspect, looking upon us with small weird eyes set in a wondrously wrinkled face. This face was originally painted flesh tint, and the robes of the image pale blue; but now the whole is uniformly gray with age and dust, and its colorlessness harmonizes so well with the senility of the figure that one is almost ready to believe one's self gazing at a living mendicant pilgrim. It is Benzuru, the same personage whose famous image at Asakusa has been made featureless by the wearing touch of countless pilgrim fingers. To left and right of the entrance are the Ni-O, enormously muscled, furious of aspect; their crimson bodies are speckled with a white scum of paper pellets spat at them by worshipers. Above the altar is a small but very pleasing image of Kwannon, with her entire figure relieved against an oblong halo of gold, imitating the flickering of flame.

But this is not the image for which the temple is famed; there is another to be seen, upon certain conditions. The old priest presents me with a petition, written in excellent and eloquent English, praying visitors to contribute something to the maintenance of the temple and its pontiff, and appealing to those of another faith to remember that "Any belief which can make men kindly and good is worthy of respect." I contribute my mite, and I ask to see the great Kwannon.

Then the old priest lights a lantern, and leads the way through a low doorway on the left of the altar, into the interior of the temple, into some very lofty darkness. I follow him cautiously a while, discerning nothing whatever but the flicker of the lantern; then we halt before something which gleams. A moment, and my eyes, becoming more accustomed to the darkness, begin to distinguish outlines; the gleaming object defines itself gradually as a foot, an immense golden foot, and I perceive the hem of a golden robe undulating over the instep. Now the other foot appears; the figure is certainly standing. I can perceive that we are in a narrow but also very lofty chamber, and that out of some mysterious blackness overhead, ropes are dangling down into the circle of lantern light illuminating the golden feet. The priest lights two more lanterns, and suspends them upon hooks attached to a pair of pendent ropes about a yard apart; then he pulls up both together slowly. More of the golden robe is revealed as the lanterns ascend, swinging on their way; then the outlines of two mighty knees; then the curving of columnar thighs under chiseled drapery, and as with the still waving ascent of the lanterns the golden Vision towers ever higher through the gloom, expectation intensifies. There is no sound but the sound of the invisible pulleys overhead, which squeak like bats. Now above the golden girdle, the suggestion of a bosom. Then the glowing of a golden hand uplifted in benediction. Then another golden hand holding a lotus. And at last a face, golden, smiling with eternal youth and infinite tenderness,—the face of Kwannon.

So revealed out of the consecrated darkness, this ideal of Divine femininity, creation of a forgotten art and time, is more than impressive. I can scarcely call the emotion which it produces admiration; it is rather reverence.

But the lanterns, which paused awhile at the level of the beautiful face, now ascend still higher, with a fresh squeaking of pulleys. And lo! the tiara of the divinity appears, with strangest symbolism. It is a pyramid of heads, of faces,—charming faces of maidens, miniature faces of Kwannon herself.

For this is the Kwannon of the Eleven Faces,—Jiu-ichi-men-Kwannon.

THE SHINTŌ FAITH

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ONCE more we are journeying through the silence of this holy land of mists and of legends; wending our way between green leagues of ripening rice, white-sprinkled with arrows of prayer, between the far processions of blue and verdant peaks whose names are the names of gods. We have left Kitzuki far behind. But as in a dream I still see the mighty avenue, the long succession of torii with their colossal shimenawa, the majestic face of the Guji, the kindly smile of the priest Sasa, and the girl priestess in her snowy robes dancing her beautiful ghostly dance. It seems to me that I can still hear the sound of the clapping of hands, like the crashing of a torrent. I cannot suppress some slight exultation at the thought that I have been allowed to see what no other foreigner has been privileged to see,—the interior of Japan's most ancient shrine, and those sacred utensils and quaint rites of primitive worship so well worthy the study of the anthropologist and the evolutionist.

But to have seen Kitzuki as I saw it is also to have seen something much more than a single wonderful temple. To see Kitzuki is to see the living centre of Shintō, and to feel the life pulse of the ancient faith, throbbing as mightily in this nineteenth century as ever in that unknown past whereof the Kojiki itself, though written in a tongue no longer spoken, is but a modern record. Buddhism, changing form or slowly decaying through the centuries, might seem doomed to pass away at last from this Japan to which it came only as an alien faith; but Shintō, unchanging and vitally unchanged, still remains all-dominant in the land of its birth, and only seems to gain in power and dignity with time. Buddhism has a voluminous theology, a profound philosophy, a literature vast as the sea. Shintō has no philosophy, no code of ethics, no metaphysics; and yet by its very immateriality it can resist the invasion of Occidental religious thought as no other Orient faith can. Shintō extends a welcome to Western science, but remains the irresistible opponent of Western religion; and the foreign zealots who would strive against it are astounded to find the power that foils their uttermost efforts indefinable as magnetism and invulnerable as air. Indeed, the best of our scholars have never been able to

tell us what Shintō is. To some it appears to be merely ancestor worship, to others ancestor worship combined with nature worship; to others again it seems to be no religion at all; to the missionary of the more ignorant class it is the worst form of heathenism. Doubtless the difficulty of explaining Shintō has been due simply to the fact that the sinologists have sought for the source of it in books: in the Kojiki and the Nihongi, which are its histories; in the Norito, which are its prayers; in the commentaries of Motowori and Hirata, who were its greatest scholars. But the reality of Shintō lives not in books, nor in rites, nor in commandments, but in the national heart, of which it is the highest emotional religious expression, immortal and ever young. Far underlying all the surface crop of quaint superstitions, and artless myths, and fantastic magic, there thrills a mighty spiritual force, the whole soul of a race, with all its impulses and powers and intuitions. He who would know what Shintō is must learn to know that mysterious soul in which the sense of beauty, and the power of art, and the fire of heroism and magnetism of loyalty, and the emotion of faith, have become inherent, immanent, unconscious, instinctive.

Trusting to know something of that Oriental soul in whose joyous love of nature and of life even the unlearned may discern a strange likeness to the soul of the old Greek race, I trust also that I may presume some day to speak of the great living power of that faith now called Shintō, but more anciently Kami-no-michi, or "The Way of the Gods."

REGINALD HEBER

(1783–1826)

AN EARLIER generation of cultivated readers knew Heber by heart, and the present one is inclined to rank him among the best of the hymn-writers. His father was a country gentleman of excellent Yorkshire family, incumbent of a double living when double livings were legal and proper, and rector of Malpas in Cheshire when his second son, Reginald, was born. Sent to Oxford at seventeen, the boy began at once a brilliant university career. In his first year (1800) he took the prize for his 'Carmen Seculare,' a Latin poem describing the greatness of the new century. He was but twenty when he wrote in English his second prize poem, 'Palestine,' which was printed in 1807 and several times reprinted; for it appealed to the religious sense of the great middle-class English public, still stirred by the remembrance of Wesley and the Evangelists. In the theatre where it was recited it was received with tumultuous enthusiasm, and it is one of the very few prize poems that have lived; Tennyson being perhaps the only one of the great poets whose university verses were admired by a later generation. There is a pretty story connecting Walter Scott with the fortunate student's triumph. Scott, the smart young sheriff of Selkirkshire, not yet famous, had become known by his 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border' to that extraordinary bookworm Richard Heber, half-brother of Reginald, whom the "Wizard" afterward spoke of as "Heber the magnificent, whose library and cellar are so superior to all others in the world." Scott was visiting his fellow antiquarian at Oxford, when the tall, shy, handsome young undergraduate brought in his 'Palestine' for their criticism. Both the elders praised it, but Scott pointed out that a fine metaphor had been missed in the description of the building of the Temple, and Heber added the best lines in the poem:—

REGINALD HEBER

"No hammers fell; no ponderous axes rung:
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung."

Two years later he won a third prize for the best English essay, 'On the Sense of Honor,' was elected a fellow of his college, and traveled extensively. In 1807 he received holy orders and took one of the family livings, which had been kept waiting for him. He proved to be a most devoted parish priest, improving the church services, building up the schools, and raising the standard of health and morals among his people. He never liked his position, he confides to a friend, "as half squire, half parson," but he did his best to justify his place.

In 1822 he accepted with much hesitation the appointment to the bishopric of Calcutta. At that time the whole of British India made one vast see, the care of which demanded almost superhuman labor and endurance. Poor Heber, always ardent and zealous, traveled over his spiritual kingdom from bound to bound, preaching, teaching, establishing missions, baptizing, confirming, patching up peace between quarrelsome societies, settling clerical differences, doing social duty, sparing everybody but himself, always cheerful, always attentive, always eager to do the one thing more. Overwork, or the merciless climate, or anxiety, or all together, killed him at the end of three years in the very midst of his labors, when he was not yet forty-three.

He wrote prose enough to fill two or three volumes, most of it sermons, addresses, and lectures, besides an interesting book of travels called 'A Journey through India, from Calcutta to Bombay.' But he is best remembered for his hymns, still sung to-day in all Protestant Christian churches. More than any other hymn-writer, perhaps, he has been able to give the simple utterance of faith or feeling its place in institutional worship. Sunday after Sunday, in the English churches, the splendid roll of his 'Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty' sweeps the soul of the listener as with the rushing of a mighty wind; in the 'Hymn for the Epiphany' many a believer finds the voice of his own passion of faith and gratitude; in the funeral hymns are uttered the woe and the triumph of humanity. Among the world's great singers Heber's name will not be found, but with the poets whom many generations love, his place is assured.

'THE MISSIONARY HYMN'

INTENDED TO BE SUNG ON OCCASION OF HIS PREACHING A SERMON FOR THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY, IN APRIL, 1820

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

WAKE not, O mother, sounds of lamentation;
Weep not, O widow, weep not hopelessly:
Strong is his arm, the bringer of salvation,
Strong is the word of God to succor thee.

Bear forth the cold corpse slowly, slowly bear him;
Hide his pale features with the sable pall.
Chide not the sad one wildly weeping near him:
Widowed and childless, she has lost her all.

Why pause the mourners? who forbids our weeping?
Who the dark pomp of sorrow has delayed?
Set down the bier: he is not dead, but sleeping.
«Young man, arise!» — He spake, and was obeyed.

Change, then, O sad one, grief to exultation,
Worship and fall before Messiah's knee.
Strong was his arm, the bringer of salvation,
Strong was the word of God to succor thee.

TRINITY SUNDAY

HOLY, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty!
God in three persons, blessed Trinity.

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert and art and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name in earth and sky and sea.
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty,
God in three persons, blessed Trinity.

EPIPHANY

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,—
Maker and Monarch and Savior of all.

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ampler oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

BEFORE THE SACRAMENT

BREAD of the world, in mercy broken;
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed;
By Whom the words of life were spoken,
And in Whose death our sins are dead:

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

TO HIS WIFE—WRITTEN IN UPPER INDIA

If thou wert by my side, my love,
How fast would evening fail
In green Bengala's palmy grove,
Listening the nightingale.

If thou, my love, wert by my side,
My babies at my knee,
How gayly would our pinnace glide
O'er Gunga's mimic sea.

I miss thee at the dawning gray,
When, on our deck reclined,
In careless ease my limbs I lay,
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream
My twilight steps I guide,
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam,
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,
The lingering noon to cheer,
But miss thy kind approving eye,
Thy meek attentive ear.

But when of morn and eve the star
Beholds me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on—then on; where duty leads,
My course be onward still,
On broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
O'er black Almorah's hill.

That course nor Delhi's kingly gates
Nor mild Malwah detain,
For sweet the bliss us both awaits
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,
Across the dark blue sea;
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay
As then shall meet in thee.

THE LAST SUPPER.

Photogravure from a Painting by H. Ruland.

"Bread of the world in mercy broken;
Wine of the soul in mercy shed;
By Whom the words of Life were spoken,
And in Whose death our sins are dead."—*Heber.*

They're lost, and gone; the moon is past,
The wood's dark shade is o'er them cast;
And fainter, fainter, fainter still
The march is rising o'er the hill.

Again, again the pealing drum,
The clashing horn,—they come, they come;
Through rocky pass, o'er wooded steep,
In long and glittering files they sweep.
And nearer, nearer, yet more near,
Their softened chorus meets the ear.
Forth, forth, and meet them on their way:
The trampling hoofs brook no delay;
With thrilling fife and pealing drum,
And clashing horn, they come, they come.

G. W. F. HEGEL.

GEORGE WILLIAM FREDERICK HEGEL

BY WILLIAM T. HARRIS

GEORGE WILLIAM FREDERICK HEGEL was born at Stuttgart on the 27th of August, 1770. His biographers mention the fact that Swabia, the birthplace of Hegel and Schelling, was also the native place of Albertus Magnus, the greatest genius for philosophy in the Middle Ages; of his pupils,—Thomas Aquinas being the light of [illegible] man mysticism and philosophy. But Hegel's ancestor John Hegel had migrated from Carinthia into Swabia in the seventeenth century, seeking freedom for the exercise of his newly acquired Protestant faith. After the Lutheran reformation, which extended into the mountainous portions of Austria, was vigilantly repressed by the Austrian government, numbers of the most industrious and intelligent inhabitants migrated northward and westward for the sake of religious freedom.

The father of our philosopher, George Louis Hegel, held an office under the government, being a secretary of the Bureau of Public Revenues. His mother was a well-informed and intelligent woman. The events of his youth and early manhood are thoroughly prosaic, up to the time of his meeting with Schelling. He was sent to the Latin school at the age of five years, and at seven entered the gymnasium. It is reported of him that he read Shakespeare in Wieland's translation at the age of eight years, and that at about the age of thirteen he had done some study in geometry, surveying, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. He translated the work of Longinus on the Sublime at the age of seventeen. His studies in Greek literature made the liveliest possible impression upon his mind, and all readers of Hegel's works are struck with the fact that Greek methods of thinking—in short, the Greek view of the world—became part and parcel of his mind. He read the 'Antigone' of Sophocles at the age of eighteen, and for many years after this studied Greek and Roman history and the philosophies of Plato and Aristotle. He very early perceived that these philosophies are the same substantially, both of them reaching to the truth that reason is the absolute. The fact of his study of Greek philosophy gave him a vantage ground; he became later the

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interpreter of the results of Greek philosophy into the language of German philosophy, and was able to demonstrate the harmony of the two great streams of human thinking.

At the age of eighteen he entered the University of Tübingen as student of theology, and took great interest in the lectures on the Psalms and on the Book of Job, carrying on at the same time studies in biology and reviewing Greek literature. Schelling arrived at the same university two years later, and awakened the more sluggish intellect of Hegel into a new activity. Before the advent of Schelling, Hegel, it seems, had not looked upon philosophy as a process of real *knowing*. It appeared to him rather like a record of curious opinions, in which no trace of scientific necessity could be discovered. But the fervent heat of Schelling's mind melted down these opinions and separated the gold from the dross. Schelling could pierce at once to the essential necessity of thought. He could see what belongs to the constitution of the mind and determines the very structure of thought itself. Schooled in the philosophies of Kant and Fichte, Schelling grappled with the fundamental problems of philosophy with as much assurance and familiarity as if they were every-day matters of the university lecture-room, or indeed of the students' boarding-house. Hegel, five years his senior, borrowed courage from Schelling, and commenced anew his studies in philosophy with an entirely different point of view. For fifteen years he willingly acknowledged himself to be Schelling's disciple.

Meanwhile the French Revolution had begun, and was now in the height of its progress. It was the external counterpart of the Kantian revolution in philosophy. All realized institutions were attacked by it, in the interest of individual freedom against authority. All over Europe there came to be a feeling that man is the maker of his institutions, and that he can demonstrate this authorship by taking to pieces Church and State, and reconstructing them at pleasure. Kant and Fichte had attacked the problems of philosophy in the same revolutionary spirit. It seemed to them as if they stood, for the first time, face to face with truth. All other and earlier endeavors had been fatuitous. Dogmatic philosophy had not attained truth, but merely likelihood, or opinion. With the newly acquired faculties of higher introspection discovered by Kant, it would be possible now to settle ultimately and finally the attitude of the mind towards fundamental problems of the universe. The problems of life could all be solved without delay.

These views aroused unbounded enthusiasm. The Germans call this epoch the «Aufklärung» (Enlightenment). It was a clearing-up such as comes from cutting loose from the past, with a consciousness that the individual commences a new book, with new ideas and with

no responsibilities to anything that has been written before. Hegel had been much interested in Rousseau in his youth, and when the French Revolution came to be discussed all over Europe, he like most young men of his time adopted the gospel of liberty, equality, and fraternity as his own. He and Schelling took an active part in a political club founded for the dissemination of French ideas at the university. In the course of a few years, however, he discovered the shallowness of a movement which claims as its chief merit the neglect of the past and the wholesale condemnation of existing institutions. According to the principle of the French Revolution, no sooner has something become an accomplished fact than it becomes a menace to the freedom of the individual; it becomes tyrannical with its authority. Hence, no sooner did the Revolution make a new constitution than it began to amend it; for how could the people retain their consciousness of freedom from authority unless they continually recast their constitutional law? This lesson of the French Revolution made the profoundest impression upon the mind of Hegel, given as he was to looking behind the immediate appearance to the essential form of the deed. He saw at once the irrationality of the Revolution, and compared it to Saturn, who devoured his own offspring. He saw vividly the absurdity of constitutional conventions which are to discover and adopt reasonable foundations, to be followed immediately by new conventions which demolish the reasonable forms adopted by their predecessors. Hegel became conscious of the truth of the conservative principle which aims to build the present upon the past, and to reinforce the insight of the present moment by the reflections of all the rational hours that have gone before. This conservatism, which appears in all of the works of Hegel, has been much condemned. It should be remembered that Hegel did not begin to write books until he had reached this conclusion.

After two or three years' companionship with Schelling, Hegel, having completed his theological studies at the university, left Jena and became a private tutor in a family in Berne. It is interesting to note that Fichte had held the position of tutor in Switzerland shortly before this, and Herbart a similar position about the same time. The three years of tutorship passed in studies on the most difficult problems of all philosophies; namely, the reconciliation of the theoretical and practical sides of life — the relation of intellect to will. At this time, too, Hegel made a more thorough study of the Kantian critiques, and took up Fichte's 'Science of Knowledge,' finding it far more difficult to master than the 'Critique of Pure Reason.' He obtained, however, some assistance from Schelling in gaining an insight into the subtle psychology of Fichte. For Schelling had found the writings of Fichte more to his taste than those of any

other philosopher; and just as Fichte had been nurtured on the writings of Kant, the ideas of which he had proceeded at once to combine in a new system, so Schelling recast in a new form the ideas of Fichte. He hastened to construe the world of nature, *a priori*, by means of transcendental ideas. Self-consciousness revealed the hidden laws and principles implicit in ordinary knowing; and these laws and principles, discovered in the unconscious activity of the mind, were identified by him with the moving forces of nature. He attributed them to "an impersonal reason, a soul of the world." Thus it comes to pass that while Fichte laid the greatest stress on the subjective, the will of the individual, the consciousness of the particular person, — that is to say, on the free moral will, — Schelling on the other hand emphasized the objective, the unconscious development of nature, and laid great stress on the gradual unfolding of reason in the inorganic world of matter. There was no necessary incongruity in the two systems. But the one-sidedness due to the intense emphasis given to the opposite poles soon produced a conflict. Fichte subordinated everything else to the moral will, and regarded nature as merely phenomenal and scarcely worthy of man's attention. Schelling, on the other hand, turned to nature and history as unconscious realizations of spirit in time and space, and held them up to view as worthy of all study. They were treated in his philosophy with reverence as Divine incarnations. Fichte slighted time and space, and what they contained. He neglected the forms of matter and the results of history, — everything conventional, such as institutions, customs, and philosophical systems. The world, in short, was treated somewhat as the French revolutionists treated the past. Schelling, on the other hand, looked upon the world as a revelation of the absolute, and held it sacred, while subjectivity (the ego and its interests) became less important in his eyes; and as a consequence, human aims and endeavors, even moral aims, lost their interest to him. Not so however with Hegel. Hegel did not for a moment, while he called himself a disciple of Schelling, fail to see that the moral world is more important than the physical world; although he believed the physical world to be what Schelling claimed for it.

In the midst of these great philosophical movements, Hegel had (in 1797) become a tutor in Frankfort, and had reinforced his insights obtained through the study of Fichte and the explanations of Schelling, by a study of Plato and Sextus Empiricus the skeptic. What was most important, he began to get a new insight into the dialectic which Fichte had set forth in his 'Science of Knowledge' as the strictly scientific form of expounding philosophy. He saw how, in the hands of Plato and Sextus, the negative plays the moving part in developing thought and correcting its imperfections. Hegel later

conceived the idea of uniting the Platonic dialectic with the Fichtean, and completing an objective dialectic which he hoped to make of great service in rational psychology, or logic as he called it.

In 1801 he returned to Jena, which had become not only a great centre of literary activity but the chief centre of philosophic activity in the world. Fichte had been charged with atheism, had resigned, and gone to Berlin. Schelling was then lecturing at Jena as professor extraordinarius. Hegel commenced to teach logic, metaphysics, the philosophy of nature, and the philosophy of spirit. In 1805 he lectured on the history of philosophy, pure metaphysics, and natural right; in 1806 on the unity of philosophical systems. He began in this year to unfold what he called the phenomenology of spirit; by which he meant an exposition of the dialectic by which one's view of the world changes from that of the earliest infancy up to the most complete view to be found in the philosophy and religion of his civilization. He showed how the barest fragments are seized at first as if they were the truth of the whole world; next how these fragments are supplemented and enlarged by further insight, obtained by noticing their dependence on other things and their utter insufficiency by themselves. This work, 'The Phenomenology of Spirit,' published in 1807, remains the most noteworthy exposition of what Hegel calls his dialectic; although in some respects it is amended and made more complete in his larger 'Logic,' published in three volumes, 1812 to 1816.

But in 1803 Hegel had begun to be aware of a growing separation between his view of the world and that of Schelling. He had been substantially at one with Schelling so long as Schelling held the doctrine that reason, or intelligence and will, is the absolute. This was Schelling's view up to 1801. At that time the idea of polarity became very attractive to him. The phenomenon of the magnet had suggested a symbol by which he could explain human consciousness and the world. We, the conscious human beings, represent one pole of being, the subjective pole; while nature, in time and space, represents the other pole, the objective pole of being. Just as the indifference-point unites the two poles in one magnet, so there is the absolute, which is the indifference-point between the subjective and objective poles of being; namely, between mind and nature: and of course this indifference-point is neither mind nor nature, but a higher principle uniting mind and nature. At this point Schelling very distinctly abandoned the current of European thought from Plato to Fichte, and adopted the Oriental standpoint, as revealed in Hindoo philosophy and in the philosophy of the Gnostics and Neo-Platonists. It was a lapse into Orientalism, and if carried out would end in agnosticism, or in the doctrine of the incomprehensibility of the

absolute. Another of its consequences would be the impossibility of recognizing morals or ethics in the Divine. Since the absolute would transcend the subjective as well as the objective, it would be something above morals, and consequently it could not be said to have self-activity. Hegel never for one moment assented to this view, but remained standing by the former attitude of Schelling, making the absolute to be, not an indifference-point, but the perfection of the subjective and objective as a reason whose will is creative, or a reason whose intellect, in the act of knowing, also creates. After 1803, Schelling ought to have seen that his new principle undermined the very possibility of philosophy, and he should have ceased philosophizing; for his absolute, as the indifference-point between reason and nature, proved only an empty unity which did not explain the origin of the polarity from it. The worlds of mind and nature could not be anything but illusions, the Maya of the East-Indian thinking. On the other hand, an absolute of reason could explain the rise of antithesis, and could explain also the world of unconscious nature as a progressive development of individuality — a sort of cradle for the development of immortal souls. But Hegel, even in his lectures on the history of philosophy nearly twenty years later, seems to take pleasure in recognizing Schelling as his master. He does not expound the final system as his own, but adopts the philosophy of Schelling as the last contribution to the 'History of Philosophy.'

It may be of interest to remark here, that although Schelling continued to produce new developments in philosophy which undermined the systems which he had built up before, yet there are two important and permanent interests advanced by his philosophizing. The first of these has been mentioned. Instead of leaving nature as a thing in itself, outside of and beyond all mind, Schelling recognizes in it a genuine objective and independent development of reason, fundamentally identical with mind. Human reason is reflected in the forms of nature. This view brings one to see that the goal at which the human soul has arrived, or is arriving, is confirmed or approved by the great process of struggle for existence which is called nature. «Mind sleeps in matter, dreams in the plant, awakes in the animal, and becomes conscious in man.»

Still more important is the effort of Schelling to understand the great systems of thought made by preceding thinkers — his study of Giordano Bruno, and his interpretation of mythology. He successively appropriated the standpoints of Kant, Fichte, Bruno, Spinoza, Baader, and Boehme. His fertile mind threw great light on the positive meaning contained in each of these systems of thought. He became the best of commentators. He showed how a history of philosophy should be written, not after the style of Mr. Lewes, who

writes the biography of defunct philosophy, but a history that shows the great insights which formed the life of these systems. Schelling had discovered the vital basis for a history of philosophy that should interpret the different systems of thought that had prevailed.

Hegel perhaps learned his most important lesson from Schelling in this matter of the interpretation of systems of thought; and certainly Hegel shines best in writing the 'History of Philosophy,' always being able to penetrate behind the words and seize the essential ideas which lived in the mind of the past thinker. Oftentimes this idea was merely struggling for utterance, and not wholly articulate. This does not prevent Hegel from seizing the idea itself, and setting it forth with success.

The gross outcome of Hegel's philosophy is, in fact,—next after his insight into the defect of Oriental thought,—his ability to seize the thought of Plato and Aristotle, and prove its identity with the thought of Kant, Fichte, and Schelling. The easiest method by which the student may arrive at the great thoughts of Plato and Aristotle is to read in Hegel's 'History of Philosophy' his exposition of Socrates and his followers. Hegel's high place is due to his able interpretation of the speculative insights of the great systems of thought which had prevailed in the world for twenty centuries, and on which, in a sense, the institutions of modern civilization had been built. The old philosophy had been so diluted, in making it a book of instruction for students and immature persons, that the insight into its speculative necessity had been lost or become a tradition. The professor is obliged to keep in mind the capacity of the pupil, in preparing his text-book. In striving to make the subject clear to the immature mind, which is not able to think except in images and pictures, the professor changes his attitude from that of a discoverer of truth to that of an expounder of truth. He is obliged to suppress the strictly logical deduction, and substitute for it analogies and illustrations that flow from it; thus, to offer baked bread instead of seed corn to his pupils. But by-and-by his pupils, nurtured on this thin philosophical diet, become professors themselves. They have never heard that Plato and Aristotle ever had any other meaning than the commonplace doctrines learned in their text-books. Hence the degeneracy of philosophy in the schools. On the other hand, eccentric philosophers off the lines of the traditional school wisdom, like Bruno, Spinoza, Boehme, and Swedenborg, have never been reduced to a text-book form, and they still preserve a power to arouse original thought. Schelling's writings have this power. They reveal the morning red of truth, and the student becomes a mystic and beholds the truth for himself. But it does not often occur to him that there is also clear daylight behind the commonplace dogmas of school wisdom.

Hegel profited more by the example of Schelling in this matter of interpreting the past systems of philosophy, than by anything else. He became the great philosophical interpreter.

I have already mentioned his first original work, the 'Phenomenology of Spirit,' a book that he finished during the battle of Jena (1806). It appeared from the press in the following year. This work may be best described as an interpretation of the different standpoints at which the mind arrives, successively, on its way from the mere animal sense-perception up to the highest stage of thinking, which sees the world to be a manifestation of Divine reason, and reads its purpose in everything. One must not, however, understand this book to be an attempt to present the contents of the world of nature and of human history in a systematic form, for it is nothing of the kind. It is rather a subjective clearing-up of the contents of his own mind than an objective treatment of the contents of the world, systematically. But the first part of it has something of a very general character; namely, the exhibition of the dialectic by which sense-perception passes from an immediate knowledge of the here and now, to a knowledge of force, and further on, to the insight that force must in all cases be a fragment of will-activity. This part of the track of development must be common to all peoples who have progressed up to, and beyond, the dynamic view of the world. And again, in the next phase of it, where he develops in order, one after the other, the germs of the several institutions of the social life of man; namely, beginning with slavery, on through the patriarchal despotism, up to free, constitutional forms of government. He shows the rise of the moral idea, first in the mind of the slave who, purified by his own sufferings, learns to see the importance of moral conduct on the part of his master, not only for his own (the slave's) well-being, but also for the accomplishment of anything reasonable by his master himself. This deep insight is a key to the explanation of the authorship of Æsop's Fables, the Enchiridion of Epictetus, and the Hitopadesa, by slaves. In general, it explains how it is that in Asia, in the realm of arbitrary power and despotism, the moral systems of the world have arisen. It does not indicate any lofty superiority on the part of the Asiatic mind, but rather its backwardness in developing civil institutions such as we enjoy in the Roman law, the English local self-government, and the American Constitution. Hegel uses this key, not only to explain the history and arrested development of civilization among the Oriental peoples, but to explain the moral ideas of the Stoics, the Skeptics, and the Epicureans.

The first part of the Phenomenology treats of consciousness, the second part of self-consciousness, or the arrival at the certainty that

a self is behind every total phenomenon, and that the self is an independent, originating being, and therefore morally responsible. He shows how this idea prompts man to a study of nature, with a view to understand how nature is a manifestation or revelation of mind. This is the third study of the Phenomenology under the general title of reason. In Hegel's technique, "reason" means the recognition of mind as the outcome of the world-process. Absolute reason is creating individual beings, and endowing them with reason. The world of nature and human history is a process whose object is the development of individuality. Side by side with this theoretical or intellectual side of the recognition of reason, Hegel places the actual struggle of the will, and traces its ascent from mere caprice, up to the consciousness of laws and obedience to them.

The fourth step of the Phenomenology he calls "spirit." It is the consciousness that makes institutions for the establishment and preservation of what is rational in the world. According to Hegel, reason includes the discovery of rational laws in nature and rational laws in human history and development; but in all this the individual acts as individual, and his seeing and knowing is individual. Spirit names the product of society, and not of the mere individual. In social combinations, according to Hegel, there is a higher manifestation of intelligence and will than in the mere individual, and he calls this manifestation "spirit." Spirit is therefore man acting as a social whole. His insight into this is used as a key to explain the phenomena of his own time, particularly the French Revolution, in its entire cycle from revolt against the State to a restoration of the State under Napoleon.

He closes his Phenomenology by a brief study into the nature of religion. He commences with the lowest forms of fetishism and idolatry, and rising through the art religion of the Greeks, comes to a third and highest religion, revealed religion; signifying by the word "revealed," not so much that the Scriptures are divinely inspired, as that they make known a God who reveals himself to men,—not an inscrutable God, like that of the pantheistic religions, but a Divine-human God, an absolute, conscious reason, and above all, a moral God. For Hegel finds that the Hebrew insight in the Old Testament reaches to such a knowledge of the absolute as is presupposed by psychology, by the philosophy of nature, and by the philosophy of history. It was reached by the intuition of that wonderful people in Palestine.

Of many things man may be uncertain, but he can be absolutely certain that the fundamental Being in the universe must respect the moral law, otherwise he would destroy his own personality. Having convinced himself of this, Hegel has arrived at his final chapter,

absolutely knowing, and his «voyage of discovery» is done. He is certain that there must be absolute science, because the highest of religions presupposes this knowledge that the Divine being is ethical, and necessarily possesses goodness and righteousness. Now Hegel is ready to commence on his next work, the Logic, which will show how the mind reaches the moral ideal. It is a thorough exploration of the thoughts of the mind which arise in it through its own activity, and not through mere experience. The category of being, for instance, is a category that underlies all experience, and it remains in the mind after having abstracted all that one has learned through each and all his special senses; for all things learned by experience are really qualities of being, but not being itself. So of the categories of negation and of becoming. Such categories as «somewhat,» and «other,» and «limit,» «the finite,» «the infinite,» and all the other categories of quality; such categories as «quantity,» «extensive» and «intensive,» and «ratio,»—all these categories of quality and quantity form a sort of surface to the thinking mind. Underneath this it thinks categories of «phenomenon and noumenon,» categories of «positive and negative,» «identity and difference,» «force and manifestation,» «substance and attribute,» «cause and effect,»—in short, the world of relativity.

Hegel goes on in his Logic to discuss—besides these categories of quality and quantity which belong to immediate being, and which constitute our superficial or surface thinking—the categories of essence, such as cause and effect, which are the chief categories of reflection, or the understanding; and finally comes to a third realm of thinking, which deals with life and mind, showing up the laws of the judgment and syllogism as found in Aristotle's Logic, and working out, along lines that Schelling first explored, into the realization of mind in the mechanism, chemism, and teleology of the world; finally considering the life of animal and plant, and then intellect and will of man, and lastly the union of intellect and will in one being,—the being of God, or as Hegel calls it, the «absolute idea.» This absolute idea has the form of perfectly altruistic action. Its Divine occupation is the creating of other beings, and the nurturing of the same up to their immortal individuality.

With the appearance of conscious self-determination in the world, there begins responsibility, and consequently conscious discrimination between evil and righteousness. The institutions of civilization arise in order to conserve the conscious practice of the right and the suppression of evil.

In this his first work, the 'Phenomenology,' we find the keys which Hegel applies to the several departments of philosophy; his work after 1807 lay in the lines therein mapped out. While in charge

of a classical high school in Nuremberg, he elaborated and published his 'Science of Logic,' in three volumes (1812 to 1816). The outline of the 'Philosophy of Nature' he published in his 'Encyclopædia of Philosophical Sciences' in 1817 at Heidelberg, whither he had gone in October 1816 to assume a professorship in the University. The first volume of the 'Encyclopædia' contains a compend of his logic, and the third volume contains the 'Philosophy of Spirit,' which is mostly a systematic arrangement of materials to be found in his 'Phenomenology.'

In October 1818 Hegel became a professor in the University of Berlin, occupying the chair formerly occupied by Fichte. In his Berlin period he elaborated the details of the 'Philosophy of Spirit,' and expanded its contents into a large number of volumes. In 1821 he published his 'Philosophy of Right,' containing the science of jurisprudence, morals, and politics. In the following years he lectured on the philosophy of history, on the science of the fine arts and poetry, on the philosophy of religion, and on the history of philosophy. His manuscripts were edited by his disciples after his death, additions being made to the manuscripts from the notes of the pupils taken during the lectures. While engaged on a new edition of his complete Logic, having finished the revision of the first volume, he died of cholera, November 14th, 1831.

The edition of his complete works by his disciples contains in Vol. i. his writings of the Schelling period; Vol. ii., 'Phenomenology of Spirit'; Vols. iii., iv., and v., 'Science of Logic'; 'Outlines of the Philosophy of Right' (one volume), 'Philosophy of History' (one volume), 'Æsthetics,' including the 'Philosophy of the Fine Arts and Poetry' (three volumes), 'Philosophy of Religion' (two volumes), 'History of Philosophy' (three volumes), the 'Encyclopædia' (three volumes), 'Miscellaneous Writings' (two volumes). To this list should be added the 'Life of Hegel' by Rosenkranz (one volume). English translations now exist of the 'Philosophy of History,' the 'Encyclopædia,' the 'Philosophy of Right,' the 'Philosophy of Religion,' the 'History of Philosophy,' and a considerable portion of the 'Æsthetics.'

Of these works, the 'Philosophy of Right' gives by far the best philosophy of the family, industrial society, political economy, and the State, that has been produced by the Kantian critical school. It contains a brief but very luminous treatise on the science of morals as distinct from ethics in general, which Hegel construes as the science of institutions. Hegel's 'Philosophy of Æsthetics,' including the fine arts and poetry, treats of the three epochs of art, symbolic (Oriental), classic (Greek and Roman), and romantic (Christian), as well as the special arts, architecture, sculpture, painting, music, and poetry. It shows, in accordance with broad principles, how the ideal

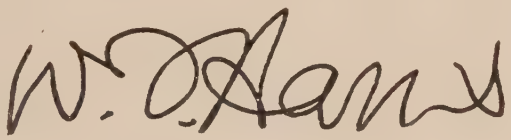
of the beautiful is realized within the three great epochs of civilization; and gives the student a philosophical basis by which to criticize the merits and defects of each phase of art. It shows also the advantages and the defects of each of the special arts in revealing the beautiful; architecture having one kind of limitation, sculpture another, painting, music, and poetry still others. If Hegel had left us only this work on the philosophy of art, says Bénard, it would have been sufficient to give him first rank among the thinkers of his century. But this may be truthfully said of four of his other works.

His 'Philosophy of Religion' commences with a discussion of the nature of religion, defining its limitations and showing its central value. The first part of his 'Philosophy of Art,' in the same way, shows the nature of art and its significance. The 'Philosophy of Religion' then proceeds to take up historically the religions of the chief nations, showing the Church from its earliest beginnings to its culmination in Christianity. The 'Philosophy of History' is the central book of this group. It takes up the nations of the world, and analyzes the fundamental idea of the civilization of each; then shows how this idea gets realized in the manners and customs of the people, and especially in their governmental form. He then shows how the colliding elements of this great idea get reconciled and harmonized within the nation itself; and then how it comes into collision with nations outside of it; and finally how it is overcome by the world-historical nation which is to become its successor as leader in civilization. The works on æsthetics and religion reinforce the 'Philosophy of History' by showing how the national idea gets realized in the art and literature of the people, and also in its religious creed and methods of worship. It seems to be a tacit conviction of Hegel that in order to seize the truth of the individuality of a nation, and understand its career in the world, you must investigate not only its form of government and its manners and customs, but also its view of the world as found in religion, and its celebration of that view of the world, in architecture, sculpture, painting, music, and poetry. A mistake in any one of these spheres would get corrected while investigating other spheres.

Hegel's 'History of Philosophy' is the most remarkable work of its kind, inasmuch as it has the advantage of the wonderful interpreting power of the master. His pupils have numerously attempted writings in the history of philosophy, and have made great success in it, but no success equal to that of Hegel himself. His work is profoundly suggestive. He studies the thought of a nation always in the light of its institutions, its art, its literature, and its religion. By his very method he is protected against attributing to thinkers ideas which could not have arisen in their historical epoch. Hegel has

done more than any other thinker to give the student what is called a historical sense, and thus guard him against misinterpreting the earlier forms of ideas for later ones.

In each of these works, which stand for the four greatest contributions to human thought in this century,—Hegel's treatises on art, religion, history, and philosophy,—the great contrast between Asiatic contributions and those of Europe is brought out with ever-fresh illustrations and profound suggestions. The difference of these two epochs of human history is shown to be the deepest possible. The Oriental thought is not strong enough in its synthetic power to grasp the idea of an absolute, as an ethical personality, but remains standing at the idea of an empty infinite, devoid of all attributes. This impotency it illustrates in its works of art, its forms of civil government, its religious creeds, and its philosophy. The correspondence between the abstract theories of a civilization and its concrete results is worked out by Hegel so felicitously as to awaken the highest enthusiasm in the intelligent reader.



SELECTIONS FROM HEGEL'S WRITINGS

The following extracts from English translations from Hegel will serve to illustrate his difficulties of style, which appear through a translation somewhat exaggerated on account of the impossibility of rendering his technical terms into corresponding terms in English. His writings are built up systematically, and somewhere in his works each technical term will be found to be explained fully; but unfortunately for his readers, he uses these terms anywhere in their full technical significance, assuming that the reader is acquainted with the detailed exposition which he has given somewhere else. Such simple words as "reason," "spirit," "self-consciousness," are used as glibly as if they meant only the ordinary mental pictures called up by the reading public at sight of these words. But we have seen that "spirit" implies an investigation occupying five or six hundred pages in that most abstruse and exasperating work 'The Phenomenology of Spirit.' (1) It implies the psychological demonstration that self-activity is the true first principle, presupposed not only as the basis of all life but as the basis of all inorganic nature. (This is the step called "self-consciousness.") (2) It presupposes the

long investigation through experience of untold centuries into the objects of nature, discovering finally their purpose in creation; and the other phase of investigation into the action of the human will, by which it arrives at moral and ethical forms of action. (This is the process called "reason.") (3) Finally, it presupposes a like investigation on the part of human experience into institutions best calculated to realize human nature, the family, civil society, the State and the Church. (This process is called "spirit.")

This style resembles in some degree that of treatises in higher mathematics, wherein a simple formula of two or three terms quotes a result which has been arrived at after one or two hundred pages of close analytical reasoning.

In the following extracts I preface each by a brief explanation indicating the general result, and calling attention to some of the technical terms which contain the compendious reference here described.

W. T. H.

TRANSITION TO THE GREEK WORLD

From the 'Philosophy of History'

[The following passage, on the transition from the history of Egypt to that of Greece, shows how a national consciousness which expresses itself only in symbols passes over to one that expresses itself in the language of thought.]

THE Egyptian Spirit has shown itself to us as in all respects shut up within the limits of particular conceptions, and as it were, imbruted in them; but likewise stirring itself within these limits,—passing restlessly from one particular form into another. This Spirit never rises to the Universal and Higher, for it seems to be blind to that; nor does it ever withdraw into itself: yet it symbolizes freely and boldly with particular existence, and has already mastered it. All that is now required is to posit that particular existence—which contains the germ of ideality—*as ideal*, and to comprehend Universality itself, which is already potentially liberated from the particulars involving it. It is the free, joyful Spirit of Greece that accomplishes this, and makes this its starting-point. An Egyptian priest is reported to have said that the Greeks remain eternally children. We may say on the contrary that the Egyptians are vigorous *boys*, eager for self-comprehension, who require nothing but clear understanding of themselves in an ideal form in order to become

Young Men. In the Oriental Spirit there remains as a basis the massive substantiality of Spirit immersed in Nature. To the Egyptian Spirit it has become impossible — though it is still involved in infinite embarrassment — to remain contented with *that.* The rugged African nature disintegrated that primitive Unity, and lighted upon the problem whose solution is Free Spirit.

THE PROBLEM

From the 'Philosophy of History'

[Hegel uses with great effect a quotation from a Neo-Platonist philosopher who used the clear thoughts of Aristotle and Plato to explain the symbolic consciousness of the Greeks.]

That the Spirit of the Egyptians presented itself to their consciousness in the form of a *problem*, is evident from the celebrated inscription in the sanctuary of the Goddess Neith at Sais: "*I am that which is, that which was, and that which will be: no one has lifted my veil.*" This inscription indicates the principle of the Egyptian Spirit; though the opinion has often been entertained, that its purport applies to all times. Proclus supplies the addition, "*The fruit which I have produced is Helios.*" That which is clear to itself is therefore the result of, and the solution of, the problem in question. This lucidity is Spirit — the Son of Neith the concealed night-loving divinity. In the Egyptian Neith, Truth is still a problem. The Greek Apollo is its solution; his utterance is: "*Man, know thyself.*" In this dictum is not intended a self-recognition that regards the specialties of one's own weaknesses and defects: it is not the individual that is admonished to become acquainted with his idiosyncrasy, but humanity *in general* is summoned to self-knowledge. This mandate was given for the Greeks; and in the Greek Spirit, humanity exhibits itself in its clear and developed condition. Wonderfully, then, must the Greek legend surprise us, which relates that the Sphinx — the great Egyptian symbol — appeared in Thebes, uttering the words: "What is that which in the morning goes on four legs, at midday on two, and in the evening on three?" Œdipus, giving the solution *Man*, precipitated the Sphinx from the rock. The solution and liberation of that Oriental Spirit, which in Egypt had advanced so far as to propose the problem, is certainly this: that the Inner Being (the Essence)

of Nature is Thought, which has its existence only in the human consciousness. But that time-honored antique solution given by Œdipus — who thus shows himself possessed of knowledge — is connected with a dire ignorance of the character of his own actions. The rise of spiritual illumination in the old royal house is disparaged by connection with abominations, the result of ignorance; and that primeval royalty must — in order to attain true knowledge and moral clearness — first be brought into shapely form, and be harmonized with the Spirit of the Beautiful, by civil laws and political freedom.

THE GREEK WORLD

From the 'Philosophy of History'

[In explaining the general characteristics of the Greek national mind, Hegel calls attention to the fact that Greek civilization is the first appearance of «spirit» in the world, using the word in the technical sense above described; namely, that it is the first nationality which adopts free institutions, that is to say, institutions which embody reason and are adapted to assist the individual citizen to attain free reasonable action. He uses the expression, «In Greece advancing spirit makes itself the content of its volition and its knowledge;» meaning, as he explains later, that the Greek citizen makes it his personal interest to adopt as his own will the will of the State; for this is the essence of freedom. The individual citizen, too, understands the motive of the State; that is to say, it is not a motive of some mere ruler or tyrant, but the motive that arises in the mind of the individual citizen, as such, and declared by his vote. He contrasts this form of spirit with a further developed one, in which the individual citizen lays less stress upon his individual satisfaction, and looks more to the reasonable result, even if at the cost of his individuality. One of the finest passages in Hegel is the paragraph upon Achilles and Alexander.]

Among the Greeks we feel ourselves immediately at home, for we are in the region of Spirit; and though the origin of the nation, as also its philological peculiarities, may be traced farther,— even to India,— the proper Emergence, the true Palingenesis of Spirit, must be looked for in Greece first. At an earlier stage I compared the Greek world with the period of adolescence; not indeed in *that* sense, that youth bears within it a serious anticipative destiny, and consequently by the very conditions of its culture urges towards [rests on] an ulterior aim,— presenting thus an inherently incomplete and immature form, and being then most defective when it would deem itself perfect,— but in *that* sense, that youth does not yet present the activity of work,

does not yet exert itself for a definite intelligent aim, but rather exhibits a concrete freshness of the soul's life. It appears in the sensuous actual world as Incarnate Spirit and Spiritualized Sense [*i. e.*, æsthetic art], in a unity which owed its origin to Spirit. Greece presents to us the cheerful aspect of youthful freshness, of Spiritual vitality. It is here first that advancing Spirit makes *itself* the content of its volition and its knowledge; but in such a way that State, Family, Law, Religion, are at the same time objects aimed at by individuality, while the latter *is* individuality only in virtue of those aims. The [full-grown] man, on the other hand, devotes his life to labor for an objective aim; which he pursues consistently, even at the cost of his individuality.

The highest form that floated before the Greek imagination was Achilles, the Son of the Poet, the Homeric Youth of the Trojan War. Homer is the element in which the Greek world lives, as man does in the air. The Greek life is a truly youthful achievement. Achilles, the ideal youth of *poetry*, commenced it; Alexander the Great, the ideal youth of *reality*, concluded it. Both appear in contest with Asia: Achilles, as the principal figure in the national expedition of the Greeks against Troy, does not stand at its head, but is subject to the Chief of Chiefs; he cannot be made the leader without becoming a fantastic, untenable conception. On the contrary, the second youth, Alexander, —the freest and finest individuality that the real world has ever produced,—advances to the head of this youthful life that has now perfected itself, and accomplishes the revenge against Asia.

THE MEANING OF CHRISTIANITY

From the 'Philosophy of History'

[After treating Rome as a kingdom and a republic, Hegel takes up, in the chapter on the Roman Empire, the subject of the introduction of Christianity, making one of his profoundest (and obscurest) analyses in his discussion of the doctrine of Christianity as related to the previous standpoints in the world history. There is no passage in all his writings more worthy of study than this discussion of the elements of Christianity. It contains one of his best statements of the superiority of those forms of the State, religion, or philosophy, which give the individual independent subsistence, and do not make him a transient wave to be swallowed up by the ocean of being. Hegel has unfolded in the 'Philosophy of Right,' the 'Philosophy of Religion,' and the 'Phenomenology of Spirit,' this insight into the substantial and permanent character of the individual man, who possesses personal immortality. Here he treats of

it as the essential element in Christianity, which recognizes individual personality in the absolute, and the reflection of that permanent individuality in human beings. In fact, Hegel sees in the doctrine of the incarnation, crucifixion, resurrection, and ascension of Christ, the adequate religious statement of this final doctrine of the creation of the individual for immortality and reconciliation with God. It is the doctrine of the divine-human. «The Absolute Object, Truth, is Spirit;» that is to say, the object of God's thinking is man in the highest institutional form, called in revelation the «invisible Church» or the «City of God.» This, however, is not only the object of God's consciousness, but also of man's as a member of the invisible Church; and thus, as Hegel goes on to say, man realizes that the essential being of the world is his own essential being, and thus he removes its mere objectivity, its existence as an alien being outside of himself, which he adopts merely on external authority, and thus comes to make it internal, subjective, seeing its truth by his own insight and not on mere hearsay.]

IT HAS been remarked that Cæsar inaugurated the Modern World on the side of *reality*, while its spiritual and inward existence was unfolded under Augustus. At the beginning of that empire whose principle we have recognized as finiteness and particular subjectivity exaggerated to infinitude, the salvation of the World had its birth in the same principle of subjectivity,—viz., as a *particular person*, in abstract subjectivity, but in such a way that conversely, finiteness is only the *form* of his appearance, while infinity and absolutely independent existence constitute the essence and substantial being which it embodies. The Roman World as it has been described — in its desperate condition and the pain of abandonment by God — came to an open rupture with reality, and made prominent the general desire for a satisfaction such as can only be attained in «the inner man,» the Soul, — thus preparing the ground for a higher Spiritual World. Rome was the Fate that crushed down the gods and all genial life in its hard service, while it was the power that purified the human heart from all specialty. Its entire condition is therefore analogous to a place of birth, and its pain is like the travail-throes of another and higher Spirit, which manifested itself in connection with the *Christian Religion*. This higher Spirit involves the reconciliation and emancipation of Spirit; while man obtains the consciousness of Spirit in its universality and infinity. The Absolute Object, *Truth*, is Spirit; and as man himself is Spirit, he is present [is mirrored] to himself in that object, and thus in his Absolute Object has found Essential Being and *his own* essential being. But in order that the objectivity of Essential Being may be done away with, and Spirit be

no longer alien to itself,—may be *with* itself [self-harmonized], —the Naturalness of Spirit, that in virtue of which man is a special empirical existence, must be removed; so that the alien element may be destroyed, and the reconciliation of Spirit be accomplished.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE TRINITY

From the 'Philosophy of History'

[Hegel goes on to show the significance of the doctrine of the Trinity, as a symbol of this deep truth. He discusses the appearance of concrete subjective caprice in the Greek national mind, and the abstract subjective mind in the Roman national mind, especially in the right of private property, in goods and chattels, and in land,—a right which realized for the citizen a sphere of free individuality.]

God is thus recognized as *Spirit* only when known as the Triune. This new principle is the axis on which the History of the World turns. This is *the goal* and the *starting-point* of History. "When the fullness of the time was come, God sent his Son," is the statement of the Bible. This means nothing else than that *self-consciousness* had reached the phases of development [*momente*] whose resultant constitutes the Idea of Spirit, and had come to feel the necessity of comprehending those phases absolutely. This must now be more fully explained. We said of the Greeks, that the law for their Spirit was "Man, know thyself." The Greek Spirit was a consciousness of Spirit, but under a limited form, having the element of Nature as an essential ingredient. Spirit may have had the upper hand, but the unity of the superior and the subordinate was itself still Natural. Spirit appeared as specialized in the idiosyncrasies of the genius of the several Greek nationalities and of their divinities, and was represented by *Art*, in whose sphere the Sensuous is elevated only to the middle ground of beautiful form and shape, but not to pure Thought. The element of Subjectivity that was wanting in the Greeks we found among the Romans; but as it was merely formal and in itself indefinite, it took its material from passion and caprice;—even the most shameful degradations could be here connected with a divine dread [*vide* the declaration of Hispala respecting the Bacchanalia, Livy xxxix. 13]. This element of subjectivity is afterwards further realized as Personality of Individuals—a realization which is exactly adequate to the principle,

and is equally abstract and formal. As such an Ego [such a personality], I am infinite to myself, and my phenomenal existence consists in the property recognized as mine, and the recognition of my personality. This inner existence goes no further; all the applications of the principle merge in this. Individuals are thereby posited as atoms; but they are at the same time subject to the severe rule of the *One*, which, as *monas monadum*, is a power over private persons [the connection between the ruler and the ruled is not mediated by the claim of Divine or of Constitutional Right, or any general principle, but is direct and individual, the Emperor being the immediate lord of each subject in the Empire]. That Private Right is therefore, *ipso facto*, a nullity, an ignoring of the personality; and the supposed condition of Right turns out to be an absolute destitution of it. This contradiction is the misery of the Roman World.

THE NATURE OF EVIL

From the 'Philosophy of History'

[This free individuality, founded on the ownership of property, was not balanced by a freedom in the Roman imperial government. In relation to the Emperor everything was uncertain. All the nations of Europe, Asia, and Africa were brought under the yoke of the Roman law. Deprived of his local religion, of his local rulers, and of all his special aims, Rome and the Roman Empire were placed before man as supreme object of his will, and there arose a feeling of longing, an unsatisfied aspiration. Hegel compares this feeling to that expressed in the Psalms of David and in the Prophets. This is a remarkable commentary on the expression «The fullness of time was come.» He makes a discrimination between the consciousness of sin revealed in the Old Testament, and the shallow idea of error or evil, giving a profound significance to the idea of the Fall.]

THE higher condition in which the soul itself feels pain and longing — in which man is not only "drawn," but feels that the drawing is into himself [into his own inmost nature] — is still absent. What has been reflection on our part must arise in the mind of the subject of this discipline in the form of a consciousness that in himself he is miserable and null. Outward suffering must, as already said, be merged in a sorrow of the inner man. He must feel himself as the negation of himself; he must see that his misery is the misery of his nature — that he is in himself a divided and discordant being. This state of mind,

this self-chastening, this pain occasioned by our individual nothingness,—the wretchedness of our [isolated] self, and the longing to transcend this condition of soul,—must be looked for elsewhere than in the properly Roman World. It is this which gives to the *Jewish People* their World-Historical importance and weight; for from this state of mind arose that higher phase in which Spirit came to absolute self-consciousness—passing from that alien form of being which is its discord and pain, and mirroring itself in its own essence. The state of feeling in question we find expressed most purely and beautifully in the Psalms of David, and in the Prophets; the chief burden of whose utterances is the thirst of the soul after God; its profound sorrow for its transgressions, the desire for righteousness and holiness. Of this Spirit we have the mythical representation at the very beginning of the Jewish canonical books, in the account of the Fall. Man, created in the image of God, lost, it is said, his state of absolute contentment, by eating of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil. Sin consists here only in Knowledge; this is the sinful element, and by it man is stated to have trifled away his Natural happiness. This is a deep truth, that evil lies in consciousness: for the brutes are neither evil nor good; the merely Natural Man quite as little. Consciousness occasions the separation of the Ego, in its boundless freedom as arbitrary choice, from the pure essence of the Will,—*i. e.*, from the Good. Knowledge, as the disannulling of the unity of mere Nature, is the "Fall"; which is no casual conception, but the eternal history of Spirit. For the state of innocence, the paradisiacal condition, is that of the brute. Paradise is a park, where only brutes, not men, can remain. For the brute is one with God only implicitly [not consciously]. Only Man's Spirit [that is] has a self-cognizant existence. This existence for self, this consciousness, is at the same time separation from the Universal and Divine Spirit. If I hold in my abstract Freedom, in contraposition to the Good, I adopt the standpoint of Evil.

THE FALL

From the 'Philosophy of History'

[The «Fall» is the eternal mythus of man, stating the arrival of man to a deeper consciousness of his true self,—his union with the divine-human and his wide separation between his real and his ideal; the necessity for a reconciliation of the two. A further interpretation of the Old Testament doctrine of the fall of man and the history of the chosen people.]

THE Fall is therefore the eternal Mythus of Man; in fact, the very transition by which he becomes man. Persistence in this standpoint is, however, Evil, and the feeling of pain at such a condition, and of longing to transcend it, we find in David, when he says: «Lord, create for me a pure heart, a new *steadfast* Spirit.» This feeling we observe even in the account of the Fall; though an announcement of reconciliation is not made there, but rather one of continuance in misery. Yet we have in this narrative the *prediction* of reconciliation in the sentence, «The Serpent's head shall be bruised;» but still more profoundly expressed where it is stated that when God saw that Adam had eaten of that tree, he said, «Behold, Adam is become as one of us, knowing Good and Evil.» God confirms the words of the Serpent. Implicitly and explicitly, then, we have the truth that man through Spirit—through cognition of the Universal and the Particular—comprehends God himself. But it is only God that declares this,—not man; the latter remains, on the contrary, in a state of internal discord. The joy of reconciliation is still distant from humanity; the absolute and final repose of his whole being is not yet discovered to man. It exists, in the first instance, only for God. As far as the present is concerned, the feeling of pain at his condition is regarded as a final award. The satisfaction which man enjoys at first, consists in the finite and temporal blessings conferred on the Chosen Family and the possession of the Land of Canaan. His repose is not found in God. Sacrifices are, it is true, offered to Him in the Temple, and atonement made by outward offerings and inward penitence. But that mundane satisfaction in the Chosen Family, and its possession of Canaan, was taken from the Jewish people in the chastisement inflicted by the Roman Empire. The Syrian kings did indeed oppress it, but it was left for the Romans to annul its individuality. The Temple of Zion is destroyed; the God-serving nation is scattered to the winds. Here every source of

satisfaction is taken away, and the nation is driven back to the standpoint of that primeval Mythus,—the standpoint of that painful feeling which humanity experiences when thrown upon itself. Opposed to the universal *Fatum* of the Roman World, we have here the consciousness of Evil and the direction of the mind Godwards. All that remains to be done is, that this fundamental idea should be expanded to an objective universal sense, and be taken as the concrete existence of man—as the completion of his nature. Formerly the Land of Canaan, and themselves as the people of God, had been regarded by the Jews as that concrete and complete existence. But this basis of satisfaction is now lost, and thence arises the sense of misery and failure of hope in God, with whom that happy reality had been essentially connected. Here, then, misery is not the stupid immersion in a blind Fate, but a boundless energy of longing. Stoicism taught only that the Negative *is not*—that pain must not be recognized as a veritable existence: but *Jewish* feeling persists in acknowledging Reality and desires harmony and reconciliation within its sphere; for that feeling is based on the Oriental Unity of Nature,—*i. e.*, the unity of Reality, of Subjectivity, with the substance of the One Essential Being. Through the loss of mere outward reality Spirit is driven back within itself; the side of reality is thus refined to Universality, through the reference of it to the One.

THE ATONEMENT

From the 'Philosophy of History'

[The Persian idea of good and evil (Ormuzd and Ahriman) is not much deeper than that of light and darkness, but in the Old Testament it becomes the distinction between holiness and sin. Hegel points out the infinite depth of subjectivity or personal self-realization that is involved in consciousness of sin. He shows how «that unrest of infinite sorrow» passes over into a consciousness of the infinite gain of reconciliation with the Divine when «The fullness of time was come.»]

THE Oriental antithesis of Light and Darkness is transferred to Spirit, and the Darkness becomes Sin. For the abnegation of reality there is no compensation but Subjectivity itself—the Human Will as intrinsically universal; and thereby alone does reconciliation become possible. Sin is the discerning of Good and Evil as separation; but this discerning likewise heals

the ancient hurt, and is the fountain of infinite reconciliation. The discerning in question brings with it the destruction of that which is external and alien in consciousness, and is consequently the return of subjectivity into itself. This, then, adopted into the actual self-consciousness of the World, is the *Reconciliation* [atonement] *of the World.* From that unrest of infinite sorrow — in which the two sides of the antithesis stand related to each other — is developed the unity of God with Reality [which latter had been posited as negative], — *i. e.*, with Subjectivity which had been separated from Him. The infinite loss is counterbalanced only by its infinity, and thereby becomes infinite gain. The recognition of the identity of the Subject and God was introduced into the World when *the fullness of Time was come:* the consciousness of this identity is the recognition of God in his true essence. The material of Truth is *Spirit* itself — inherent vital movement. The nature of God as pure Spirit is manifested to man *in the Christian Religion.*

HEINRICH HEINE

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(1799–1856)

BY RICHARD BURTON

IF QUALITY is to decide a writer's position, Heinrich Heine stands with the few great poets and literary men of Germany. His lyrics at their best have not been surpassed in his own land, and rank with the masterpieces of their kind in world literature. As a prose writer he had extraordinary brilliancy, vigor of thought, and grace of form, and as a thinker he must be regarded as one of the pioneers of modern ideas in our century. In German criticism, because of his Semitic blood — his pen not seldom dipped in gall when he wrote of the Fatherland — and his defects of character, full justice has not been done to him as singer and sayer. It remained for an English critic, Matthew Arnold, to define his true place in the literature of our time. A brief survey of his life will make this plainer.

A main thing to remember of Heine the man is, that he was an upper-class Jew. The services of this wonderful people to art, letters, and philosophy, as well as to politics and finance, are familiar. This boy of Düsseldorf was one of the most gifted of the race of Mendelssohn and Rothschild, Rachel and Rubinstein, Chopin and Disraeli. Born in that picturesque old Rhine town, December 12th (or 13th), 1799, — he just missed, as he said, being one of the first men of the century, — his father was a wealthy merchant, his mother a Van Geldern, daughter of a noted physician and statesman. He received a good education, first in a Jesuit monastery, then — after an attempt to establish him at Hamburg in mercantile life, which to the disappointment of his family proved utterly distasteful — in the German universities of Bonn and Göttingen. The law was thought of as a profession; but this necessitated his becoming a Christian, for at the time in Germany all the learned callings were closed to Jews. Heine, though not a believer in the religion of his people, was in thorough sympathy with their wrongs, always the champion of their cause: deeply must he have felt the humiliation of this enforced apostasy, which was performed in 1825, in his twenty-sixth year, the baptismal registry reading "Johann Christian Heine," — names he never made use of as a writer. Doubtless the iron entered his soul

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in the act. Before his study at Göttingen, which resulted in his securing a law degree, Heine spent several years in Berlin, and published a volume of verse there in 1822 without success. Letters which he carried from the poet Schlegel secured him, however, the entrée of leading houses, where he met in familiar intercourse Chamisso, Hegel, and like noted folk, and became the centre of social interest as he read from manuscript, essays and poems which were later to give him fame when grouped together in the volume entitled 'Reisebilder' (Sketches of Travel), containing his most famous work in the essay form; his 'Buch der Lieder' (Book of Songs), which followed soon thereafter, performing the same service for his reputation as poet. He made no professional use of his legal lore, but traveled and tasted life. The years from 1827 to 1830 were spent mostly in Munich and Berlin. Heine took an active part in the journalistic and literary life of these cities, and drove his pen steadily as a doughty free-lance of letters in the cause of intellectual emancipation. A satiric pamphlet against the nobility in 1830, the year of the July Revolution in France, made him fear for his personal liberty; and the next year he removed to Paris, and began the life there which was to end only in his death a quarter-century later.

A liaison with a grisette resulted in his marriage with her; and their quarrelsome, affectionate life together has been often limned. In the capital that has fascinated so many distinguished spirits — at first well, and happy, and seen in society, making occasional journeys abroad; later poor, sick, with gall in his pen and with a swarm of enemies — Heine passed this long period of his life, chained during the ten final years to what he called in grim metaphor his "mattress grave." His disease was a spinal affection, resulting in slow paralysis, loss of sight, the withering of his limbs. No more terrible picture is offered in the personal annals of literature than that of the once gay poet, writhing in his bed through sleepless nights, the sight of one eye gone, the drooping lid of the other lifted by the hand that he might see to use the pen. "I saw the body all shrunk together, from which his legs hung down without signs of life," says his sister, who visited him in Paris the year before he died. "I had to gather all my powers of self-control in order to support in quiet the horrible sight." The volumes of letters and other memorabilia published in recent years plainly set forth the dual nature of this man: his querulousness, equivocations, and jealousies; his impulsive affection towards his near of kin. The French government granted him a pension for his services as revolutionary writer, and it came in the nick of time; for on the death in 1844 of his rich uncle Solomon Heine, who for years had granted him an allowance, it was found that no provision for its maintenance had been made in the will.

Heine's bitterness under the heavy hand of Fate comes out pathetically in his latest poems and letters. «I am no longer,» he wrote, «a joyous, somewhat corpulent Hellenist, laughing cheerfully down upon the melancholy Nazarenes. I am now a poor, fatally ill Jew, an emaciated picture of woe, an unhappy man.» His mind remained wonderfully clear to the end, as his literary work testifies; and at least he had the courage of his convictions, contemptuously repudiating the rumor that his former skepticism had been changed in the fiery alembic of suffering. His impious jest on his death-bed is typical, whether apocryphal or not: «God will forgive me: it is his line of business» («c'est son métier»).

It may be said that there is a touch of heroism in the fact that for so long he refused to end an existence of such agony by his own violent act, enduring until Nature gave him release, which she did but tardily, when he had passed his fifty-sixth year, February 17th, 1856. He was buried in the cemetery of Montmartre, without any religious ceremony, as he wished,—a conclusion in key with his whole manner of life,—preserving his Bohemianism to the very grave's edge. It is likely that this terrible closing couplet from his poem on Morphine summed up his feeling honestly enough:—

> «Lo, sleep is good; better is death; in sooth,
> The best of all were never to be born.»

Yet skepticism was not his constant attitude; a man of moods, he could write shortly before his taking-off: «I suffer greatly, but support my wretchedness with submission to the unfathomable will of God.» And it is but justice to add that in his will he declared that his intellectual pride was broken, and that he had come to rest in the truths of religion. It is by these inconsistencies and warring emotions that glimpses of the man's complex, elusive nature are gained. In his younger days Heine is described as a handsome fellow, slight of figure, blond, with a poetic paleness and an air of distinction. Later he became corpulent: his sad physical presentment during the final years is finely indicated in the Hasselriis statue of the poet erected at Corfu by the Empress of Austria.

Heine's long Parisian residence, his Gallic inoculation, have been the theme of countless animadversions. He has been painted as a man without a country, a turncoat, and a traitor. Certain facts must be borne in mind in passing judgment upon him. As a boy in Düsseldorf he breathed the atmosphere of the French Revolution, and grew up an enthusiast of the cause, calling himself its «child.» The French, again, were the people who, as Arnold remarks, made it possible for the Jews in Germany to find wide activities for the exercise of their talents. His own land proscribed his works: in France, when

he had mastered the tongue, his works which appeared in French won him speedy applause, and he was hailed as the wittiest writer since Voltaire. And to pass from external to internal, there was much in Heine to respond to the peculiarly French traits: flashing wit, lightness of touch, charm of form, lucidity of expression. Small wonder, then, that he crossed the Rhine and took up his abode in the city which has always been a centre of enlightened thinking. In spite of all his sympathy, temperamental and intellectual, for things French, Heine never forgot that he was a German poet, nor was love for the Fatherland killed in his soul. There is a proud ring in his well-known lines: —

> «I am a German poet
> Of goodly German fame:
> Where their best names are spoken,
> Mine own they are sure to name.»

The estimates of Heine on his personal side range from partisan eulogium to savage and sweeping condemnation. Perhaps it is safest to regard him as a man of complex nature and warring tendencies, in whom faults of character were accentuated by the events of his career. He was sensitive to morbidity, irascible, dissolute in his youth, paying in after days for his excesses the fearful penalty of a slow torturous disease. He had a waspish tendency to sting an enemy, and was quick to take offense from friends. His mocking spirit of contradiction was not above sacrificing justice and purity to its ends; he was at times, in his writings, sensual, ribald, blasphemous. It is fair to plead in partial extenuation the early misappreciation of his kinsfolk, the hostility towards his race, and the exigencies of his subsequent battle for bread, reputation, and the victory of ideas. On the other hand, it is weak sentimentality or purblind favoritism to represent Heine as a hero ill-starred by fortune. He was far from an admirable character, and no whitewashing can make him so: his greatest enemy came from within. He was one who, like Louie in 'David Grieve,' was at death «freed from the fierce burden» of himself.

As a lyric poet Heine is incomparable. It is in this form that the German genius finds finest, freest expression, and the student of German literature must still point to Goethe and Heine as its chief exponents; nor in lyric expression need the latter yield to the former. The representative pieces hereinafter printed, with others of like quality, are among the precious bits of poetry which the world has taken forever to its heart. No translation can give an adequate idea of their haunting perfection, their magic of diction and witchery of music. The reader unfamiliar with German and making Heine's acquaintance at second hand needs to understand this impossibility;

otherwise the poet's due praise may seem rhetorical and excessive. It is said to take a thief to catch a thief: quite as truly does it take a poet to catch a poet, and the task is far more difficult. To get a first-hand knowledge of Heine lends in itself a zest to the learning of his tongue. The characteristics of these lyrics may be defined in few words. As to form, the poet wisely seized upon the popular ballad measures of older German literature, and in rhythms, stanzas, and diction, clung for the most part to those homely creations, thereby giving his work a natural touch and archaic flavor, blending to produce an effect of simplicity and directness which really hide consummate art. No lyrist has had more genuine songfulness, the last test of the true lyric; in proof, witness the frequency with which his most familiar poems have been set to music by the gifted composers of his own and other lands.

But Heine was not alone the singer: he was critic and satirist as well. Even the exquisite deep romanticism of his lyrics is sometimes rudely broken by his own sneering laugh; it is as if the critical in him had of a sudden made him ashamed of his own emotion. One of his German critics has said that he bore a laughing tear-drop on his escutcheon: the flowery phrase denotes this mingling of song and satire in his work. The impish anticlimax of some of his loveliest utterances is one of the grievous things his admirers have to forgive. Heine, in his earlier spontaneous poetry a romanticist of the romanticists, came to perceive intellectually that the work of the so-called Romantic school in Germany must give way to an incoming age of scientific learning and modern ideas; that because it looked backward to the Middle Ages, the movement was wrong. And in this conviction he set himself to fight the old and hail the new. However this perception may prove his prophetic insight, it would have been better for his poetry had he remained in bondage to romanticism. When in a love poem which opens tenderly, he concludes with this stanza:

> «Dearest friend, thou art in love,
> And that love must be confessed;
> For I see thy glowing heart
> Plainly scorching through thy vest,»—

one feels that the poet gets his effect of fun at too costly a price. Parody, to pay, must gain more than it loses. The doubt of the singer's sincerity is never quite shaken off. There is reason for calling Heine «the mocking-bird of the singing grove.»

As an essay-writer, Heine's substantial reputation rests upon the 'Reisebilder,' those gay, audacious, charming, bitter travel sketches of mingled verse and prose, in the main descriptive of his wanderings through Germany, and of the most varied theme and tone:

now beautiful rhapsodies on the scenes of nature; now quaint pictures of life in city or country, painted with Dutch-like fidelity and realism; now rapier thrusts of wit; again powerful diatribes against existing conventions, or personal attacks upon fellow writers, as in his ill-judged and wanton onslaught upon the romantic bard, the Count von Platen. Far from being all of a piece, these phantasy sketches are of very unequal merit, ranging from the exquisite lyric work of the opening section and the delightful narrative of his experiences in the Hartz Mountains, to the sparkling indecencies of the division dealing with Italy, and the more labored argument and satire of the English Fragments. Of the 'Reisebilder' as a whole it may be said that inspiration grows steadily less in the successive parts. The portion penned in Heine's early twenties deservedly caught the fancy of Europe by the polish and poetry, the striking manner and daring thought it possessed. The writer laughs at the traditions of learning in his native land, he pricks with the sword of satire the ponderous German sentimentality, and he fights with all the weapons in the arsenal of a gifted wit for that modern thing, Liberty,— liberty of conscience, action, opinion. The point of view was new in the literature of the early century, dosed as it was with heavy romanticism and in awe of the old for its own sake. The style was of unprecedented vigor and brilliance: it is easy to understand why he took his wide audience by storm, and became the literary force of the day. To say a wise, keen thing in a light way, to say it directly yet with grace, calls for a beautiful talent. To accomplish this in and with the German language is a double triumph. All Heine's later writings, prose or poetry,— and during his residence in Paris he published numerous works,— are developments or after-echoes of his travel sketches and 'Book of Songs.' Some of them are simply high-class journalism: his critical faculty and graces of manner are best represented by the critique on the Romantic school, which is wise in forecasting the new literary ideals, and a model of clearness and elegance. But for the general reader it will suffice to make the acquaintance of the inimitable 'Reisebilder' and the 'Buch der Lieder,' born of his youth and meridian of genius.

As a thinker, a force in the development of modern ideas,— the ideas of liberty in its application to politics, science, education, and religion,— Heine was a torch-bearer of his time. In his remarkable essay upon the German poet, Matthew Arnold gives him full credit for this influence,— possibly exaggerating it. The sympathy between the enlightened Jew who railed at perfunctoriness in Church and State, and the English radical who rebukes his fellow islanders for their lack of devotion to the Idea, naturally made Arnold the other's champion. Both attacked the Philistine and saw the movement of the

Time-spirit. But if the Englishman goes too far in declaring Heine «the most important German successor and continuator of Goethe in Goethe's most important line of activity,» — that of «a soldier in the war of liberation of humanity,» — it is equally true that his estimate hits nearer the mark than the misappreciations of too many critics of his own country. Heine was an individualist, an iconoclast, satirizing with trenchant power existing abuses, as Ibsen in later days has done in Norway, — a service which Carlyle with Juvenalian vigor performed for England. This mission is at the best a thankless one; especially so when, as in the case of Heine, the character of the prophet is full of flaws. Yet is the work none the less valuable.

Heine's sentiment had in it much of the morbid, and in this aspect he might not inaptly be dubbed *decadent;* using the word as it is applied in latter-day literature, to denote what is unwholesome, extravagant, or bestial. But intellectually he saw clear, and was at bottom sane. His mind was too broad and vigorous, too incisive, for any other result.

But in the ultimate decision, and in spite of his acidulous force as a dissolvent of outworn thoughts, Heinrich Heine's chief fame must rest on his wonderful poetry; he was a poet called to song, who, when true to his highest inspiration, was a romantic bard of the first rank in lyric utterance. With his music in our ears, we can forget if not condone the blots on his career, the unequal quality of his production, growing pensive over the strange commingling in this man of Divine gifts and human defects. He is another of those clay vessels shaped by the hand of the mystic Potter to hold precious wine, for the stimulation and joy of his kind.

Richard Burton.

ATLAS

Ah me, most wretched Atlas! All the world,
The whole great world of sorrow I am bearing;
I bear what is unbearable, and breaking
Is now my heart within me.

Thou haughty heart, thou hast now what thou wouldst!
For happy thou wouldst be, supremely happy,
Else be supremely wretched, haughty heart;
And lo! now art thou wretched.

Translation of Charles Harvey Genung.

THE LORELEI

I KNOW not whence it rises,
This thought so full of woe;
But a tale of times departed
Haunts me, and will not go.

The air is cool, and it darkens,
And calmly flows the Rhine;
The mountain peaks are sparkling
In the sunny evening-shine.

And yonder sits a maiden,
The fairest of the fair:
With gold is her garment glittering,
As she combs her golden hair;

With a golden comb she combs it;
And a wild song singeth she,
That melts the heart with a wondrous
And powerful melody.

The boatman feels his bosom
With a nameless longing move;
He sees not the gulfs before him,
His gaze is fixed above;

Till over the boat and boatman
The Rhine's deep waters run:
And this, with her magic singing,
The Lorelei has done!

From the Edinburgh Review.

PINE AND PALM

THERE stands a lonely pine-tree
In the north, on a barren height;
He sleeps while the ice and snowflakes
Swathe him in folds of white.

He dreameth of a palm-tree
Far in the sunrise land,
Lonely and silent longing
On her burning bank of sand.

'Poems and Ballads': Translated, and copyright 1881, by Emma Lazarus.

LOVE SONGS

THOU seemest like a flower,
So pure and fair and bright;
A melancholy yearning
Steals o'er me at thy sight.

I fain would lay in blessing
My hands upon thy hair;
Imploring God to keep thee
So bright, and pure, and fair.

THOU fairest fisher-maiden,
Row thy boat to the land.
Come here and sit beside me,
Whispering, hand in hand.

Lay thy head on my bosom,
And have no fear of me;
For carelessly thou trustest
Daily the savage sea.

My heart is like the ocean,
With storm and ebb and flow;
And many a pearl lies hidden
Within its depths below.

THE ocean hath its pearls,
The heaven hath its stars,
But oh! my heart, my heart,
My heart hath its love.

Great are the sea and the heavens,
But greater is my heart;
And fairer than pearls or stars
Glistens and glows my love.

Thou little youthful maiden,
Come unto my mighty heart!
My heart, and the sea, and the heavens
Are melting away with love.

'Poems and Ballads': Translated, and copyright 1881, by Emma Lazarus.

MY HEART WITH HIDDEN TEARS IS SWELLING

My heart with hidden tears is swelling,
I muse upon the days long gone;
The world was then a cozy dwelling,
And people's lives flowed smoothly on.

Now all's at sixes and at sevens,
Our life's a whirl, a strife for bread;
There is no God in all the heavens,
And down below the Devil's dead.

And all things look so God-forsaken,
So topsy-turvy, cold, and bare;
And if our wee bit love were taken,
There'd be no living anywhere.

Translation of Ernest Beard.

WILL SHE COME?

Every morning hears me query:
Will she come to-day?
Every evening answers, weary:
Still she stays away.

In my nights of lonely weeping,
Sleep I never know;
Dreaming, like a man half sleeping,
Through the day I go.

Translation of Ernest Beard.

KATHARINA

A lustrous star has risen on my night,
A star which beams sweet comfort from its light,
And brightens all my earthly lot;
Deceive me not!

Like as still moonward swells the heaving sea,
So swells and flows my soul, so wild and free,
Aloft to that resplendent spot,—
Deceive me not!

Translation of Charles Harvey Genung.

GOLD

From the 'Romances'

SAY, my golden ducats, say,
Whither are you fled away?
Are ye with the golden fishes
In the little rushing river,
Gaily darting hither, thither?
Are ye with the golden blossoms
On the meadows green and fair,
Sparkling in the dewy air?
Are ye with the golden songsters
Sweeping through the azure sky,
Flashing splendor to the eye?
Are ye with the golden stars,
Clusters of refulgent light,
Smiling through the summer night?
Well-a-day! my golden ducats
Do not in the river lie,
Do not sparkle in the dew,
Do not flash across the blue,
Do not twinkle in the sky;
But my creditors can tell
Where my golden ducats dwell.

Translation of Ernest Beard.

GLIMPSES

From the 'Romances'

WHEN Spring with her sunshine revisits the Earth,
The buds peep out and the blossoms shake;
When the Moon on her nightly course sails forth,
The little stars swim in her shimmering wake;
When sweet eyes trouble the poet's gaze,
They touch the note of a thousand lays.
Yet eyes, and songs, and blossoming flowers,
And splendor of Sun or of Moon or of Star,
However beautiful such things are,
Are far from being this world of ours.

Translation of Ernest Beard.

THE FISHER'S HUT

THE ocean shimmered far around,
As the last sun-rays shone;
We sat beside the fisher's hut,
Silent and all alone.

The mist swam up, the water heaved,
The sea-mew round us screamed;
And from thy dark eyes, full of love,
The scalding tear-drops streamed.

I saw them fall upon thy hand;
Upon my knee I sank,
And from that white and yielding hand
The glittering tears I drank.

And since that hour I waste away,
Mid passion's hopes and fears:
O weeping girl! O weary heart!—
Thou'rt poisoned with her tears!

Translation of Charles G. Leland.

IN THE FISHER'S CABIN

WE SAT in the fisher's cabin,
Looking out upon the sea;
Then came the mists of evening,
Ascending silently.

The lights began in the light-house
One after one to burn,
And on the far horizon
A ship we could still discern.

We spake of storm and shipwreck,
The sailor and how he thrives,
And how betwixt heaven and ocean,
And joy and sorrow he strives;

We spake of distant countries,
South, North, and everywhere,
And of the curious people
And curious customs there;

The fragrance and light of the Ganges,
That giant trees embower,
Where a beautiful, tranquil people
Kneel to the lotus flower;

Of the unclean folk in Lapland,
Broad-mouthed and flat-headed and small,
Who cower upon the hearthstone,
Bake fish, and cackle, and squall.

The maidens listened gravely;
Then never a word was said.
The ship we could see no longer:
It was far too dark o'erhead.

'Poems and Ballads': Translated, and copyright 1881, by Emma Lazarus.

THE GRAMMAR OF THE STARS

A THOUSAND years unmoving
The stars have stood above,
On one another gazing
With the pain of yearning love.

They speak a wondrous language
So sweet and rich and grand;
Yet none of the famous linguists
A word can understand.

But I have learned this language
Which naught from my heart can erase;
The grammar that I studied
Was my little sweetheart's face.

Translation of Charles Harvey Genung.

SONNETS TO HIS MOTHER

TO BEAR me proudly is my custom aye;
My spirit too unbending is, and high;
What though the King should look me in the eye?
I would not flinch, or turn my head away.
Yet, dearest mother, let me truly say:
Whatever else my stubborn pride deny,
When to thy loving, trustful side I fly,
Submissive awe possesses me alway.

Is it the secret influence of thy soul,
Thy lofty soul, that reaches every goal
And like the lightning flashes to and fro?
Or bitter pangs of memory, that proceed
From countless acts that caused thy heart to bleed,—
That dearest heart, that ever loved me so?

I LEFT thee lately in my frenzied state,
Resolved to wander all the wide world o'er,
To ask for love on every distant shore,—
Love that alone might ease my spirit's weight.
I sought for love from early morn till late;
With fevered hand I knocked at every door
In Love his name, a token to implore,
Yet never gathered aught but chilling hate.
And on, and ever on, with growing pain
I searched for Love through many a heavy mile;
Till, sick and weary, to my homestead turning,
Thou camest to greet me with a mother's smile,—
And there, upon thy dearest features burning,
I saw that Love I long had sought in vain.

Translation of Ernest Beard.

THE JEWELS

BLUE sapphires are those eyes of thine,
Those eyes so sweet and tender:
Oh, three times happy is the man
Whom they shall happy render!

Thy heart's a diamond, pure and clear,
With radiance overflowing:
Oh, three times happy is the man
Who sets that heart a-glowing!

Red rubies are those lips of thine—
Love ne'er did fairer fashion:
Oh, three times happy is the man
Who hears their vows of passion!

Oh, could I know that fortunate man,
And meet him unattended
Beneath the forest trees so green—
His luck would soon be ended!

Translation of Ernest Beard.

VOICES FROM THE TOMB

From 'Dream Pictures'

I WENT to the house of my lady fair,
I wandered in madness and dark despair;
And as by the church-yard I went my way,
Sadly the gravestones signed me to stay.

The minstrel's tombstone made me a sign,
In the glimmering light of the pale moon's shine:
"Good brother, I'm coming,"—wild whispering flows;
Pale as a cloud from the grave it rose.

'Twas the harper himself: from the grave he flits;
High on the tombstone the harper sits;
O'er the strings of the cithern his fingers sweep,
And he sings, in a voice right harsh and deep:—

"What! know ye yet that song of old,
Which through the heart once deeply rolled,
Ye strings now slow to move?
The angels call it heaven's joy,
The devils call it hell's annoy,
But mortals call it—love!"

Scarce had sounded the last word's tone,
Ere the graves were opened, every one,
And airy figures came pressing out,
And sweep round the minstrel, while shrill they shout:—

"Love, Love, it was thy might
Laid us in these beds with right,
Closed our eyelids from the light:
Wherefore call'st thou in the night?"

Translation of Charles G. Leland.

MAXIMS AND DESCRIPTIONS

If all Europe were to become a prison, America would still present a loop-hole of escape; and God be praised! that loop-hole is larger than the dungeon itself.

«Papa,» exclaimed a little Carlist, «who is the dirty-looking woman with the red cap?»

«It is the Goddess of Liberty,» was the answer.

«But, papa, she has not even a chemise.»

«A real Goddess of Liberty, my dear child, rarely uses a chemise; and is on that account the more embittered against those who do wear clean linen.»

If freedom should at some future day vanish from the earth, a German dreamer would again discover it in one of his dreams.

When the Lord feels ennui, he opens one of the windows of heaven and takes a look at the Parisian boulevards.

Literary history is the great morgue where all seek the dead ones whom they love, or to whom they are related.

Psychical pain is more easily borne than physical; and if I had my choice between a bad conscience and a bad tooth, I should choose the former.

Napoleon was not of the wood of which kings are made: he was of the marble from which gods are shaped.

It is not generally known why our sovereigns live to so old an age. They are afraid to die, lest they may meet Napoleon in the next world.

God has given us speech in order that we may say pleasant things to our friends and tell bitter truths to our enemies.

The People—that poor monarch in rags—has found flatterers who, with even less of shame than the courtiers of Byzantium and Versailles, fling their censers at his head. These court lackeys of the People are constantly praising the virtues and extolling the merit of their ragged king. «How lovely!» they cry; «how intelligent!» But no, ye lie! Your poor monarch is not

VOICES FROM THE TOMB.

Photogravure from a Drawing by P. Grot Johann.

lovely; on the contrary, he is very ugly. But his ugliness is the result of dirt, and will vanish as soon as we erect public bath-houses where his Majesty the People can bathe gratis. A bit of soap will not prove amiss, and we shall then behold a smart-looking People, a People indeed of the first water. Although this monarch's goodness is often praised, he is not at all good; sometimes indeed he is as bad as many other sovereigns. He is angered when hungry; let us therefore see to it that he has somewhat to eat. As soon as his High Mightiness has been properly fed, and has sated his appetite, he will smile on us with gracious condescension, just as the other monarchs do. Nor is his Majesty the People very intelligent: he is more stupid than all other rulers, and almost as beastly stupid as his own favorites. He bestows his affection and his confidence on those who shout the jargon of his own passions; while he reserves his hatred for the brave man who endeavors to reason with and exalt him. It is thus in Paris; it was thus in Jerusalem. Give the People the choice between the most righteous of the righteous and the most wretched highway robber, and rest assured its cry will be, "Give us Barabbas! Long live Barabbas!" The secret of this perverseness is ignorance. This national evil we must endeavor to allay by means of public schools, where education, together with bread and butter and such other food as may be required, will be supplied free of expense.

While I was standing before the cathedral at Amiens, with a friend who with mingled fear and pity was regarding that monument,—built with the strength of Titans and decorated with the patience of dwarfs,—he turned to me at last and inquired, "How does it happen that we do not erect such edifices in our day?" And my answer was, "My dear Alphonse, the men of that day had convictions, while we moderns have only opinions; and something more than opinions are required to build a cathedral."

The Horatian rule, "Nonum prematur in annum," may like many others be very good in theory, but in practice it is worthless. When Horace offered the author the celebrated rule, he ought at the same time to have furnished him with directions how to live nine years without food. While Horace was meditating on this maxim he was probably seated at the table of Mæcenas, eating turkey with truffles, pheasant pudding with game sauce,

larks' ribs with Teltow turnips, peacocks' tongues, Indian birds'-nests, and the Lord knows what else; and all of it gratis, at that. But we, unfortunate children of a later day! live in changed times. Our Mæcenases have quite different principles: they believe that authors, like medlars, develop best if they lie on straw for a while; they believe that dogs who are too well fed are not so well fitted for hunting similes and ideas. And alas! when they do for once happen to feed a poor dog, it is the one who is least deserving of their crumbs; such, for instance, as the spaniel who licks their hands, the tiny puppy who softly nestles in the perfumed lap of the lady of the house, or the patient poodle who has learned a trade and knows how to fetch and carry, to dance and to drum.

I HAVE the most peaceable disposition. My desires are a modest cottage with thatched roof, but a good bed, good fare, fresh milk and butter, flowers by my window, and a few fine trees before the door. And if the Lord wished to fill my cup of happiness, he would grant me the pleasure of seeing some six or seven of my enemies hanged on those trees. With a heart moved to pity, I would before their death forgive the injury they had done me during their lives. Yes, we ought to forgive our enemies — but not until they are hanged.

THERE is something peculiar in patriotism, or real love of country. One can become eighty years old, and without knowing it, have loved his fatherland during all that time; that is, if one has remained at home. The true nature of spring is not appreciated until winter is upon us, and the best May songs are written by the fireside. Love of freedom is a prison flower, and we do not learn the full value of liberty until we are imprisoned. Thus, the German's patriotism begins at the frontier, where he can from afar behold his country's misery.

EVERY man who marries is like the Doge who weds the Adriatic Sea: he knows not what he may find therein,—treasures, pearls, monsters, unknown storms.

Translation of Stern and Snodgrass.

MARIE

It was a cold winter evening, with keen north wind and blinding snow. I was alone in the room with Marie; it was cozy in the dim light, and the open fire crackled and whispered so comfortably! She sat at the piano, and was playing an old Italian melody. Her head was bowed, and the candle that stood beside her threw a soft sweet light over the little hand; and I stood opposite her and watched the mobile hand, every little dimple of it, and the network of delicate veins, and meanwhile the music stole so tender and fervent into my heart, and I stood and dreamed a dream of unspeakable happiness. And the music grew ever more triumphant and powerful, melting away again into tones of yielding submission. I died, I lived, and died again; eternities swept by me: and when I awoke, kindly she appeared before me, standing, and begged me with a trembling voice to put on her fingers again the rings which she had laid aside to play the piano; and I did it, and pressed her hand to my lips and— "Why," I said, "did you treat me so coldly yesterday?" and she answered, "Forgive me—I was very naughty."

What I have told thee here, dear reader, is not an event of yesterday, or the day before; it is an old, old story, and thousands of years, many thousands of years, will roll away before it reaches an end, a good end. For lo! time is without end, but the things in time have an end; they can be scattered into the smallest particles of dust, but these particles, the atoms even, have their fixed number, and fixed likewise is the number of the forms which out of them spontaneously body themselves forth; and no matter how long it takes, according to the eternal laws of combination in this play of eternal repetition, all forms which have been upon this earth must again appear, must again attract, repel, kiss, and ruin, afterwards as before.

And it will one day come to pass that again a man will be born quite like me, and a woman be born quite like Marie,—only I hope the man's head may contain somewhat less foolishness than mine now, and the woman's heart somewhat more love than Marie's; and in a better land these two shall meet and regard each other long, and at last the woman, reaching out her hand, will say in a soft voice, "Forgive me—I was very naughty."

Translation of Charles Harvey Genung.

GÖTTINGEN

From 'The Hartz Journey.' Translated by Charles G. Leland

BLACK dress coats and silken stockings,
Snowy ruffles frilled with art,
Gentle speeches and embraces—
Oh, if they but held a heart!

Held a heart within their bosom,
Warmed by love which truly glows;
Ah! I'm wearied with their chanting
Of imagined lovers' woes!

I will climb upon the mountains,
Where the quiet cabin stands,
Where the wind blows freely o'er us,
Where the heart at ease expands.

I will climb upon the mountains,
Where the dark-green fir-trees grow;
Brooks are rustling, birds are singing,
And the wild clouds headlong go.

Then farewell, ye polished ladies,
Polished men and polished hall!
I will climb upon the mountain,
Smiling down upon you all.

THE town of Göttingen, celebrated for its sausages and university, belongs to the King of Hanover, and contains nine hundred and ninety-nine dwellings, divers churches, a lying-in asylum, an observatory, a prison, a library, and a "council cellar" where the beer is excellent. The stream which flows by the town is termed the Leine, and is used in summer for bathing,—its waters being very cold, and in more than one place so broad that Luder was obliged to take quite a run before he could leap across. The town itself is beautiful, and pleases most when looked at—backwards. It must be very ancient; for I well remember that five years ago, when I matriculated there (and shortly after "summoned"), it had already the same gray, old-fashioned, wise look, and was fully furnished with beggars, beadles, diss*art*ations, tea-parties with a little dancing, washer-women, compendiums, roasted pigeons, Guelphic orders, professors

ordinary and extraordinary, pipe heads, court counselors, and law counselors. Many even assert that at the time of the great migration of races, every German tribe left a badly corrected proof of its existence in the town, in the person of one of its members; and that from these descended all the Vandals, Friesians, Suabians, Teutons, Saxons, Thuringians, and others who at the present day abound in Göttingen, where, separately distinguished by the color of their caps and pipe tassels, they may be seen straying singly or in hordes along the Weender Street. They still fight their battles on the bloody arena of the Rasenmill, Ritschenkrug, and Bovden, still preserve the mode of life peculiar to their savage ancestors, and are still governed partly by their *Duces*, whom they call "chief cocks," and partly by their primevally ancient law-book, known as the 'Comment,' which fully deserves a place among the *legibus barbarorum.*

The inhabitants of Göttingen are generally and socially divided into Students, Professors, Philistines, and Cattle; the points of difference between these castes being by no means strictly defined. The cattle class is the most important. I might be accused of prolixity should I here enumerate the names of all the students and of all the regular and irregular professors: besides, I do not just at present distinctly remember the appellations of all the former gentlemen; while among the professors are many who as yet have no name at all. The number of the Göttingen *Philistines* must be as numerous as the sands (or, more correctly speaking, as the mud) of the sea; indeed, when I beheld them of a morning, with their dirty faces and clean bills, planted before the gate of the collegiate court of justice, I wondered greatly that such an innumerable pack of rascals should ever have been created. . . .

It was as yet very early in the morning when I left Göttingen, and the learned * * * beyond doubt still lay in bed, dreaming that he wandered in a fair garden, amid the beds of which grew innumerable white papers written over with citations. On these the sun shone cheerily, and he plucked them and planted them in new beds, while the sweetest songs of the nightingales rejoiced his old heart.

Before the Weender Gate I met two native and diminutive schoolboys, one of whom was saying to the other, "I don't intend to keep company any more with Theodore: he is a low little blackguard, for yesterday he didn't even know the genitive of

mensa." Insignificant as these words may appear, I still regard them as entitled to record — nay, I would even write them as town-motto on the gate of Göttingen; for the young birds pipe as the old ones sing, and the expression accurately indicates the narrow-minded academic pride so characteristic of the "highly learned" Georgia Augusta. . . .

Finding the next morning that I must lighten my knapsack, I threw overboard the pair of boots, and arose and went forth unto Goslar. There I arrived without knowing how. This much alone do I remember, that I sauntered up and down hill, gazing upon many a lovely meadow vale. Silver waters rippled and rustled, sweet wood-birds sang, the bells of the flocks tinkled, the many-shaded green trees were gilded by the sun; and over all, the blue-silk canopy of heaven was so transparent that I could look through the depths even to the Holy of Holies, where angels sat at the feet of God, studying sublime thorough-bass in the features of the Eternal countenance. But I was all the time lost in a dream of the previous night, which I could not banish. It was an echo of the old legend, how a knight descended into a deep fountain, beneath which the fairest princess of the world lay buried in a death-like magic slumber. I myself was the knight, and the dark mine of Clausthal was the fountain. Suddenly innumerable lights gleamed around me, wakeful dwarfs leapt from every cranny in the rocks, grimacing angrily, cutting at me with their short swords, blowing terribly on horns which ever summoned more and more of their comrades, and frantically nodding their great heads. But as I hewed them down with my sword, and the blood flowed, I for the first time remarked that they were not really dwarfs, but the red-blooming long-bearded thistle-tops, which I had the day before hewed down on the highway with my stick. At last they all vanished, and I came to a splendid lighted hall, in the midst of which stood my heart's loved one, veiled in white, and immovable as a statue. I kissed her mouth, and then — O Heavens! — I felt the blessed breath of her soul and the sweet tremor of her lovely lips. It seemed that I heard the divine command, "Let there be light!" and a dazzling flash of eternal light shot down, but at the same instant it was again night, and all ran chaotically together into a wild desolate sea! A wild desolate sea, over whose foaming waves the ghosts of the departed madly chased each other, the white shrouds floating on the wind, while behind all, goading them on with

cracking whip, ran a many-colored harlequin — and I was the harlequin. Suddenly from the black waves the sea monsters raised their misshapen heads, and yawned towards me with extended jaws, and I awoke in terror.

Alas! how the finest dreams may be spoiled! The knight in fact, when he has found the lady, ought to cut a piece from her priceless veil, and after she has recovered from her magic sleep and sits again in glory in her hall, he should approach her and say, "My fairest princess, dost thou not know me?" Then she will answer, "My bravest knight, I know thee not!" And then he shows her the piece cut from her veil, exactly fitting the deficiency, and she knows that he is her deliverer, and both tenderly embrace, and the trumpets sound, and the marriage is celebrated!

It is really a very peculiar misfortune that *my* love dreams so seldom have so fine a conclusion.

THE SUPPER ON THE BROCKEN

From 'The Hartz Journey'

The company around the table gradually became better acquainted and much noisier. Wine banished beer, punch-bowls steamed, and drinking, *schmolliren*,* and singing were the order of the night. The old 'Landsfather' and the beautiful songs of W. Müller, Rückert, Uhland, and others rang around, with the exquisite airs of Methfessel. Best of all sounded our own Arndt's German words, "The Lord, who bade iron grow, wished for no slaves." And out of doors it roared as if the old mountain sang with us, and a few reeling friends even asserted that he merrily shook his bald head, which caused the great unsteadiness of our floor. The bottles became emptier and the heads of the company fuller. One bellowed like an ox, a second piped, a third declaimed from 'The Crime,' a fourth spoke Latin, a fifth preached temperance, and a sixth, assuming the chair, learnedly lectured as follows: — "Gentlemen, the world is a round cylinder, upon which human beings as individual pins are scattered apparently at random. But the cylinder revolves, the pins knock together and give out tones, some very frequently and others but seldom; all of which causes a remarkably complicated sound, which is generally known as universal history. We will,

*Hobnobbing.

in consequence, speak first of music, then of the world, and finally of history, which latter we divide into positive and Spanish flies—" And so sense and nonsense went rattling on.

A jolly Mecklenburger, who held his nose to his punch-glass, and smiling with happiness snuffed up the perfume, remarked that it caused in him a sensation as if he were standing again before the refreshment table in the Schwerin Theatre! Another held his wine-glass like a lorgnette before his eye, and appeared to be carefully studying the company, while the red wine trickled down over his cheek into his projecting mouth. The Greifswalder, suddenly inspired, cast himself upon my breast, and shouted wildly, "Oh that thou couldst understand me, for I am a lover, a happy lover; for I am loved again, and G—d d—n me, she's an educated girl, for she has a full bosom, wears a white gown, and plays the piano!" But the Swiss wept, and tenderly kissed my hand, and ever whimpered, "O Molly dear! O Molly dear!"

During this crazy scene, in which plates learned to dance and glasses to fly, there sat opposite me two youths, beautiful and pale as statues, one resembling Adonis, the other Apollo. The faint rosy hue which the wine spread over their cheeks was scarcely visible. They gazed on each other with infinite affection, as if the one could read in the eyes of the other; and in those eyes there was a light as though drops of light had fallen therein from the cup of burning love which an angel on high bears from one star to the other. They conversed softly with earnest, trembling voices, and narrated sad stories, through all of which ran a tone of strange sorrow. "Lora is also dead!" said one, and sighing, proceeded to tell of a maiden of Halle who had loved a student, and who, when the latter left Halle, spoke no more to any one, ate but little, wept day and night, gazing ever on the canary-bird which her lover had given her. "The bird died, and Lora did not long survive it," was the conclusion, and both the youths sighed as though their hearts would break. Finally the other said, "My soul is sorrowful; come forth with me into the dark night! Let me inhale the breath of the clouds and the moon-rays. Partake of my sorrows! I love thee: thy words are musical, like the rustling of reeds and the flow of rivulets; they re-echo in my breast, but my soul is sorrowful!"

Both of the young men arose. One threw his arm around the neck of the other, and thus left the noisy room. I followed, and

saw them enter a dark chamber, where the one, by mistake, instead of the window threw open the door of a large wardrobe; and both, standing before it with outstretched arms, expressing poetic rapture, spoke alternately. "Ye breezes of darkening night," cried the first, "how ye cool and revive my cheeks! How sweetly ye play amid my fluttering locks! I stand on the cloudy peak of the mountain; far below me lie the sleeping cities of men, and blue waters gleam. List! far below in the valley rustle the fir-trees! Far above yonder hills sweep in misty forms the spirits of my fathers. Oh that I could hunt with ye on your cloud steeds through the stormy night, over the rolling sea, upwards to the stars! Alas! I am laden with grief, and my soul is sad!" Meanwhile, the other had also stretched out *his* arms towards the wardrobe, while tears fell from his eyes as he cried to a broad pair of yellow pantaloons which he mistook for the moon:—"Fair art thou, daughter of heaven! lovely and blessed is the calm of thy countenance. Thou walkest lonely in thy loveliness. The stars follow thy blue path in the east! At thy glance the clouds rejoice, and their dark brows gleam with light. Who is like unto thee in heaven, thou the night-born? The stars are ashamed before thee, and turn away their green sparkling eyes. Whither, ah whither, when morning pales thy face, dost thou flee from thy path? Hast thou, like me, thy hall? Dwellest thou amid shadows of sorrow? Have thy sisters fallen from heaven? Are they who joyfully rolled with thee through the night now no more? Yea, they fell adown, O lovely light! and thou hidest thyself to bewail them! Yet the night must at some time come when thou too must pass away, and leave thy blue path above in heaven. Then the stars, who were once ashamed in thy presence, will raise their green heads and rejoice. Now thou art clothed in thy starry splendor and gazest adown from the gate of heaven. Tear aside the clouds, O ye winds, that the night-born may shine forth and the bushy hills gleam, and that the foaming waves of the sea may roll in light!"

A well-known and not remarkably thin friend, who had drunk more than he had eaten, though he had already at supper devoured a piece of beef which would have dined six lieutenants of the guard and one innocent child, here came rushing into the room in a very jovial manner,—that is to say, *à la* swine,—shoved the two elegiac friends one over the other into the wardrobe, stormed through the house-door, and began to roar around

outside as if raising the devil in earnest. The noise in the hall grew more confused and duller; the two moaning and weeping friends lay, as they thought, crushed at the foot of the mountain; from their throats ran noble red wine, and the one said to the other: — "Farewell! I feel that I bleed. Why dost thou waken me, O breath of spring? Thou caressest me, and sayst, 'I bedew thee with drops from heaven.' But the time of my withering is at hand — at hand the storm which will break away my leaves. To-morrow the Wanderer will come — come — he who saw me in my beauty — his eyes will glance, as of yore, around the field — in vain —" But over all roared the well-known basso voice without, blasphemously complaining, amid oaths and whoops, that not a single lantern had been lighted along the entire Weender Street, and that one could not even see whose window-panes he had smashed.

I can bear a tolerable quantity, — modesty forbids me to say how many bottles, — and I consequently retired to my chamber in tolerably good condition. The young merchant already lay in bed, enveloped in his chalk-white nightcap and yellow Welsh flannel. He was not asleep, and sought to enter into conversation with me. He was a Frankfort-on-Mainer, and consequently spoke at once of the Jews; declared that they had lost all feeling for the beautiful and noble, and that they sold English goods twenty-five per cent. under manufacturers' prices. A fancy to humbug him came over me, and I told him that I was a somnambulist, and must beforehand beg his pardon should I unwittingly disturb his slumbers. This intelligence, as he confessed the following day, prevented him from sleeping a wink through the whole night, especially since the idea had entered his head that I, while in a somnambulistic crisis, might shoot him with the pistol which lay near my bed. But in truth I fared no better myself, for I slept very little. Dreary and terrifying fancies swept through my brain. A pianoforte extract from Dante's Hell. Finally I dreamed that I saw a law opera, called the 'Falcidia,' with libretto on the right of inheritance by Gans, and music by Spontini. A crazy dream! I saw the Roman Forum splendidly illuminated. In it Servius Asinius Göschenus, sitting as prætor on his chair, and throwing wide his toga in stately folds, burst out into raging recitative; Marcus Tullius Elversus, manifesting as *prima donna legataria* all the exquisite femininess of his nature, sang the love-melting *bravura* of "Quicunque

civis Romanus"; referees, rouged red as sealing-wax, bellowed in chorus as minors; private tutors, dressed as genii, in flesh-colored stockinets, danced an anti-Justinian ballet, crowning with flowers the "Twelve Tables," while amid thunder and lightning rose from the ground the abused ghost of Roman Legislation, accompanied by trumpets, gongs, fiery rain, *cum omni causa*.

From this confusion I was rescued by the landlord of the Brocken, when he awoke me to see the sun rise. Above, on the tower, I found several already waiting, who rubbed their freezing hands; others, with sleep still in their eyes, stumbled up to us, until finally the whole silent congregation of the previous evening was reassembled, and we saw how above the horizon there rose a little carmine-red ball, spreading a dim wintry illumination. Far around, amid the mists, rose the mountains, as if swimming in a white rolling sea, only their summits being visible; so that we could imagine ourselves standing on a little hill in the midst of an inundated plain, in which here and there rose dry clods of earth. To retain that which I saw and felt, I sketched the following poem:—

In the east 'tis ever brighter,
Though the sun gleams cloudily;
Far and wide the mountain summits
Swim above the misty sea.

Had I seven-mile boots for travel,
Like the fleeting winds I'd rove,
Over valley, rock, and river,
To the home of her I love.

From the bed where now she's sleeping,
Soft the curtain I would slip;
Softly kiss her childlike forehead,
Soft the ruby of her lip.

And yet softer would I whisper
In the little lily ear,
"Think in dreams we still are loving,
Think I never lost thee, dear."

LIFE AND OLD AGE

From 'Book Le Grand': Translation of Charles G. Leland

Others may, if they choose, enjoy the good fortune of having their lady-love adorn their graves with garlands, and water them with the tears of true love. O women! hate me, laugh at me, mitten me, but let me live! Life is all too wondrous sweet, and the world is so beautifully bewildered: it is the dream of an intoxicated divinity who has taken French leave of the tippling multitude of immortals, and has laid down to sleep in a solitary star, and knows not himself that he also creates all that which he dreams; and the dream images form themselves often so fantastically wildly, and often so harmoniously and reasonably. The Iliad, Plato, the battle of Marathon, Moses, the Medicean Venus, the cathedral of Strasburg, the French Revolution, Hegel, and steamboats, etc., etc., are other good thoughts in this divine dream: but it will not last long, and the immortal one awakes and rubs his sleepy eyes, and smiles; and our world has run to nothing — yes, has never been.

No matter — I live! If I am but the shadowy image in a dream, still this is better than the cold black void annihilation of death. *Life* is the greatest of blessings and death the worst of evils.

And I live! The great pulsation of nature beats too in my breast; and when I carol aloud, I am answered by a thousandfold echo. I hear a thousand nightingales. Spring hath sent them to awaken earth from her morning slumber, and earth trembles with ecstasy; her flowers are hymns, which she sings in inspiration to the sun; the sun moves far too slowly: I would fain lash on his steeds that they might advance more rapidly. But when he sinks hissing in the sea, and the night rises with her great eyes, oh then true pleasure first thrills through me like a new life, the evening breezes lie like flattering maidens on my wild heart, and the stars wink to me, and I rise and sweep over the little earth and the little thoughts of mankind.

But a day must come when the fire of youth will be quenched in my veins, when winter will dwell in my heart, when his snowflakes will whiten my locks and his mists will dim my eyes. Then my friends will lie in their weather-worn tombs, and I alone will remain like a solitary stalk forgotten by the reaper. A new

race will have sprung up, with new desires and new ideas; full of wonder, I hear new names and listen to new songs, for the old names are forgotten, and I myself am forgotten, perhaps honored by but few, scorned by many, and loved by none! And then the rosy-cheeked boys will spring around me and place the old harp in my trembling hand, and say laughing, "Thou indolent gray-headed old man, sing us again songs of the dreams of thy youth."

Then I will grasp the harp, and my old joys and sorrows will awake, the clouds will vanish, tears will again gleam on my pale cheeks. Spring will bloom once more in my breast, sweet tones of woe will tremble on the harp-strings. I shall see once more the blue flood and the marble palaces and the lovely faces of ladies and young girls, and I will sing a song of the flowers of the Brenta.

It will be my last song; the stars will gaze on me as in the nights of my youth, the loving moonlight will once more kiss my cheeks, the spirit chorus of nightingales long dead will sound flute-like from afar, my eyes intoxicated with sleep will softly close, my soul will re-echo with the notes of my harp — perfume breathes from the flowers of the Brenta.

A tree will shadow my grave. I would gladly have it a palm, but that tree will not grow in the North. It will be a linden, and of a summer evening lovers will sit there caressing; the green-finches will be listening silently, and my linden will rustle protectingly over the heads of the happy ones, who will be so happy that they will have no time to read what is written on the white tombstone. But when at a later day the lover has lost his love, then he will come again to the well-known linden, and sigh and weep, and gaze long and oft upon the stone until he reads the inscription, "He loved the flowers of the Brenta."

DÜSSELDORF

From 'Book Le Grand': Translation of Charles G. Leland

Yes, madam, there was I born; and I am particular in calling attention to this fact, lest after my death seven cities — those of Schilda, Krähwinkel, Polwitz, Bockum, Dülken, Göttingen, and Schöppenstadt — should contend for the honor of having witnessed my birth. Düsseldorf is a town on the Rhine

where about sixteen thousand mortals live, and where many hundred thousands are buried; and among them are many of whom my mother says it were better if they were still alive,—for example, my grandfather and my uncle, the old Herr van Geldern and the young Herr van Geldern, who were both such celebrated doctors and saved the lives of so many men, and yet at last must both die themselves. And good pious Ursula, who bore me when a child in her arms, also lies buried there, and a rose-bush grows over her grave; she loved rose perfume so much in her life, and her heart was all rose perfume and goodness. And the shrewd old Canonicus also lies there buried. Lord, how miserable he looked when I last saw him! He consisted of nothing but soul and plasters, and yet he studied night and day as though he feared lest the worms might find a few ideas missing in his head. Little William also lies there, and that is my fault. We were schoolmates in the Franciscan cloister, and were one day playing on that side of the building where the Düssel flows between stone walls, and I said, «William, do get the kitten out, which has just fallen in!» and he cheerfully climbed out on the board which stretched over the brook, and pulled the cat out of the water, but fell in himself, and when they took him out he was dripping and dead. The kitten lived to a good old age.

The town of Düsseldorf is very beautiful, and if you think of it when in foreign lands, and happen at the same time to have been born there, strange feelings come over the soul. I was born there, and feel as if I must go directly home. And when I say *home*, I mean the Völkerstrasse and the house where I was born. This house will be some day very remarkable, and I have sent word to the old lady who owns it that she must not for her life sell it. For the whole house she would now hardly get as much as the present which the green-veiled English ladies will give the servant-girl when she shows them the room where I was born, and the hen-house wherein my father generally imprisoned me for stealing grapes, and also the brown door on which my mother taught me to write with chalk—O Lord! madam, should I ever become a famous author, it has cost my poor mother trouble enough.

But my renown as yet slumbers in the marble quarries of Carrara; the waste-paper laurel with which they have bedecked my brow has not spread its perfume through the wide world; and the green-veiled English ladies, when they visit Düsseldorf, leave

the celebrated house unvisited, and go directly to the Market Place and there gaze on the colossal black equestrian statue which stands in its midst. This represents the Prince-Elector, Jan Wilhelm. He wears black armor and a long hanging wig.

In those days princes were not the persecuted wretches which they now are. Their crowns grew firmly on their heads, and at night they drew their caps over them and slept in peace; and their people slumbered calmly at their feet, and when they awoke in the morning they said, "Good-morning, father!" and he replied, "Good-morning, dear children!"

But there came a sudden change over all this; for one morning, when we awoke and would say, "Good-morning, father!" the father had traveled away, and in the whole town there was nothing but dumb sorrow. Everywhere there was a funeral-like expression, and people slipped silently through the market and read the long paper placed on the door of the town-house. It was dark and lowering, yet the lean tailor Kilian stood in the nankeen jacket which he generally wore only at home, and in his blue woolen stockings, so that his little bare legs peeped out as if in sorrow, and his thin lips quivered as he read murmuringly the handbill. An old invalid soldier from the Palatine read it in a somewhat louder tone, and little by little a transparent tear ran down his white, honorable old mustache. I stood near him, and asked why he wept? And he replied, "The Prince-Elector has abdicated." And then he read further, and at the words "for the long-manifested fidelity of my subjects," "and hereby release you from allegiance," he wept still more. It is a strange sight to see, when so old a man, in faded uniform, with a scarred veteran's face, suddenly bursts into tears. While we read, the Princely-Electoral coat-of-arms was being taken down from the Town Hall, and everything began to appear as miserably dreary as though we were waiting for an eclipse of the sun. The gentlemen town councilors went about at an abdicating wearisome gait; even the omnipotent beadle looked as though he had no more commands to give, and stood calmly indifferent, although the crazy Aloysius stood upon one leg and chattered the names of French generals, while the tipsy, crooked Gumpertz rolled around in the gutter, singing *Ça ira! Ça ira!*

But I went home, weeping and lamenting because "the Prince-Elector had *abducted!*" My mother had trouble enough to explain the word, but I would hear nothing. I knew what I knew,

and went weeping to bed, and in the night dreamed that the world had come to an end; that all the fair flower gardens and green meadows of the world were taken up and rolled up, and put away like carpets and baize from the floor; that a beadle climbed up on a high ladder and took down the sun; and that the tailor Kilian stood by and said to himself, "I must go home and dress myself neatly, for I am dead and am to be buried this afternoon." And it grew darker and darker; a few stars glimmered sparely on high, and these at length fell down like yellow leaves in autumn; one by one all men vanished, and I, a poor child, wandered in anguish around, until, before the willow fence of a deserted farm-house, I saw a man digging up the earth with a spade, and near him an ugly spiteful-looking woman who held something in her apron like a human head—but it was the moon, and she laid it carefully in the open grave; and behind me stood the Palatine invalid, sighing, and spelling "The Prince-Elector has abducted." . . .

The next day the world was again all in order, and we had school as before, and things were got by heart as before: the Roman emperors, chronology, the *nomina* in *im*, the *verba irregularia*, Greek, Hebrew, geography, German, mental arithmetic—Lord! my head is still giddy with it!—all must be thoroughly learned. And much of it was eventually to my advantage. For had I not learned the Roman emperors by heart, it would subsequently have been a matter of perfect indifference to me whether Niebuhr had or had not proved that they never really existed. And had I not learned the numbers of the different years, how could I ever in later years have found out any one in Berlin, where one house is as like another as drops of water or as grenadiers, and where it is impossible to find a friend unless you have the number of his house in your head? Therefore I associated with every friend some historical event which had happened in a year corresponding to the number of his house, so that the one recalled the other, and some curious point in history always occurred to me whenever I met any one whom I visited. For instance, when I met my tailor I at once thought of the battle of Marathon; if I saw the banker Christian Gumpel, I remembered the destruction of Jerusalem; if a Portuguese friend deeply in debt, of the flight of Mahomet; if the university judge, a man whose probity is well known, of the death of Haman; and if Wadzeck, I was at once reminded of Cleopatra. Ah, heaven! the

poor creature is dead now; our tears are dry, and we may say of her with Hamlet, "Take her for all in all, she was an old woman; we oft shall look upon her like again!" But as I said, chronology is necessary. I know men who have nothing in their heads but a few years, yet who know exactly where to look for the right houses, and are moreover regular professors. But oh, the trouble I had at school with my learning to count! and it went even worse with the ready reckoning. I understood best of all *subtraction*, and for this I had a very practical rule: "four can't be taken from three, therefore I must borrow one;" but I advise all in such a case to borrow a few extra dollars, for no one can tell what may happen.

THE PHILISTINE OF BERLIN

From 'Italy'

I AM the politest man in the world. I am happy in the reflection that I have never been rude in this life, where there are so many intolerable scamps who take you by the button and draw out their grievances, or even declaim their poems—yes, with true Christian patience have I ever listened to their *misereres* without betraying by a glance the intensity of ennui and of boredom into which my soul was plunged. Like unto a penitential martyr of a Brahmin, who offers up his body to devouring vermin, so that the creatures (also created by God) may satiate their appetites, so have I for a whole day taken my stand and calmly listened as I grinned and bore the chattering of the rabble, and my internal sighs were only heard by Him who rewards virtue.

But the wisdom of daily life enjoins politeness, and forbids a vexed silence or a vexatious reply, even when some chuckle-headed "commercial councilor" or barren-brained cheesemonger makes a set at us, beginning a conversation common to all Europe with the words, "Fine weather to-day." No one knows but that we may meet that same Philistine again, when he may wreak bitter vengeance on us for not politely replying, "It is very fine weather." Nay, it may even happen, dear reader, that thou mayest, some fine day, come to sit by the Philistine aforesaid in the inn at Cassel, and at the *table d'hôte*, even by his left side, when he is exactly the very man who has the dish with a jolly brown carp in it, which he is merrily dividing among the many.

If he now chance to have some ancient grudge against thee, he pushes away the dish to the right, so that thou gettest not the smallest bit of tail, and therewith canst not carp at all. For, alas! thou art just the thirteenth at table, which is always an unlucky thing when thou sittest at the left hand of the carver and the dish goes around to the right. And to get no carp is a great evil — perhaps, next to the loss of the national cockade, the greatest of all. The Philistine who has prepared this evil now mocks thee with a heavy grin, offering thee the laurel leaves which lie in the brown sauce. Alas! what avail laurels, if you have no carp with them; and the Philistine twinkles his eyes and snickers, and whispers, "Fine weather to-day!"

Ah! dear soul, it may even happen to thee that thou wilt at last come to lie in some church-yard next to that same Philistine, and when on the Day of Judgment thou hearest the trumpet sound, and sayest to thy neighbor, "Good friend, be so kind as to reach me your hand, if you please, and help me to stand up; my left leg is asleep with this damned long lying still!" — then thou wilt suddenly remember the well-known Philistine laugh, and wilt hear the mocking tones of "Fine weather to-day!"

"Foine wey-ther to-day!"

O reader, if you could only have heard the tone — the incomparable treble-base — in which these words were uttered, and could have seen the speaker himself, — the arch-prosaic, widow's-savings-bank countenance, the stupid-cute eyelets, the cocked-up, cunning, investigating nose, — you would at once have said, "This flower grew on no common sand, and these tones are in the dialect of Charlottenburg, where the tongue of Berlin is spoken even better than in Berlin itself."

I am the politest man in the world. I love to eat brown carps, and I believe in the resurrection. Therefore I replied, "In fact, the weather is very fine."

When the son of the Spree heard that, he grappled boldly on me, and I could not escape from his endless questions, to which he himself answered; nor, above all, from his comparisons between Berlin and Munich, which latter city he would not admit had a single good hair growing on it.

I, however, took the modern Athens under my protection, being always accustomed to praise the place where I am. Friend reader, if I did this at the expense of Berlin, you will forgive me when I quietly confess that it was done out of pure policy,

for I am fully aware that if I should ever begin to praise my good Berliners, my renown would be forever at an end among them; for they would begin at once to shrug their shoulders, and whisper to one another, "The man must be uncommonly green: he even praises *us!*" No town in the world has so little local patriotism as Berlin. A thousand miserable poets have, it is true, long since celebrated Berlin both in prose and in rhyme, yet no cock in Berlin crowed their praise and no hen was cooked for them, and "under the Lindens" they were esteemed miserable poets as before. . . .

But after all, between you and me, reader, when it comes to calling the whole town "a new Athens," the designation is a little absurd; and it costs me not a little trouble to represent it in this light. This went home to my very heart in the dialogue with the Berlin Philister, who, though he had conversed for some time with me, was unpolite enough to find an utter want of the first grain of Attic salt in the new Athens.

"That," he cried tolerably loudly, "is only to be found in Berlin. There, and there only, is wit and irony. Here they have good white beer, but no irony."

"No, we haven't got irony," cried Nannerl, the pretty, well-formed waiting-maid, who at this instant sprang past us; "but you can have any other sort of beer."

It grieved me to the heart that Nannerl should take irony to be any sort of beer, were it even the best brew of Stettin; and to prevent her from falling in future into such errors, I began to teach her after the following wise:—"Pretty Nannerl, irony is not beer, but an invention of the Berlin people,—the wisest folks in the world,—who were awfully vexed because they came too late into the world to invent gunpowder, and therefore undertook to find out something which should answer as well. Once upon a time, my dear, when a man had said or done something stupid, how could the matter be helped? That which was done could not be undone, and people said that the man was an ass. That was disagreeable. In Berlin, where the people are shrewdest, and where the most stupid things happen, the people soon found out the inconvenience. The government took hold of the matter vigorously: only the greater blunders were allowed to be printed, the lesser were simply suffered in conversation; only professors and high officials could say stupid things in public, lesser people could only make asses of themselves in private:

but all of these regulations were of no avail; suppressed stupidities availed themselves of extraordinary opportunities to come to light, those below were protected by those above, and the emergency was terrible, until some one discovered a reactionary means whereby every piece of stupidity could change its nature, and even be metamorphosed into wisdom. The process is altogether plain and easy, and consists simply in a man's declaring that the stupid word or deed of which he has been guilty was meant ironically. So, my dear girl, all things get along in this world: stupidity becomes irony, toadyism which has missed its aim becomes satire, natural coarseness is changed to artistic raillery, real madness is humor, ignorance real wit, and thou thyself art finally the Aspasia of the modern Athens."

I would have said more, but pretty Nannerl, whom I had up to this point held fast by the apron-string, broke away loose by main force, as the entire band of assembled guests began to roar for "A beer! a beer!" in stormy chorus. But the Berliner himself looked like irony incarnate as he remarked the enthusiasm with which the foaming glasses were welcomed, and after pointing to a group of beer-drinkers who toasted their hop nectar and disputed as to its excellence, he said smiling, "Those are your Athenians!"

HEINE'S VISIT TO GOETHE

When I visited him in Weimar, and stood before him, I involuntarily glanced at his side to see whether the eagle was not there with the lightning in his beak. I was nearly speaking Greek to him; but as I observed that he understood German, I stated to him in German that the plums on the road between Jena and Weimar were very good. I had for so many long winter nights thought over what lofty and profound things I would say to Goethe, if ever I saw him — and when I saw him at last, I said to him that the Saxon plums were very good! And Goethe smiled.

Translation of Stern and Snodgrass.

HELIODORUS

(Fourth Century A. D.)

UR English — or more generally, our modern — novel is the progeny of the Greek romance of Heliodorus. If the self-respecting, simple-minded old bishop could have foreseen the vast concourse of the children of his mind, as numerous as the sands of his native Syria, would he have suppressed it? A legend still preserved leads one to think he would not; for Heliodorus, according to the account, had the courage of his romance-writing. The story says that after some Thessalian young persons, in the fourth century, had been misled to love by this Æthiopica of Heliodorus, the synod of the Church decreed that such amorous and inflaming literature should be committed to the flames, or the author deprived of his bishopric of Tricca. To the glory of Heliodorus, it should be added that he preferred resigning his prelacy to suppressing his genius.

Heliodorus was not the first romance writer. Other Greeks had humanized Oriental allegory, parable, and fictitious narrative,—the Greek race was wont to humanize whatever of outlandish art or religion came to it; and the Greek story-tellers, even before the Bishop of Tricca, made their heroes men and their heroines women, living natural lives without the intervention of genii or magic. But the tales of these forerunners have not been saved except in summaries. It was Heliodorus whose art so charmed that it preserved his little tales, and became a model for Longus, Achilles Tatius, and others who came after him. There is no better example in all literature of the quiet, silent working through centuries of a book of genuine human value. To his contemporaries Heliodorus was of so small value that the closing sentence of his romance — "Thus endeth the Æthiopian historie of Theagenes and Cariclia, the author wereof is Heliodorus of Emesos, a citie in Phœnicia, sonne of Theodosius, which fetched his petigree from the Sunne" — is about all the record we have of him.

His romance was brought to modern light by a German soldier, who in the plunder of a library at Buda in 1526, attracted by the rich binding of a manuscript, stole it. He brought his treasure westward and sold it to Vincent Obsopæus, who published it in Basle in 1534. "Until this period," says Huet in his treatise on the origin of romances (Huet was a courtier of Louis XIV.), "nothing had been seen

better conceived or better executed than those adventures of Theagenes and Chariclea. Nothing can be more chaste than their loves, in which the author's own virtuous mind assists the religion of Christianity, which he professed, in diffusing over the whole work that air of *honnêteté* in which almost all the earlier romances are deficient. The incidents are numerous, novel, probable, and skillfully unfolded. The dénouement is admirable: it is natural; it grows out of the subject; and it is in the highest degree touching and pathetic.» Quickly told, the story is this. The lovers — Chariclea, a priestess of Delphi, and Theagenes, a descendant of Achilles — fly to Egypt. After many adventures and misfortunes, they come to Æthiopia and are about to suffer immolation to the sun and moon, when it is revealed that Chariclea is the daughter of the king reigning in that country. By a miracle she had been born white. The marriage of the lovers follows.

In 1547 Jacques Amyot translated the story into French. It also found a translation into several other languages, and has exerted a wide influence upon fictitious narrative. It was universally read. «Heliodorus, that good Bishop of Tricca,» says Montaigne in one of his essays, «rather chose to lose the dignity, profit, and devotion of so venerable a prelacy than to lose his daughter: a daughter that continues to this day very graceful and comely; but notwithstanding, peradventure a little too curiously and wantonly trickt, and too amorous, for an ecclesiastical and sacerdotal daughter.» In this century of the reappearance also,— the century in which Montaigne wrote,— Tasso, promising the courtiers of the French King that such favorite reading of theirs should be preserved in the glories of Italian verse, transferred to the heroine Clorinda the incidents of the birth and early life of Chariclea; Tasso's friend Guarini imitated the proposed sacrifice and the discovery of the birth of Chariclea in his pastoral drama 'Pastor Fido.' The boyhood of Racine, it is also said, was lighted by Heliodorus's story; for when at Port Royal, his imagination well-nigh smothered by the mass of dry erudition the monks had heaped upon him, he came by chance upon this romance. The fathers burnt the first copy, and the second, and a third, but the mischief had been done; Racine's imagination had been saved, and throughout his life the story was beloved of him. Both French and English writers of tragedy have used the plot for plays; and Raphael, aided by Giulio Romano, took two of the most striking incidents of the story for his canvases. In one he has painted the moment when Theagenes and Chariclea meet in the temple of Delphi; in the other, Chariclea on board the Tyrian ship is imploring the captain of the pirates that she may not be separated from her lover and the Egyptian priest. Says Charles Whibley in his Introduction to the romance:

«The invention of Heliodorus carries the reader far away from life and observation. Bloodthirsty pirates and armed men, caves and ambushes, dreams and visions, burnings, poisonings, and sudden deaths, battle and rapine,—these are the material of his ancient story. . . . It is in his opening scene that Heliodorus best approves his skill. He plunges at once into a very tangle of events, and captures the attention by a fearless contempt of prologue and explanation. . . . Throughout, the author shows himself a master of construction. Though his plot be involved, though his story begin anywhere else than at the beginning, it is the surest of hands which holds the thread. . . . The purpose of the narrative is never confused, and you reach the appointed end with a complete consciousness of the story's shape and construction. . . . For him the adventure was the beginning and the end of art. . . . There was never a writer who closed his senses more resolutely to the sights and sounds of actuality. In him the faculty of observation was replaced by the self-consciousness of the littérateur. Not even his vocabulary was fresh or original. Coray, the wisest of his editors, has proved that he borrowed his words as ingeniously as he concocted his episodes. His prose, in fact, is elaborately composed of tags from Homer and the Tragedians.»

The Greek text has been many times edited,—most successfully by Coray, whose edition appeared in Paris in 1804. The following are two episodes taken from the English version of Underdowne—«An Æthiopian Historie written in Greeke by Heliodorus no lesse wittie then pleasaunt Englished by Thomas Underdowne and newly corrected and augmented with divers and sundry new additions by the said authour whereunto is also annexed the argument of every booke in the beginning of the same for the better understanding of the storie. 1587.» The relation to the Greek original is often remote or casual; the version is of great independent value, however, as a monument of English prose.

THE LOVERS

From 'The First Booke'

As soone as the day appeared and the Sunne began to shine on the tops of the hilles, men whose custome was to live by rapine and violence ranne to the top of a hill that stretched towards the mouth of Nylus called Heracleot: where standing awhile they viewed the sea underneath them, and when they had looked a good season a far off into the same, and could see nothing that might put them in hope of pray, they cast their eyes somewhat neare the shoare: where a shippe, tyed with cables to the maine land, lay at road, without sailers, and full fraughted, which thing they who were a farre of might easily conjecture:

for the burden caused the shippe to drawe water within the bourdes of the decke. But on the shore every place was ful of men, some quite dead, some halfe dead, some whose bodies yet panted, and plainly declared that there had ben a battell fought of late.

But there could be seene no signes or tokens of any just quarell, but there seemed to be an ill and unluckie banket, and those that remained, obtained such ende. For the tables were furnished with delicate dishes, some whereof laie in the handes of those that were slaine, being in steede of weapons to some of them in the battaile, so souddenly begunne. Others covered such as crope under them to hide themselves, as they thought. Besides, the cuppes were overthrowen, and fell out of the handes, either of them that dranke, or those who had in steade of stones used them. For that soudaine mischiefe wrought newe devises, and taught them in steade of weapons to use their pottes. Of those who lay there, one was wounded with an axe, an other was hurte with the shelles of fishes, whereof on the shore there was great plentie, an other was al to crushed with a lever, many burnt with fire, and the rest by divers other meanes, but most of all were slaine with arrowes. To be briefe, God shewed a wonderfull sight in so shorte time, bruing bloude with wine, joyning battaile with banketting, mingling indifferently slaughters with drinkings, and killing with quaffinges, providing such a sight for the theeves of Egypt to gaze at.

For they, when they had given these thinges the lookinge-on a good while from the hill, coulde not understande what that sight meante: for asmuch as they saw some slaine there, but the conquerors coulde they see no where; a manifest victorie but no spoyls taken away; a shippe without mariners onely, but as concerning other things untouched, as if shee had beene kept with a garde of many men, and lay at road in a faulse harboure. But for all that they knew not what that thing meant, yet they had respect to their lucre and gaine.

When therefore they had determined that themselves were the victors, they drewe neare unto the same: and not being farre from the ship and those that were slaine, they saw a sight more perplexed then the rest a great deale. A maid endued with excellent beautie, which also might be supposed a goddesse, sate uppon a rocke, who seemed not a little to bee grieved with that present mischaunce, but for al that of excellent courage: she had

a garland of laurell on her head, a quiver on her backe, and in her lefte hand a bowe, leaning upon her thigh with her other hande, and looking downewarde, without moving of her head, beholding a certaine young man a good way off, the which was sore wounded, and seemed to lift up himselfe as if he had bin wakened out of a deep sleepe, almost of death it selfe: yet was he in this case of singular beautie, and for all that his cheekes were besprinkled with bloude, his whitenes did appeare so much the more. He was constrained for griefe to cloase his eyes, yet caused he the maide to looke stedfastly upon him, and these things must they needs see, because they saw her. But as soone as he came to him selfe a little, he uttered these words very faintly. And art thou safe in deede my sweet hart, quoth hee? or else hast thou with thy death by any mischance augmented this slaughter? Thou canst not, no, not by death, be separated from me. But of the fruition of thy sight and thy life, doeth all mine estate depend. Yea in you (answered the maide) doeth my whole fortune consist, whither I shall live or die; and for this cause, you see (shewing a knife in her hande) this was hetherto readie, but only for your recovering was restrayned. And as soone as shee had saide thus, she leapt from the stone, and they who were on the hill, as well for wonder as also for the feare they had, as if they had beene stricken with lightning, ranne everie man to hide them in the bushes there beside. For she seemed to them a thing of greater price, and more heavenlie, when she stoode upright, and her arrowes with the sudden moving of her bodie, gave a clashe on her shoulders, her apparrell wrought with golde glistered against the Sunne, and her haire under her garlande, blowen about with the winde, covered a great part of her backe. The theeves were greatly afraide of these thinges, the rather for that they understoode not what that should meane which they sawe. Some of them said indeede it was a Goddesse and Diana, other said it was Isis, which was honoured there: but some of them said it was some Priest of the Gods, that replenished with Divine furie had made the great slaughter which there appeared; and thus everie man gave his verdite, because they knewe not the trueth. But she hastilie running to the young man embraced him, wept for sorrow, kissed him, wiped away his bloud, and made pitiful mone, being very carefull for his safetie.

THEAGENES AND THE BULL

From 'The Tenth Booke'

As soone as Hidaspes had in fewe woordes declared to the people his victorie, and what he had done else luckily for the common wealth, he commanded them who had to do with the holy affaires to beginne their sacrifice. There were three altars made: two which appertained to the Sunne and Moon were set together; the third thus was Bacchus, was erected a good way off; to him they sacrificed al manner of living things, because that his power is wel knowen, as I suppose, and pleaseth all. Uppon the other altars to the Sunne were offered young white horses, and to the Moone a yoke of oxen, by reason that they helpe them in their husbandrie. Not farre from thence, while these thinges were in doing, there was a soudaine uncertain voice heard (as is like would be among such a multitude) which cried: Let the sacrifice which our countrie accustometh to do, be now made for all our safeties, then let the first fruits that were gotten in the war be offered.

Hidaspes perceived that they called for humane sacrifices, which are woont to be offered of those that are taken in straung warres; and beckoned with hand, and told them that he would by and by doo what they required; and therewith he commaunded the prisoners appointed for the purpose to be brought foorth, among whom came Theagenes, and Cariclia, not bound, but garded about with men: all the other were heavie,—and good reason why,—saving Theagenes; and Cariclia smiled, and went with a cheerefull countenaunce. . . . At the altar of the Moone stoode two bullockes; and at the altar of the Sunne foure white horses, to be sacrificed: when the monstrous and strounge beast came in sight, they were as sore troubled, and afraid as if they had sene a sprite; and one of the bulles, which as might be thought sawe the beast alone, and two horses, brake out of their handes that helde them, and ranne about as fast as they could: mary, they could not breake out of the compasse of the army, because the souldiers with their shieldes had made as it were a wall round; but they ranne here and there, and overthrewe all that stoode in their way, were it vessel or anything els; so that there was a great shout, as well of those to whome they came for feare, as also for joy and pleasure that other had to see them overrunne their mates, and tread them under their feete. . . .

Then Theagenes, either moved with his own manly courage or else sturred forwarde with strength sent him of God, when he sawe his keepers that attended uppon him dispersed here and there, with the tumulte start up soudainely (for before he kneeled at the altar, and looked every minute to be slaine) and tooke up a cleft sticke, whereof there lay a great many upon the altar, and leapt uppon one of the horses that was broken loose, and holding him by the mane in steede of a bridle, and with his heeles and the cleft sticke making him to go, folowed the Bull. At the first every man thought that Theagenes would have bene gone, and therefore incouraged one another that they would not let him goe out of compasse of the souldiers. But by that hee did after, they sawe he did it not for feare, not to avoid the sacrificing: for when he had overtaken the Bull, in verie short time, he tooke him by the taile, and drave him forward of purpose to weary him in making him runne faster, which way so ever he went, hee followed after him, and with great skill so tooke heede to his shorte turnes that they hurt him not. After he had acquainted the Bull with this, he rode at his side, so neare that their skinnes touched, and their breathes and sweatte were mingled together, and he made them keepe so equall a course too, that those who were a farre off deemed that they had bene made but one, and commended Theagenes to the heavens, that had so straungly yoked a horse and a Bull together.

And upon this looked all the people; but when Cariclia saw it, shee trembled and quaked, because she knew not what hee meant, and was as sore afraide of his hurte, if he should by ill happe have a fall, as if she should have bene slaine herselfe. . . . Theagenes, after he had let the horse runne as faste as he coulde, so long till his breast was equall with the Bulles head, he let him go at libertie, and fell upon the Bulles head betweene his hornes, and cast his armes about his head like a garlande, and clasped his fingers on his forhead before, and let the rest of his body hang downe by the right shoulder of him. So that the Bull in going hurt him a little. After Theagenes perceived that he was weary with the great burthen, and his muscles were faint with too much travell, and that hee came before the place where Hydaspes sate, he turned himselfe before and set his feete before the Bull, who beatte upon his hoofes stil, and so tripped him. He being let of his course, and overcome with the strength of the young man, fell downe upon his head and shoulders, so that

his hornes stucke so fast in the ground, that he could not move his head, and his feete stoode upward, with which he sprawled in vaine a great while, and by his feeblenes declared that he was overcome. Theagenes lay uppon him, and with his left hand held him downe, but lifted his right hand up to heaven, and looked merrilie upon Hydaspes and all that were there els, who laughed and were much delighted with that sight, and they heard that the Bull with his lowing declared the famousnesse of the victorie, as wel as if it had beene declared with a trumpet. On the other side was a great shoute of the people, that said plainly nothing that one could understand to his praise, but with their wide throates and gaping mouthes (as in like assemblies doeth oft happen) they seemed to extoll him to the heavens with one consent.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

(1793–1835)

Of Mrs. Hemans, the critical Gilfillan said that she was "no Sibyl, but the most feminine writer of the age," and that "She sat before her lyre, not touching it with awful reverence as though each string were a star, nor using it as the mere conductor to her overflowing thoughts, but regarding it as the soother and sustainer of her own high-wrought emotions — a graceful *alias* of herself."

It was because of this peace, sweetness, and high serenity, that for two generations her poetry found so full a response in the minds of all English-speaking women of taste and refinement, who recognized in it the harmonious expression of their own emotions and sentiments. Thus she became a household poet not only in England but in the United States, where she was so popular that she was invited to conduct a magazine in Boston, while most American visitors to England made pilgrimages to see her. Many of her poems, like 'Casabianca,' 'The Graves of a Household,' 'Child amid the Flowers at Play,' 'Bernardo del Carpio,' 'The Better Land,' and 'The Burial of William the Conqueror,' long ago attained the immortality of school-books, and are known by heart among innumerable readers to whom the name of Mrs. Hemans is a name only.

Felicia D. Hemans

Felicia Dorothea Browne was born in Liverpool, September 25th, 1793, and brought up in Wales, whither her father shortly removed. The little girl was early noted for her "extreme beauty and precocious talents." She was particularly fond of Shakespeare, and read his plays "in a secret haunt of her own — a seat among the branches of an old apple-tree, where she reveled in the treasures of the cherished volume." At the age of fourteen she published her first poems. At eighteen she was married to Captain Hemans, of the British army. Six years afterwards, the marriage proving an unhappy one, they separated, the husband going abroad and the wife devoting her life to her five sons. Yet the busy mother and teacher found much time for writing, won several prizes for her poems, and attained a wide

literary fame. Her drama 'The Vespers of Palermo' was represented, unsuccessfully, at Covent Garden in 1823. Her own keen criticism of her 'Storm-Painter'—"it seemed all done in pale water-colors"—is equally true of this tragedy.

In 1825 she settled in Rhyllon, Wales, the country of her deepest affection. There "An atmosphere of home gathered round the dwelling," writes her sister; "roses were planted and honeysuckles trained, and the rustling of the solitary poplar near her window was taken into her heart like the voice of a friend. The dingle became a favorite haunt, where she would pass many hours of dream-like enjoyment with her books and her own sweet fancies, her children playing round her." Here she wrote 'Records of Women' (1828), which she said contained most of her "heart and individual feelings"; though all her work, of which she published eighteen separate volumes, is marked by absolute sincerity, careful and melodious versification, and lofty feeling. In 1829 Mrs. Hemans visited Walter Scott, a visit vividly described in her letters. He admired her greatly, but not her verses, for he told Joanna Baillie that she had "too many flowers and too little fruit." The severe Jeffrey, on the other hand, declared that she was "beyond all comparison the most touching and accomplished writer of occasional verses that our literature has yet to boast of"; while Alison pronounced her the equal of Coleridge, "if not in depth of thought, at least in tenderness of feeling and beauty of expression." He added that she "required only to have written a little less to have been one of the greatest lyric poets that England ever produced." Wordsworth was very fond of her, saying that "in quickness of mind she had, within the range of his acquaintance, no equal." At Rydal Mount he thought her talk delightful, as they strolled through his favorite vales or clambered along the mountain paths above Grasmere Lake. In his 'Epitaphs' he wrote—

"Mourn rather for that holy spirit
Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep;
For her who, ere her summer faded,
Has sunk into a breathless sleep."

Many of her shorter poems appeared in the ephemeral style of her day, for "editors of little books in silken trimmings were always on their knees before her." Beautiful and winning to the end, she spent her last years at the house of her brother in Dublin, where she charmed a brilliant literary coterie. There at the early age of forty-one she died.

A collective edition of Mrs. Hemans's 'Poems' in seven volumes was published in 1839 by her sister, Mrs. Hughes, who also wrote a 'Memoir.' Several American editions were issued from 1825 to 1850, and a modern edition was published by W. M. Rossetti (London, 1873).

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND

The stately homes of England!
How beautiful they stand
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land!
The deer across their greensward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam;
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England!
Around their hearths by night
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light!
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told;
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England!
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath hours!
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime
Floats through their woods at morn;
All other sounds in that still time
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England!
By thousands on her plains
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks
And round the hamlet fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves;
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the birds beneath their eaves.

The free, fair homes of England!
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall!
And green forever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God!

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW ENGLAND

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame:

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,—
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band:
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found,—
Freedom to worship God.

THE HOUR OF DEATH

LEAVES have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer—
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth!

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hues shall tinge the golden grain—
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?
They have *one* season—all are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home;
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;
Thou art where foe meets foe, and tempests rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

THE LOST PLEIAD

And is there glory from the heavens departed?
O void unmarked!—thy sisters of the sky
Still hold their place on high,
Though from its rank thine orb so long hath started,—
Thou that no more art seen of mortal eye.

Hath the night lost a gem, the regal night?
She wears her crown of old magnificence,
Though thou art exiled thence;
No desert seems to part those urns of light,
Midst the far depth of purple gloom intense.

They rise in joy, the starry myriads burning:
The shepherd greets them on his mountains free;
And from the silvery sea
To them the sailor's wakeful eye is turning—
Unchanged they rise, they have not mourned for thee.

Couldst thou be shaken from thy radiant place,
E'en as a dewdrop from the myrtle spray,
Swept by the wind away?
Wert thou not peopled by some glorious race,
And was there power to smite them with decay?

Why, who shall talk of thrones, of sceptres riven?
Bowed be our hearts to think of what *we* are,
When from its height afar
A world sinks thus—and yon majestic heaven
Shines not the less for that one vanished star!

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP

WHAT hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells,
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main?
Pale glistening pearls and rainbow-colored shells,
Bright things which gleam unrecked-of and in vain!
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy Sea!
We ask not such from thee.

Yet more — the depths have more! What wealth untold,
Far down and shining through their stillness, lies!
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal argosies!
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main!
Earth claims not *these* again.

Yet more — the depths have more! Thy waves have rolled
Above the cities of a world gone by;
Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,
Seaweed o'ergrown the halls of revelry.
Dash o'er them, Ocean, in thy scornful play!
Man yields them to decay.

Yet more — the billows and the depths have more!
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast!
They hear not now the booming waters' roar,
The battle thunders will not break their rest.
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave!
Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely! those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long!
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song.
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown —
But all is not thine own.

To thee the love of woman hath gone down;
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown;
Yet must thou hear a voice: Restore the dead!
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee —
Restore the dead, thou Sea!

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

(1849–)

For an author of reputation so extended, Mr. Henley's work is singularly limited in amount, consisting only of a few small volumes of poetry and essays. These books, however, represent a wide range of study and thought. William Ernest Henley was born in Gloucester, England, in 1849, and was educated in his native city. In 1875 he began to write for the London magazines, and edited for two years a short-lived journal called London, in which many of his verses first appeared. In 1889 he became editor of the Scots Observer (now the National Observer), and afterwards of the New Review, published in London, where he lives. This monthly is representative of the younger schools and late developments in literature.

William E. Henley

His critical essays contributed to the Saturday Review, the Athenæum, and other journals, were published in 1890 as 'Views and Reviews.' In 1873 appeared 'In Hospital: Rhymes and Rhythms,' and in 1888 a small 'Book of Verses,' followed by 'The Song of the Sword,' published in 1892. Two volumes, 'Lyra Heroica' and an anthology of English prose, were prepared by him; and he also wrote with Robert Louis Stevenson a volume of plays, published in 1893, of which 'Beau Austin' was acted at the Haymarket Theatre with great success. With Stevenson he published also 'Macaire' (1895), a melodramatic farce, which is a new version of the famous old harlequinade.

The 'Hospital' verses are unconventional, bold to the verge of daring, and belong perhaps rather to the field of pathology than of poetry. Surgeon's lint and antiseptics cannot be made attractive lyrical themes. Yet often there is vivid, if sombre, imagination in this series. Fine is the skill with which Henley, turning from these modern eccentricities, produces old French forms of verse, polished with the most delicate precision, and fancifully embellished. In the division called 'Life and Death' the poems are full of depth and beauty, and now and again one comes on a perfect song. In 'The

Song of the Sword' his many-colored mind produces work of a various character. The first part is an unrhymed rhythmical piece of declamation, suggestive of the saga, in which the sword speaks out of its bold heart; the second group, entitled 'London Voluntaries,' has placed Henley's name among those poets who are pre-eminently associated with London streets and scenes. This poem-group, describing the city at various times of the year and day, has been compared to Whistler's studies of the world's greatest capital. Here is the same vivid drawing, the same impression of space and distance, and the same emphasis of the personality of the city. Henley's word pictures show how accurate is the comparison: —

> «See the batch of boats
> Here at the stairs, washed in the fresh-sprung beam!
> And those are barges that were goblin floats,
> Black, hag-steered, fraught with devilry and dream!
> And in the piles the waters frolic clear,
> The ripples into loose rings wander and flee,
> And we — we can behold, that could but hear
> The ancient River singing as he goes
> New-mailed in morning to the ancient Sea.»

In the final division, called 'Rhymes and Rhythms,' are many pieces of striking originality and lovely musical quality, our second poetical selection affording an illustration. It is interesting to compare Henley's treatment of London with that of Wordsworth's in his great sonnet 'On Westminster Bridge,' in which he looks upon a city that

> «doth like a garment wear
> The beauty of the morning.»

Mr. Henley's critical qualities have been compared by Marriott Watson to «the flare of an electric light.» «There are queer patches of blackness outside the path of the illumination,» he says, «passages of darkness along the angles; but within these confines the white light cuts its way rudely, sharply, and with pitiless severity. Along the sphere of the irradiation the white flare is merciless in its scrutiny; every fault and flaw is picked out as by magic, every virtue is assigned its value.» This however gives but one side, the acidulous, biting side, of Henley's genius. At times, as in the wonderfully fine closing sentences of the prose selection herewith given, he is a prose poet writing English of music, majesty, and imaginative splendor.

BALLADE OF MIDSUMMER DAYS AND NIGHTS

With a ripple of leaves and a tinkle of streams
The full world rolls in a rhythm of praise,
And the winds are one with the clouds and beams—
Midsummer days! midsummer days!
The dusk grows vast; in a purple haze,
While the west from a rapture of sunset rights,
Faint stars their exquisite lamps upraise—
Midsummer nights! O midsummer nights!

The wood's green heart is a nest of dreams,
The lush grass thickens and springs and sways,
The rathe wheat rustles, the landscape gleams—
Midsummer days! midsummer days!
In the stilly fields, in the stilly ways,
All secret shadows and mystic lights,
Late lovers murmurous linger and gaze—
Midsummer nights! O midsummer nights!

There's a music of bells from the trampling teams,
Wild skylarks hover, the gorses blaze,
The rich ripe rose as with incense steams—
Midsummer days! midsummer days!
A soul from the honeysuckle strays,
And the nightingale as from prophet heights
Sings to the earth of her million Mays—
Midsummer nights! O midsummer nights!

ENVOY

And it's oh! for my dear, and the charm that stays—
Midsummer days! midsummer days!
It's oh! for my love, and the dark that plights—
Midsummer nights! O midsummer nights!

LONGFELLOW AND THE WATER-WORLD

From 'Views and Reviews'

The ocean as confidant, a Laertes that can neither avoid his Hamlets nor bid them hold their peace, is a modern invention. Byron and Shelley discovered it; Heine took it into his confidence and told it the story of his loves; Wordsworth made it a moral influence; Browning loved it in his way, but his way

was not often the poet's; to Matthew Arnold it was the voice of destiny, and its message was a message of despair; Hugo conferred with it as with a humble friend, and uttered such lofty things over it as are rarely heard upon the lips of man.

And so with living lyrists, each after his kind. Lord Tennyson listens and looks until it strikes him out an undying note of passion, or yearning, or regret: —

> "Sunset and evening star,
> And one clear call for me;"

Mr. Swinburne maddens with the wind and the sounds and the scent of it, until there passes into his verse a something of its vastness and its vehemency, the rapture of its inspiration, the palpitating, many-twinkling miracle of its light; Mr. William Morris has been taken with the manner of its melancholy; while to Whitman it has been "the great Camerado" indeed, for it gave him that song of the brown bird bereft of its mate, in whose absence the half of him had not been told to us.

But to Longfellow alone was it given to see that stately galley which Count Arnaldos saw; his only to hear the steersman singing that wild and wondrous song which none that hears it can resist, and none that has heard it may forget. Then did he learn the old monster's secret — the word of his charm, the core of his mystery, the human note in his music, the quality of his influence upon the heart and the mind of man; and then did he win himself a place apart among sea poets. With the most of them it is a case of "Ego et rex meus": it is "I and the sea, and my egoism is as valiant and as vocal as the other's." But Longfellow is the spokesman of a confraternity; what thrills him to utterance is the spirit of that strange and beautiful freemasonry established as long ago as when the first sailor steered the first keel out into the unknown, irresistible water-world, and so established the foundations of the eternal brotherhood of man with ocean. To him the sea is a place of mariners and ships. In his verse the rigging creaks, the white sail fills and crackles, there are blown smells of pine and hemp and tar; you catch the home wind on your cheeks; and old shipmen, their eyeballs white in their bronzed faces, with silver rings and gaudy handkerchiefs, come in and tell you moving stories of the immemorial, incommunicable deep. He abides in a port; he goes down to the docks, and loiters among the galiots and brigantines; he hears the melancholy song of the chanty-men; he sees the chips flying

under the shipwright's adze; he smells the pitch that smokes and bubbles in the caldron. And straightway he falls to singing his variations on the ballad of Count Arnaldos; and the world listens, for its heart beats in his song.

«OUT OF THE NIGHT THAT COVERS ME»

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from Pole to Pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud,
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

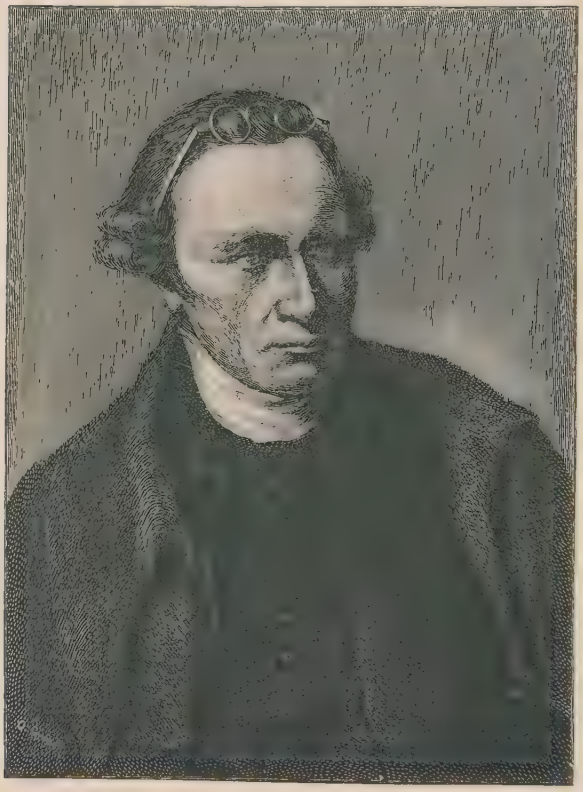
It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll.
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul.

«OH, TIME AND CHANGE»

From 'The Song of the Sword and Other Verses.' Copyright 1892, by Charles Scribner's Sons

Oh, Time and Change, they range and range
From sunshine round to thunder!
They glance and go as the great winds blow,
And the best of our dreams drive under;
For Time and Change estrange, estrange—
And now they have looked and seen us,
Oh we that were dear, we are all too near
With the thick of the world between us.

Oh, Death and Time, they chime and chime
Like bells at sunset falling!
They end the song, they right the wrong,
They set the old echoes calling;
For Death and Time bring on the prime
Of God's own chosen weather,
And we lie in the peace of the Great Release
As once in the grass together.



PATRICK HENRY.

PATRICK HENRY

(1736–1799)

PATRICK HENRY'S fame as an American statesman and orator has two elements of permanency. A high-minded and broad-minded patriot, he had rare powers of persuasive speech —powers used for the welfare of his country. His [illegible] loses something in the reading which is true of all great [illegible] But certain of his stirring sentences still ring in the ears of Americans, and have historical significance.

Henry was born at Studley, Virginia, May 29th, 1736. [illegible] good Scotch and English blood, and was educated by his [illegible] He married at eighteen and went early into business. He became a lawyer when twenty-four, and was successful from the first. [illegible] pleading the cause of a clergyman in 1763 in the celebrated [illegible] tax question, he showed himself to be a fine speaker; and from [illegible] on, advanced rapidly in public life. Elected in 1765 to the [illegible] House, in a fiery speech he advocated resistance to the Stamp [illegible] and became the leader of his colony. He was a delegate to the first Continental Congress, and in 1776, on the adoption of the constitution, his own State made him four times governor, [illegible] re-election in 1786, to be again elected in 1796 and [illegible]

His policy throughout these public services was wise and progressive. His spirit is reflected in the words of an [illegible] "I am not a Virginian, but an American." Retiring [illegible] in 1791 at the age of fifty-five, he practiced law, [illegible] his broken health and provide for his large family. [illegible] quently Washington offered him the post of Secretary [illegible] that of Chief Justice, and President Adams nominated him [illegible] France. In 1799, however, at Washington's [illegible] self to be elected to the Legislature; but died [illegible] his seat.

Henry's biography was written by [illegible] in a tone of uncritical panegyric which [illegible] the earlier tinsel brilliancy [illegible] has been written, in the [illegible] in the American Statesmen series by Professor [illegible]

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PATRICK HENRY'S fame as an American statesman and orator has the elements of permanency. A high-minded and broad-minded patriot, he had rare powers of persuasion by speech, —powers used for the welfare of his country. His forensic writing loses something in the reading, which is true of all good oratory. But certain of his flaming sentences still ring in the ears of Americans, and have historical significance.

Henry was born at Studley, Virginia, May 29th, 1736. He was of good Scotch and English blood, and was educated by his father; he married at eighteen and went early into business. He became a lawyer when twenty-four, and was successful from the first. When pleading the cause of a clergyman in 1763 in the celebrated tobacco-tax question, he showed himself to be a fine speaker; and from this on, advanced rapidly in public life. Elected in 1765 to the Virginia House, in a fiery speech he advocated resistance to the Stamp Act and became the leader of his colony. He was a delegate to the first Continental Congress, and in 1776, on the adoption of the Constitution, his own State made him four times governor; he declined re-election in 1786, to be again elected in 1796 and again to decline.

His policy throughout these public services was wise, broad, progressive. His spirit is reflected in the words of an early speech: "I am not a Virginian, but an American." Retiring from public life in 1791 at the age of fifty-five, he practiced law, preferring to guard his broken health and provide for his large family; although subsequently Washington offered him the post of Secretary of State and that of Chief Justice, and President Adams named him minister to France. In 1799, however, at Washington's appeal he allowed himself to be elected to the Legislature; but died, June 6th, before taking his seat.

Henry's biography was written by William Wirt in 1817, in the tone of uncritical panegyric which biographers so rarely escape, and the rather tinsel brilliancy peculiar to Wirt. Good lives of Henry have since been written by his grandson, William Wirt Henry, and in the American Statesmen Series by Professor Moses Coit Tyler.

THE ALTERNATIVE

Speech in the Virginia Convention, 1775

From Wirt's 'Life of Henry'

Mr. President:

It is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who having eyes see not, and having ears hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir: it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation — the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject?

Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? what terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer.

Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained — we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak — unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations; and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late

to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged; their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable — and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace; but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? what would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! — I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

ON THE RETURN OF THE REFUGEES

Speech in the Virginia Legislature

From Wirt's ‹Life of Henry›

We have, sir, an extensive country without population: what can be a more obvious policy than that this country ought to be peopled? People, sir, form the strength and constitute the wealth of a nation. I want to see our vast forests filled up by some process a little more speedy than the ordinary course of nature. I wish to see these States rapidly ascending to that rank which their natural advantages authorize them to hold among the nations of the earth. Cast your eyes, sir, over this extensive country: observe the salubrity of your climate, the variety and fertility of your soil; and see that soil intersected in every quarter by bold navigable streams, flowing to the east and to the west, as if the finger of Heaven were marking out the course of your settlements, inviting you to enterprise and pointing the way to wealth. Sir, you are destined, at some time or other, to become a great agricultural and commercial people; the only question is, whether you choose to reach this point by slow gradations and at some distant period,—lingering on through a long and sickly minority, subjected meanwhile to the machinations, insults, and oppressions of enemies foreign and domestic, without sufficient strength to resist and chastise them,—or whether you choose rather to rush at once, as it were, to the full enjoyment of those high destinies, and be able to cope single-handed

with the proudest oppressor of the Old World. If you prefer the latter course, as I trust you do, encourage emigration; encourage the husbandmen, the mechanics, the merchants of the Old World to come and settle in this land of promise; make it the home of the skillful, the industrious, the fortunate and happy, as well as the asylum of the distressed; fill up the measure of your population as speedily as you can, by the means which Heaven hath placed in your power: and I venture to prophesy there are those now living who will see this favored land amongst the most powerful on earth — able, sir, to take care of herself, without resorting to that policy which is always so dangerous, though sometimes unavoidable, of calling in foreign aid. Yes, sir, they will see her great in arts and in arms; her golden harvests waving over fields of immeasurable extent; her commerce penetrating the most distant seas, and her cannon silencing the vain boasts of those who now proudly affect to rule the waves.

But, sir, you must have men; you cannot get along without them: those heavy forests of valuable timber under which your lands are groaning must be cleared away; those vast riches which cover the face of your soil, as well as those which lie hid in its bosom, are to be developed and gathered only by the skill and enterprise of men; your timber, sir, must be worked up into ships, to transport the productions of the soil from which it has been cleared. Then you must have commercial men and commercial capital, to take off your productions and find the best markets for them abroad. Your great want, sir, is the want of men; and these you must have, and will have speedily, if you are wise. Do you ask how you are to get them? Open your doors, sir, and they will come in. The population of the Old World is full to overflowing; that population is ground, too, by the oppressions of the governments under which they live. Sir, they are already standing on tiptoe upon their native shores, and looking to your coasts with a wishful and longing eye. They see here a land blessed with natural and political advantages which are not equaled by those of any other country upon earth; a land on which a gracious Providence hath emptied the horn of abundance; a land over which Peace hath now stretched forth her white wings, and where Content and Plenty lie down at every door! Sir, they see something still more attractive than all this: they see a land in which Liberty hath taken up her abode, that Liberty whom they had considered as a fabled goddess, existing

only in the fancies of poets. They see her here a real divinity, her altars rising on every hand throughout these happy States, her glories chanted by three millions of tongues, and the whole region smiling under her blessed influence. Sir, let but this our celestial goddess Liberty stretch forth her fair hand toward the people of the Old World, tell them to come, and bid them welcome — and you will see them pouring in from the north, from the south, from the east, and from the west; your wildernesses will be cleared and settled, your deserts will smile, your ranks will be filled, and you will soon be in a condition to defy the powers of any adversary.

But gentlemen object to any accession from Great Britain, and particularly to the return of the British refugees. Sir, I feel no objection to the return of those deluded people. They have, to be sure, mistaken their own interests most woefully, and most woefully have they suffered the punishment due to their offenses. But the relations which we bear to them and to their native country are now changed; their King hath acknowledged our independence, the quarrel is over, peace hath returned and found us a free people. Let us have the magnanimity, sir, to lay aside our antipathies and prejudices, and consider the subject in a political light. Those are an enterprising, moneyed people; they will be serviceable in taking off the surplus of our lands, and supplying us with necessaries during the infant state of our manufactures. Even if they be inimical to us in point of feeling and principle, I can see no objection in a political view in making them tributary to our advantage. And as I have no prejudices to prevent my making this use of them, so, sir, I have no fear of any mischief that they can do us. Afraid of *them!* — what, sir, shall *we*, who have laid the proud British lion at our feet, now be afraid of his *whelps?*

HERACLITUS

(535–475 B. C.)

HERACLITUS, the most original of the pre-Socratic Greek philosophers, was born at Ephesus about 535 B. C. His father's name is uncertain; but he belonged to the nobility, and claimed descent from Androclus the founder of Ephesus, a son of the Athenian king Codrus. He had even a claim to the royal title himself, doubtless as the titular head of the State religion; but resigned it to his brother when he devoted himself to philosophy. He remained, however, always an aristocrat, and bitterly opposed to the growing democracy of Ephesus, which banished his uncle Hermodorus. The latter is said to have gone to Rome and assisted in drawing up the laws of the Twelve Tables. Heraclitus seems to have lived a retired life, and to have died about 475 B. C. He was known in later times as "the weeping philosopher."

HERACLITUS

Few men have influenced the world by their thought more deeply than Heraclitus. He was the inventor of the *Logos*, from which the science of Logic is named, and on which the first principle of Stoicism and the Christian doctrine of "the Word" are based. His one book, 'On Nature,' was written in Ionic prose, in a form so difficult as to earn him in subsequent times the title of "the Dark." This darkness, however, was due far more to the matter than to the style of the book. The latter indeed, if abrupt and terse, is powerful and sublime, reminding us of the Hebrew prophets; while of the former, Socrates said that its depth was so great as to require "a Delian diver."

Heraclitus claims to be self-taught; nevertheless he shows acquaintance not only with Homer and Hesiod, but also with Pythagoras, Xenophanes, Hecatæus, Archilochus, and Bias — and inveighs against the whole of them, except the last. His originality therefore consisted in the attitude of opposition which he assumed to his predecessors. Combining the material principle of his Ionian predecessors with the numerical proportion of Pythagoras and the all-embracing unity of being of Xenophanes, he set up as his absolute a universal fire, determining itself according to measure and number. Through

the regulated self-transformation of this, the universe with all its phenomena, including thought, arises. In this universe everything is in perpetual change, except the Logos or law of change, which is conceived as one with the primal fire. The universal life is a process from fire and to fire,—a continual differentiation and a continual overcoming of differentiation.

Heraclitus is the first materialistic monist, and all subsequent systems of monism descend from him. His views are discussed in the 'Cratylus' of Plato, and are often referred to by Aristotle. He founded no school; but about 308 B. C., Zeno of Citium, adopting his leading principles,—his Logos and his monism,—founded Stoicism, which is thus mainly a development of Heracliteanism. Stoicism played a great part in the world for six or seven hundred years, and some of the noblest spirits of the ancient world professed it,—Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, Seneca, etc. It finds a very noble expression in the 'Hymn to Zeus' by Cleanthes.

In modern times Hegel, by his own admission, adopted into his Logic all the principles of Heraclitus,—the self-determining, world-creating Logos, the identity of opposites, the universal process, etc.,—and thus gave them a new lease of life. Hegel himself by this means reached an all-embracing idealism, which professed to furnish a new basis for all the old notions of Church and State, which the French Revolution had rudely shaken; but his disciple Ferdinand Lassalle, who wrote a large work in two volumes on Heraclitus, emphasizing the latter's materialism, made it the basis of that view of the world and of society which calls for Socialism as its true expression. Indeed, Socialism is merely Heracliteanism in politics and economics. Thus, in a very important sense, Heraclitus may be said to be the father of Socialism, and to be very much alive among us to-day.

Besides Lassalle's work, already referred to ('Die Philosophie Herakleitos des Dunklen von Ephesos': Berlin, 1858), there are many works on Heraclitus,—by Schleiermacher, Bernays, Schuster, Teichmüller, Pfleiderer, and others. The best edition of the 'Fragments' is that by I. Bywater, 'Heracliti Ephesii Fragmenta,' Oxford, 1877; of the pseudo-Heraclitean letters, that by Jac. Bernays, Berlin, 1869.

FRAGMENTS

Listening, not to me, but to the Word, it is wise for men to confess that all things are one.

Though the Word always speaks, yet men are born without understanding for it, both before they hear it, and at first after they have heard it. For though all things are produced

according to this Word, men seem to be unaware of it, making attempts at such words and deeds as I explain by separating them according to their nature, and telling them as they are. But other men fail as completely to recognize what they do while they are awake as they forget what they do when asleep.

Having ears and understanding not, they are like deaf men. To them the proverb applies: "While they're here they're yonder."

Evil witnesses to men are the eyes and ears of them that have barbarous souls.

For many men have no wisdom regarding those things with which they come in contact, nor do they learn by experience. They are opinions even to themselves.

If thou hope for that which is past hope, thou shalt not find it; for it is past searching and past finding out.

Those who search for gold, dig much earth and find little.

Nature loves to hide herself.

The King whose oracle is in Delphi neither reveals nor conceals, but indicates.

The Sibyl, with inspired lips, uttering words unmeet for laughter, unadorned, unanointed, reaches with her voice across a thousand years, because of the god that is in her.

Eyes are more accurate witnesses than ears.

Much learning doth not teach understanding; else it had taught Hesiod and Pythagoras, yea, and Xenophanes, and Hecatæus.

Pythagoras, the son of Mnesarchus, pursued information most of all men, and making selections from these writings, he produced a wisdom of his own — much learning, little wit!

Of all the men whose words I have heard, no one hath gone far enough to recognize that the Wise is separate from all things.

For the Wise is one — to know the principle whereby all things are steered through all.

This world, which is the same for all, neither any god nor any man made, but it was always, is, and ever shall be, an ever-living fire, kindling by measure and dying out by measure.

Of fire, the transformations are, first, sea; and of sea half is earth, half fire.

All things are exchanged for fire, and fire for all things; as all goods are exchanged for gold, and gold for all goods.

The sea is spread abroad, and meted out with the same measure as it was before the earth was brought forth.

Fire lives the death of earth, and air the death of fire. Water lives the death of air, and earth the death of water.

The fire, when it cometh, shall try all things and overcome all things.

The thunderbolt is at the helm of the universe.

The Sun shall not transgress his bounds; else the Fates, the handmaids of Justice, will find it out.

God is day and night, winter and summer, war and peace, surfeit and famine. He changeth as fire when it is mingled with spices, and is named as each man listeth.

You cannot step twice into the same river; for other and ever other waters flow on.

War is the father of all things and the king of all things: yea, some it appointed gods, and others men; some it made slaves, and others free.

They understand not that that which differs agrees with itself: a back-returning harmony, as of the bow and the lyre.

An invisible harmony is better than a visible.

Let us make no random guesses about the greatest things.

Asses would prefer garbage to gold.

The sea is the purest and the foulest water: for fishes drinkable and wholesome; for men undrinkable and hurtful.

Immortals are mortal; mortals immortal, living each other's death and dying each other's life.

It is death for souls to become water; and for water it is death to become earth. But from earth is born water, and from water soul.

The upward and the downward way are one and the same. Beginning and end are identical.

The bounds of the soul thou shalt not find, though thou travel every way.

Like a torch in the night, man is lit and extinguished.

A world-period is a child playing with dice. To a child belongs the sovereignty.

Into the same stream we step in and step not in; we are and are not.

Common to all is wisdom. They who speak with reason must take their stand upon that which is common to all, as firmly as a State does upon its law, and much more firmly. For all human laws are fed by the one Divine law; it prevaileth as far as it listeth, and sufficeth for all, and surviveth all.

Even they that sleep are laborers and co-workers in all that is done in the world.

Though the Word is universal, most men live as if each had a wisdom of his own.

We must not act and speak as if we were asleep. When we are awake we have one common world; but when we are asleep each turns aside to a world of his own.

A foolish man bears the same relation to a divinity as a child to a man.

The people must fight for its law as for a wall.

Those that fall in war, gods and men honor.

It is not better that what men desire should befall them: for it is disease that causes health; sweet, bitter; evil, good; hunger, satisfaction; fatigue, rest.

It is hard to fight with passion; for what it desires to happen, it buys with life.

One man to me is ten thousand, if he be the best. For what is their mind or sense? They follow [strolling] minstrels, and make the mob their schoolmaster, not knowing that the evil are many, the good few. For the best choose one thing in preference to all, eternal glory among mortals; but the many glut themselves like cattle. In Priene was born Bias, the son of Teutames, whose intelligence was superior to that of all others.

It were fitting that the Ephesians should hang themselves on reaching manhood, and leave the city to the boys; for that they cast out Hermodorus, the worthiest man among them, saying: "Let there be no one worthiest man among us; if there be, let him be elsewhere and with others."

Dogs bark at every one they do not know. A foolish man is wont to be scared at every [new] idea.

Justice will overtake the framers and abettors of lies.

With man, character is destiny.

There remaineth for men after death that which they neither hope for nor believe. Then they desire to rise and become guardians of the quick and the dead.

Polluted [murderers] are cleansed with blood, as if one, having stepped into mud, should wipe himself with mud.

GEORGE HERBERT

(1593–1633)

THE country clergyman whose verse made the little vicarage at Bemerton in Wiltshire a place of pilgrimage for several generations, was not a pious rustic, but the descendant of an illustrious house and the favorite of a court. He came of the line of Pembroke,—that handsome and learned swaggerer Lord Herbert of Cherbury being his elder brother. Among his intimate friends were the poets Donne and Wotton, and his "best lover" Izaak Walton, who says of him that "he enjoyed his genteel humor for clothes and courtlike company, and seldom looked toward Cambridge (where he had a fellowship) unless the King were there; and then he never failed." In short, "holy George Herbert," handsome and ready-witted, full of parts and ambition, singled out by King James for special kindnesses, very naturally expected and longed for that advancement which less deserving courtiers found no difficulty in securing. But the death of the King in 1625, followed by the death of the young poet's powerful friends the Duke of Richmond and the Marquis of Hamilton, shattered his prospect of a Secretaryship. Not long after, he took orders; partly, perhaps, because his brilliant and persuasive mother had always wished it, partly because no other profession becoming a gentleman was open to a man already past thirty, with fine aptitudes but with no special training, but surely in great part because the whole tone and bent of his soul was not worldliness but "other-worldliness."

GEORGE HERBERT

In 1630 King Charles presented him, quite unexpectedly, with the benefice of Bemerton near Salisbury.

"The third day after he was made rector," says Walton, "and had changed his sword and silk clothes into a canonical habit, he returned so habited with his friend Mr. Woodnot to Bainton; and immediately after he had seen and saluted his wife (a kinswoman of the Earl of Danby), he said to her:—'You are now a minister's wife, and must now so far forget your father's house as not to claim precedence of any of your parishioners; for you are to know that a priest's wife can challenge no precedence or place but that which she

purchases by her obliging humility; and I am sure, places so purchased do best become them. And let me tell you, I am so good a herald as to assure you that this is truth.' And she was so meek a wife (though she was but lately wed, after a three-days' courtship) as to assure him it was no vexing news to her, and that he should see her observe it with a cheerful willingness.»

Herbert took up his duties with an ardor that made them pleasures. In the first year of his priesthood he wrote:—

«I now look back upon my aspiring thoughts, and think myself more happy than if I had attained what then I so ambitiously thirsted for; and I can now behold the court with an impartial eye, and see plainly that it is made up of fraud, and titles, and flattery, and many other such empty, imaginary, painted pleasures — pleasures that are so empty as not to satisfy when they are enjoyed.»

Nor were good Mr. Herbert's grapes really sour. For there was that in his nature which made asceticism welcome, though his self-abasement was not the less sincere because it was pleasurable. Indeed, the chief attribute of his poetry is its quaint sincerity, often expressed with the utmost artificiality. With scarcely an exception, it is all of a religious character, frequently tinged with the ascetic's ever-present sense of his shortcomings. But such little poems as the ones entitled 'Virtue,' 'The Pulley,' and 'The Collar' have force, condensation of thought, and withal poetic grace; while 'Life' and 'The Rose' possess an Elizabethan freshness and charm.

One long poem, 'The Church Porch,' stands in marked contrast to the rest of his work. It shows him as a young man, as yet untouched by thoughts of priestly consecration and the mental struggles which afterwards beset him. Some of the terse couplets have become almost proverbs:—

«Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie:
A fault which needs it most, grows two thereby.»

«For he that needs five thousand pounds to live
Is full as poor as he that needs but five.»

«Kneeling ne'er spoiled silk stockings.»

The quaintness of Herbert's verse is not its most engaging quality. What is called quaintness is often mere perverseness of ingenuity, showy affectation. Herbert's taste was like that of the red Indian, preferring the bizarre, the artificial, and the ugly; while yet his inspiration was genuine. His friendship for Donne no doubt confirmed his liking for fantastic and over-labored verse. But with all his defects, his best poetry has delighted pious hearts for more than two centuries. 'The Temple, or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations,' which contains his principal verses, was not published until after his

death. Walton said it was «a book in which, by declaring his own spiritual conflicts, he hath comforted and raised many a dejected and discomposed soul and charmed them with sweet and quiet thoughts.» The pious Richard Baxter found, «next the Scripture poems,» «none so savoury» as Herbert's, who «speaks to God as a man really believing in God»; and Charles I. read the little book in his last melancholy days in prison, and found «much comfort» in it.

Of Herbert's sincere and even passionate piety in later life, there is no doubt. He worked early and late for the bodies and souls of his flock, preaching, teaching, comforting, exposing himself to storms and to sickness, wearing himself out in their service. Three years of this terrible toil exhausted a constitution never strong, and he died at Bemerton, loved and honored, at the early age of thirty-nine. In his prose volume 'A Priest to the Temple' he has set forth the code of duty which he followed:—

«The Country Parson desires to be all to his parish, and not only a pastor, but a lawyer also, and a physician. Therefore he endures not that any of his flock should go to law; but in any controversy, that they should resort to him as their judge. To this end he hath gotten to himself some insight in things ordinarily incident and controverted, by experience and by reading. . . .

«Then he shows them how to go to law, even as brethren, and not as enemies, neither avoiding therefore one another's company, much less defaming one another. Now, as the parson is in law, so is he in sickness also: if there be any of his flock sick, he is their physician,—or at least his wife, of whom, instead of the qualities of the world, he asks no other but to have the skill of healing a wound or helping the sick. . . . Accordingly, for salves, his wife seeks not the city, but prefers her garden and fields before all outlandish gums. And surely hyssop, valerian, mercury, adder's-tongue, yarrow, melilot, and St. John's-wort made into a salve, and elder, camomile, mallows, comphrey, and smallage made into a poultice, have done great and rare cures. In curing of any, the parson and his family use to premise prayers; for this is to cure like a parson, *and this raiseth the action from the shop to the Church.*»

[All the selections are from 'The Temple']

THE COLLAR

I STRUCK the board and cried, «No more!
I will abroad.
What, shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free; free as the road,
Loose as the wind, as large as store.
Shall I be still in suit?

Have I no harvest but a thorn
To let me blood, and not restore
What I have lost with cordial fruit?
Sure, there was wine
Before my sighs did dry it: there was corn
Before my tears did drown it.
Is the year only lost to me?
Have I no bays to crown it?
No flowers, no garlands gay? All blasted?
All wasted?
Not so, my heart; but there is fruit,
And thou hast hands.
Recover all thy sigh-blown age
On double pleasures; leave thy cold dispute
Of what is fit and not; forsake thy cage,
Thy rope of sands,
Which petty thoughts have made, and make to thee
Good cable, to enforce and draw,
And be thy law,
While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
Awake, take heed:
I will abroad.
Call in thy death's-head there: tie up thy fears.
He that forbears
To suit and serve his need,
Deserves his load."
But as I raved, and grew more fierce and wild
At every word,
Methought I heard one calling, "Child!"
And I replied, "My Lord!"

LOVE

LOVE bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back,
Guilty of lust and sin.
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
"If I lacked anything."

"A guest," I answered, "worthy to be here."
Love said, "You shall be he."
"I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,
I cannot look on Thee."

Love took my hand, and smiling, did reply,
"Who made the eyes but I?"

"Truth, Lord, but I have marred them: let my shame
Go where it doth deserve."
"And know you not," says Love, "who bore the blame?"
"My dear, then I will serve."
"You must sit down," says Love, "and taste my meat."
So I did sit and eat.

THE ELIXIR

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for thee.

Not rudely, as a beast,
To run into an action;
But still to make thee prepossest,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye;
Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heaven espy.

All may of thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with his tincture (for thy sake)
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room as for thy laws
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

THE PILGRIMAGE

I TRAVELED on, seeing the hill where lay
My expectation.
A long it was and weary way.
The gloomy cave of Desperation
I left on the one, and on the other side
The rock of Pride.

And so I came to Fancy's meadow, strowed
With many a flower;
Fain would I here have made abode,
But I was quickened by my hour.
So to Care's copse I came, and there got through
With much ado.

That led me to the wild of Passion, which
Some call the wold;
A wasted place, but sometimes rich.
Here I was robbed of all my gold,—
Save one good angel,* which a friend had tied
Close to my side.

At length I got unto the gladsome hill
Where lay my hope,
Where lay my heart; and climbing still,
When I had gained the brow and top
A lake of brackish waters on the ground
Was all I found.

With that, abashed and struck with many a sting
Of swarming fears,
I fell, and cried, "Alas, my King!
Can both the way and end be tears?"
Yet taking heart, I rose, and then perceived
I was deceived.

My hill was farther; so I flung away,
Yet heard a cry
Just as I went,—"None goes that way
And lives." "If that be all," said I,
"After so foul a journey, death is fair,
And but a chair."

*A gold angel was a piece of money of the value of ten shillings, bearing the figure of an angel.

THE PULLEY

When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by,—
"Let us," said he, "pour on him all we can:
Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span."

So Strength first made a way;
Then Beauty flowed, then Wisdom, Honor, Pleasure:
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone of all his treasure
Rest in the bottom lay.

"For if I should," said he,
"Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:
So both should losers be.

"Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness:
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast."

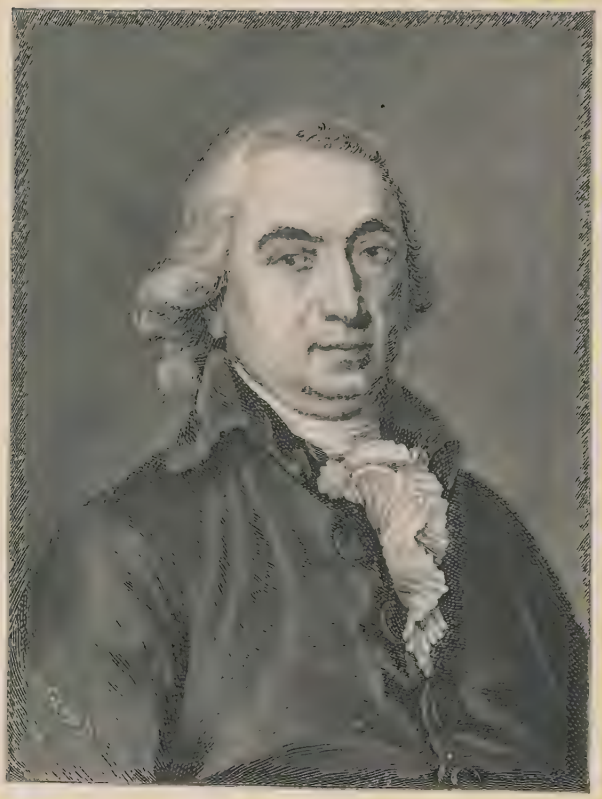
VIRTUE

Sweet Day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet Rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.



HERDER.

JOHANN GOTTFRIED HERDER*

BY KUNO FRANCKE

HERDER does not belong to the few men of highest genius whose works have become the common property of mankind. As a poet he was receptive rather than creative. Of his verse only the 'Volkslieder' (Folk Songs: 1778–79), and 'Der Cid' (The Cid: 1803), have permanent value; and these are valuable not as additions to the store of original conceptions of poetic fancy, but as marvels of divinatory interpretation and sympathetic reproduction. As a prose writer, he lacked the clearness of thought and the precision of speech which are necessary elements of true literary greatness: even the best of his essays are made unpalatable by a constant wavering between diffuseness and abruptness, between vague generalities and dithyrambic effusions; and the most ambitious of his efforts, the 'Ideen zur Philosophie der Geschichte der Menschheit' (Philosophy of the History of Man: 1784–91), is a huge fragment.

Herder's greatness, then, does not lie in the form of his writings. It lies in the suggestiveness of their substance. It lies in the wide range of his vision, in the wonderful universality of his mind, which enabled him to see the interdependence of all things and to divine the unity of all life. It lies, above all, in the manifold application of a single idea, an idea through which he became the father of the modern evolutionary philosophy: the idea of organic growth.

Herder once for all did away with the rationalistic fallacy of the eighteenth century, that the course of human history is nothing but a succession of individual acts by individual men. He once for all did away with the rationalistic fallacy that the great creations of the human mind are the result of conscious and deliberate effort. He once for all made the conception of national instincts and of national culture the basis of all historical inquiry. All the great achievements of human civilization — language, religion, law, custom, poetry, art — he considered as the natural products of collective human life, as the necessary outgrowth of national instincts and conditions. Man does not invent these things; he does not consciously set out to coin

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(1744–1803)

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words, to establish a certain set of religious formulas, or to work out certain problems of artistic composition. At least, this is not the way in which the vital forms of a language, the great religious symbols, or the ideal types of art and poetry, are created. They are not created at all; they are not the work of individual endeavor: they are the result of accumulated impressions exercised upon masses of human beings living under similar conditions and similarly organized. In other words, they are engendered and conceived in the nation as a whole; the individual poets, artists, prophets, through whom they are given their audible or visible shape, are only, as it were, the most receptive and at the same time the most productive organs of the national body. They are the channels through which a national language, a national poetry, a national religion come to light.

Herder was not more than twenty-three years old when in the 'Fragmente über die Neuere Deutsche Literatur' (Fragments concerning Recent German Literature: 1767), he first gave utterance to this epoch-making idea. «There is the same law of change»—thus he begins the second 'Fragment'—«in all mankind and in every individual, nation, and tribe. From the bad to the good, from the good to the better and best, from the best to the less good, from the less good to the bad—this is the circle of all things. So it is with art and science: they grow, blossom, ripen, and decay. So it is with language also.» A primitive people, like a child, stares at all things; fright, fear, admiration, are the only emotions of which it is capable, and the language of these emotions consists of high-pitched, inarticulate sounds and violent gestures. This is the first, prehistoric, infantile period in the history of a language. Then follows the period of youth. With the increasing knowledge of things, fright and wonder are softened. Man comes to be more familiar with his surroundings, his life becomes more civilized. But as yet he is in close contact with nature; affections, emotions, sensuous impressions have more influence upon his conduct than principles and thought. This is the age of poetry. The language now is a melodious echo of the outer world; it is full of images and metaphors, it is free and natural in its construction. The whole life of the people is poetry. «Battles and victories, fables and moral reflections, laws and mythology, are now contained in song.» The third period is the age of manhood. The social fabric grows more complicated, the laws of conduct become more artificial, the intellect obtains the ascendency over the emotions. Literature also takes part in this change. The language becomes more abstract; it strives for regularity, for order; it gains in intellectual strength and loses in sensuous fervor: in other words, poetry is replaced by prose. And prose, in its turn, after it has fulfilled the measure of its maturity, sinks into senile correctness and sterility,

thus rounding out the life of a given national literature and making room for a new development.

Here we have the key of Herder's whole life work. Again and again, in one way or another, he comes back to this conception of literature as a manifestation of national culture. During his voyage in 1769 from Riga to Nantes, he comes to understand the Homeric epics as the poetic outgrowth of a seafaring people.

«It was seafarers,» he writes in his diary, «who brought the Greeks their earliest religion. All Greece was a colony on the sea. Consequently their mythology was not like that of the Egyptians and Arabs, a religion of the desert, but a religion of the sea and forest. Orpheus, Homer, Pindar, to be fully understood, ought to be read at sea. With what an absorption one listens to or tells stories on shipboard! How easily a sailor inclines to the fabulous! Himself an adventurer, in quest of strange worlds, how ready is he to imagine wondrous things! Have I not experienced this myself? With what a sense of wonder I went on board ship! Did I not see everything stranger, larger, more astounding and fearful than it was? With what curiosity and excitement one approaches the land! How one stares at the pilot, with his wooden shoes and his large white hat! How one sees in him the whole French nation down to their King, Louis the Great! Is it strange that out of such a state of strained expectation and wonder, tales like that of the Argonauts and poems like the Odyssey should have sprung?»

In common with the young Goethe and Justus Moeser, Herder in 1773 published the *fliegende blätter* 'Von Deutscher Art und Kunst.' Here he applies the same principle to the study of old Scotch and English poetry, and of popular song in general. He tells how on his cruise in the Baltic and North Seas he for the first time fully appreciated Ossian:—

«Suddenly borne away from the petty stir and strife of civilized life, from the study chair of the scholar and the soft cushions of the salons, far removed from social distractions, from libraries, from newspapers, floating on the wide open ocean, suspended between the sky and the bottomless deep, daily surrounded by the same infinite elements, only now and then a new distant coast, a strange cloud, a far-off dreamland appearing before our vision, passing by the cliffs and islands and sandbanks where formerly skalds and vikings wielded their harps or swords, where Fingal's deeds were done, where Ossian's melancholy strains resounded — believe me, there I could read the ancient skalds and bards to better purpose than in the professor's lecture-room.»

He considers popular song as a reflex of primitive life; in its wild, irregular rhythm he feels the heart-beat of a youthful, impulsive people; its simple directness he contrasts with the false rhetoric of modern book lyrics. The wilder — *i. e.*, the fuller of life and freedom — a people is, the wilder — *i. e.*, the fuller of life, freedom, and

sensuous power — must be its songs. The further removed a people is from artificial thought and scientific language, the less its songs are made for print and paper, the richer they are in lyric charm and wealth of imagery. A savage either is silent, or he speaks with an unpremeditated firmness and beauty which a civilized European cannot equal; every word of his is clearly cut, concrete, living, and seems to exhaust what it is meant to express; his mind and his tongue are, as it were, tuned to the same pitch. Even in the apparent abruptness and incoherency of popular song Herder sees an element of beauty rather than a defect, inasmuch as it results from the natural attitude of the unperverted mind toward the outer world.

«All the songs of primitive peoples turn on actual things, doings, events, circumstances, incidents; on a living manifold world. All this the eye has seen; and since the imagination reproduces it as it has been seen, it must needs be reproduced in an abrupt, fragmentary manner. There is no other connection between the different parts of these songs than there is between the trees and bushes of the forest, the rocks and caverns of the desert, and between the different scenes of the events themselves. When the Greenlander tells of a seal-hunt, he does not so much relate as paint with words and gestures single facts and isolated incidents: they are all part of the picture in his soul. When he laments the death of a beloved one, he does not deliver a eulogy or preach a funeral sermon, he *paints;* and the very life of the departed, summoned up in a succession of striking situations, is made to speak and to mourn.»

And not the Greenlander only,— thus Herder continues,— not a rude and primitive people only, feel and sing in this manner. All the great poets of the world do the same: Homer, Sophocles, David, Luther, Shakespeare — they all reflect the life which surrounds them; they give us, as it were, instantaneous pictures of humanity as they saw it: and thus they become for us an epitome of their time and their nation. Herein, above all, lies the incalculable importance of Shakespeare for us of to-day. For Shakespeare more fully than any other poet has expressed the secret of our own life. He reflects the character of the Germanic race in its totality. He seems to have heard with a thousand ears and to have seen with a thousand eyes; his mind seems to have been a storehouse of countless living impressions. King and fool, beggar and prince, madman and philosopher, angels and devils in human form; the endless variety of individuals and class types; the sturdy endeavor, the reckless daring of a people hardened in the battle with wild elements, passionate but faithful, lusty and sensual but at the same time longing for a deeper truth and a purer happiness; — all this we see in his dramas in bold and striking outline, and in it all we recognize our own self heightened and intensified.

A brief survey of Herder's later writings makes it clear that the whole of his life was consumed in elaborating and amplifying this one idea of national life as an organic growth. In the essay 'Von Aehnlichkeit der Mittleren Englischen und Deutschen Dichtkunst' (Similarity of the Middle English and German Poetry: 1779), he held out the prospect of a history of civilization based upon the various national literatures, thus clearly formulating the problem which literary history has been trying to solve ever since. In the 'Volkslieder' (Folk Songs) of 1778 and 1779 he laid the foundation for a comparative study of literature, by collecting and translating with wonderful insight and faithfulness, popular songs and ballads from all over the globe. In the book 'Vom Geist der Ebräischen Poesie' (The Spirit of Hebrew Poetry: 1782–83) he considered the Psalms as poetic manifestations of Hebrew character. In the 'Philosophy of the History of Man' he represented the whole history of mankind as a succession of national organisms: each revolving around its own axis; each living out its own spirit; each creating individual forms of language, religion, society, literature, art; and each by this very individualization of national types helping to enrich and develop the human type as a whole. In the 'Briefe zur Beförderung der Humanität' (Letters for the Furthering of Humanistic Studies: 1793–97), finally, he held up the ideal of perfect manhood to his own time and people, thus rounding out his life by applying his highest inspirations to the immediate demands of national progress.

Herder's influence on German culture cannot easily be overestimated. He was the first among modern thinkers to whom every individual appeared as a public character, as an heir of all the ages, as an epitome of a whole nation. He first considered man in the fullness of his instincts, in the endless variety of his relations to the larger organisms of which he is a part. He first attempted on a large scale to represent all history as an unbroken chain of cause and effect, or rather as a grand living whole in whose development no atom is lost, no force is wasted. Without him, Goethe would have lacked the most inspiring teacher and the safest guide of his youth. Without him, the brothers Grimm would have had no foundations whereon to build the science of folk-lore. Without him, the whole Romantic school would probably have been nothing but a repetition of the Storm and Stress movement. Without him, there would have been no Ranke. Without him, the theory of evolution would be without one of its most exalted apostles.

Kuno Francke

PRINCIPLES OF HUMAN DEVELOPMENT

From the 'Philosophy of the History of Man'

Not only has the philosopher exalted human reason to an independency on the senses and organs, and the possession of an original simple power; but even the common man imagines, in the dream of life, that of himself he has become everything that he is. This imagination is easily explained, particularly in the latter. The sense of spontaneity given him by the Creator excites him to action, and rewards him with the pleasing recompense of a deed performed in obedience to his own will. The days of his childhood are forgotten; the seeds which he then received and still daily receives are dormant in his mind; he sees and enjoys only the budding plant, and is pleased with its flourishing growth, with its fruitful branches. The philosopher, however, who studies the origin and progress of a man's life in the book of experience, and can trace through history the whole chain of the formation of our species, must, I think, as everything brings dependence to his mind, soon quit his ideal world, in which he feels himself alone and all-sufficient, for our world of realities.

As man at his natural birth springs not from himself, equally remote is he from being self-born in the use of his mental faculties. Not only is the germ of our internal disposition genetic, as well as our bodily frame, but every development of this germ depends on fate, which planted us in this place or in that, and supplied us with the means by which we were formed, according to time and circumstances. Even the eye must learn to see, the ear to hear; and no one can be ignorant with what art language, the principal instrument of our thought, is acquired. Nature has evidently calculated our whole mechanism, with the condition and duration of each period of our lives, for this foreign aid. The brain of infants is soft, and suspended from the skull; its strata are slowly formed; it grows firmer with increasing years, and gradually hardens till at length it will receive no more new impressions. It is the same with the organs and with the faculties of a child: those are tender and formed for imitation, these imbibe what they see and hear with wonderfully active attention and internal vital power. Thus man is an artificial machine: endued with a genetic disposition, it is true, and

plenitude of life; but the machine does not work itself, and the ablest of mankind must learn how to work it. Reason is an aggregate of the experiences and observations of the mind; the sum of the education of man, which the pupil ultimately finishes in himself, as an extraneous artist, after certain extraneous models.

In this lies the principle of the history of mankind, without which no such history could exist. Did man receive everything from himself and develop everything independently of external circumstances, we might have a history of an individual indeed, but not of the species. But as our specific character lies in this, — that born almost without instinct, we are formed to manhood only by the practice of a whole life, and both the perfectibility and corruptibility of our species depend on it, — the history of mankind is necessarily a whole; that is, a chain of socialness and plastic tradition, from the first link to the last.

There is an education therefore of the human species, since every one becomes a man only by means of education, and the whole species lives solely in this chain of individuals. It is true, should any one say that the species is educated, not the individual, he would speak unintelligibly to my comprehension; for species and genus are only abstract ideas except so far as they exist in individuals: and were I to ascribe to this abstract idea all the perfections of human nature, — the highest cultivation and most enlightened intellect that an abstract idea will admit, — I should have advanced as far towards a real history of our species as if I were to speak of animal-kind, stone-kind, metal-kind, in general, and decorate them with all the noblest qualities, which could not subsist together in one individual.

Our philosophy of history shall not wander in this path of the Averroëan system; according to which the whole human species possesses but one mind, and that indeed of a very low order, distributed to individuals only piecemeal. On the other hand, were I to confine everything to the individual, and deny the existence of the chain that connects each to others and to the whole, I should run equally counter to the nature of man and his evident history. For no one of us became man of himself: the whole structure of his humanity is connected by a spiritual birth with education, with his parents, teachers, friends; with all the circumstances of his life, and consequently with his countrymen and their forefathers; and lastly with the whole chain of the human

species, some link or other of which is continually acting on his mental faculties. Thus nations may be traced up to families; families to their founders; the stream of history contracts itself as we approach its source, and all our habitable earth is ultimately converted into the school of our family, containing indeed many divisions, classes, and chambers, but still with one plan of instruction, which has been transmitted from our ancestors, with various alterations and additions, to all their race. Now, if we give the limited understanding of a teacher credit for not having made a separate division of his scholars without some grounds, and perceive that the human species everywhere finds a kind of artificial education, adapted to the wants of the time and place,— what man of understanding, who contemplates the structure of our earth and the relation man bears to it, would not incline to think that the Father of our race, who has determined how far and how wide nations should spread, has also determined this, as the general teacher of us all? Will he who views a ship deny the purpose of its builder? and who that compares the artificial frame of our nature with every climate of the habitable earth, will reject the notion that the climatic diversity of various man was an end of the creation, for the purpose of educating his mind? But as the place of abode alone does not effect everything, since living beings like ourselves contribute to instruct us, fashion us, and form our habits, there appears to me an education of the species and a philosophy of the history of man, as certainly and as truly as there is a human nature; that is, a co-operation of individuals, which alone makes us men.

Hence the principles of this philosophy become as evident, simple, and indubitable as the natural history of man itself is; they are called *tradition* and *organic powers*. All education must spring from imitation and exercise, by means of which the model passes into the copy; and how can this be more aptly expressed than by the term "tradition"? But the imitator must have powers to receive what is communicated or communicable, and convert it into his own nature as the food by means of which he lives. Accordingly, what and how much he receives, whence he derives it, and how he uses, applies it, and makes it his own, must depend on his own, the receptive powers. So that the education of our species is in a double sense genetic and organic: genetic, inasmuch as it is communicated; organic, as what is communicated is received and applied. Whether we name this

second genesis of man *cultivation* from the culture of the ground, or *enlightening* from the action of light, is of little import: the chain of light and cultivation reaches to the end of the earth. Even the inhabitant of California or Tierra del Fuego learns to make and use the bow and arrow; he has language and ideas, practices and arts, which he learned as we learn them: so far therefore he is actually cultivated and enlightened, though in the lowest order. Thus the difference between enlightened and unenlightened, cultivated and uncultivated nations, is not specific; it is only in degree. This part of the picture of nations has infinite shades, changing with place and time: and like other pictures, much depends on the point of view from which we examine it. If we take the idea of European cultivation for our standard, this is to be found only in Europe; and if we establish arbitrary distinctions between cultivation and the enlightening of the mind,— neither of which, if it be genuine, can exist independently of the other,— we are losing ourselves still more in the clouds. But if we keep close to the earth and take a general view of what Nature — to whom the end and character of her creatures must be best known — herself exhibits to our eyes as forming man, this is no other than *the tradition of an education to some form or other of human happiness and the economy of life.* This is as general as the human species; and often the most active among savages, though in a narrower circle. If a man remain among men, he cannot avoid this improving or vitiating cultivation: tradition lays hold of him, forms his head, and fashions his limbs. As that is, and as these are fashioned, so is the man, so is he formed. Even children whom chance has thrown among beasts have acquired some human cultivation when they have lived for a time among men, as most known instances show; while a child brought up from the moment of his birth by a brute would be the only uncultivated man upon earth.

What follows from this fixed point of view, confirmed as it is by the whole history of our species? First a principle consolatory and animating to our lives, and inspiring this reflection: namely, that as the human species has not arisen of itself, and as there are dispositions in its nature for which no admiration can be too high, the Creator must have appointed means, conceived by his paternal goodness, for the development of these dispositions. Is the corporal eye so beautifully formed in vain? does it not find before it the golden beams of the sun, which were

created for it as the eye for them, and fulfill the wisdom of its design? It is the same with all the senses, with all the organs: they find the means of their development, the medium for which they were created. And can it be otherwise with the spiritual senses and organs, on the use of which the character of man, and the kind and measure of his happiness, depend? Shall the Creator have failed here of attaining his purpose; the purpose, too, of all nature as far as it depends on the use of human powers? Impossible! Every such conjecture must arise from ourselves; either attributing erroneous ends to the Creator, or endeavoring as much as in us lies to frustrate his purposes. But as this endeavor must have its limits, and no design of the All-wise can be thwarted by a creature of his thoughts, let us rest secure in the certainty, that whatever is God's purpose with regard to the human species upon earth remains evident even in the most perplexing parts of its history. All the works of God have this property: that although they belong to a whole which no eye can scan, each is in itself a whole, and bears the Divine characters of its destination. It is so with the brute and with the plant: can it be otherwise with man? Can it be that thousands are made for one? all the generations that have passed away, merely for the last? every individual, only for the species,—that is, for the image of an abstract name? The All-wise sports not in this manner; he invents no fine-spun shadowy dreams; he lives and feels in each of his children with paternal affection, as though it were the only creature in the world. All his means are ends; all his ends are means to higher ends, in which the Infinite, filling all, reveals himself. What every man, therefore, attains or can attain must be the end of the species; and what is this? Humanity and happiness, on this spot, in this degree, as this link and no other of the chain of improvement that extends through the whole kind. Whatever and wherever thou wast born, O man, there thou art and there thou shouldst be: quit not the chain, set not thyself above it, but adhere to it firmly. Life and happiness exist for thee only in its integrity, in what thou receivest or impartest, in thy activity in each.

Secondly: Much as it may flatter man that the Deity has admitted him as an assistant, and left the forming him here below to himself and his fellow-creatures, the very choice of these means shows the imperfection of our earthly existence, inasmuch as we are not yet men, but are daily *becoming* so. How poor

must the creature be who has nothing of himself, but receives everything from imitation, instruction, and practice, by which he is molded like wax! Let the man who is proud of his reason contemplate the theatre of his fellow-beings throughout the wide world, or listen to their many-toned dissonant history. Is there any species of barbarity to which some man, some nation, nay, frequently a number of nations, have not accustomed themselves, — so that many, perhaps most, have even fed on the flesh of their fellow-creatures? Is there a wild conception the mind can frame, which has not been actually rendered sacred by hereditary tradition in one place or another? No creature therefore can stand lower than man; for throughout his whole life he is not only a child in reason, but a pupil of the reason of others. Into whatever hands he falls, by them he is formed; and I am persuaded, no form of human manners is possible which some nation or some individual has not adopted. In history every mode of vice and cruelty is exhausted, while here and there only a nobler train of human sentiments and virtues appears. From the means chosen by the Creator, that our species should be formed only by our species, it could not possibly be otherwise; follies must be inherited, as well as the rare treasures of wisdom: the way of man resembles a labyrinth, abounding on all sides with divergent passages, while but few footsteps lead to the innermost chamber. Happy the mortal who reaches it himself or leads others to it; whose thoughts, inclinations, and wishes, or even the beams of whose silent example, have promoted the humanity of his brethren! God acts upon earth only by means of superior, chosen men; religion and language, art and science, nay, governments themselves, cannot be adorned with a nobler crown than the laurels gathered from the moral improvement of human minds. Our body molders in the grave, and our name soon becomes a shadow upon the earth; but incorporated in the voice of God, in plastic tradition, we shall live actively in the minds of our posterity, even though our name be no more.

Thirdly: The philosophy of history, therefore, which follows the chain of tradition, is, to speak properly, the true history of mankind, without which all the outward occurrences of this world are but clouds or revolting deformities. It is a melancholy prospect to behold nothing in the revolutions of our earth but wreck upon wreck, eternal beginnings without end, changes of circumstance without any fixed purpose. The chain of improvement

alone forms a whole of these ruins, in which human figures indeed vanish, but the spirit of mankind lives and acts immortally. Glorious names, that shine in the history of cultivation as genii of the human species, as brilliant stars in the night of time! Be it that with the lapse of ages many of your edifices decay, and much of your gold is sunk in the slough of forgetfulness: the labors of your lives were not in vain, for such of your works as Providence thought fit to save have been saved in other forms. In any other way, no human monument can endure wholly and eternally upon earth; being formed in the succession of generations by the hand of time for temporal use, and evidently prejudicial to posterity as soon as it renders unnecessary or retards their further exertion. Thus the mutable form and imperfection of all human operations entered into the plan of the Creator. Folly must appear, that wisdom might surmount it; decaying fragility even of the noblest works was an essential property of their materials, that men might have an opportunity of exerting fresh labors in improving or building upon their ruins; for we are all here in a state of exercise. Every individual must depart; and as it will then be indifferent to him what posterity may do with his works, it would be repugnant to a good mind to condemn succeeding generations to venerate them with inactive stupidity, and undertake nothing of their own. This new labor he wishes them; for what he carries with him out of the world is his strengthened power, the internal ripe fruit of his human activity.

Golden chain of improvement, that surroundest the earth and extendest through all individuals to the throne of Providence, since I perceived thee and traced thee in thy finest links, the feelings of the parent, the friend, and the preceptor, history no longer appears to me what it once did,—an abominable series of desolations on a sacred earth. A thousand deeds of shame stand there veiled with detestable praise, and thousands in their native ugliness, to set off the rare true merit of active humanity; which has ever proceeded on its way quietly and obscurely, seldom aware of the consequences that Providence would educe from its life, as the leaven from the dough. Only amid storms can the noble plant flourish; only by opposing struggles against false pretensions can the sweet labors of man be victorious. Nay, men frequently appear to sink under their honest purposes; but it is only in appearance: the seed germinates more beautifully in a

subsequent period from the ashes of the good, and when irrigated with blood seldom fails to shoot up to an unfading flower. I am no longer misled, therefore, by the mechanism of revolutions; it is as necessary to our species as the waves to the stream, that it become not a stagnant pool. The genius of humanity blooms in continually renovated youth, and is regenerated as it proceeds, in nations, generations, and families.

Translation of T. Churchill.

APOTHEOSIS OF HUMANITY

From the 'Philosophy of the History of Man'

No sophistical argument can lead us to deny that our earth has grown older in the course of some thousands of years; and that this wanderer round the sun is greatly altered since its origin. In its bowels we perceive how it once was constituted; and we need but look around us to see its present constitution. The ocean foams no longer,—it has subsided peaceably into its bed; the wandering streams have found their shores; and plants and animals have run through a progressive series of years in their different races. As not a sunbeam has been lost upon our earth since its creation, so no falling leaf, no wasted seed, no carcass of a decaying animal, and still less an action of any living being, has been without effect. Vegetation, for example, has increased, and extended itself as far as it could; every living race has spread within the limits nature assigned it, through the means of others; and even the senseless devastations of man, as well as his industry, have been active implements in the hand of Time. Fresh harvests have waved over the ruins of the cities he has destroyed; the elements have strewed the dust of oblivion upon them; and soon new generations have arisen, who have erected new buildings upon the old, and even with their ancient remains. Omnipotence itself cannot ordain that effects shall not be effects; it cannot restore the earth to what it was thousands of years ago, so that these thousands of years, with all their consequences, shall not have been.

Already, therefore, a certain progress of the human species is inseparable from the progress of Time, as far as man is included in the family of Time and Earth. Were the progenitor of mankind now to appear and view his descendants, how would he be

astonished! His body was formed for a youthful earth; his frame, his ideas, and his way of life, must have been adapted to that constitution of the elements which then prevailed; and considerable alteration in this must have taken place in the course of six thousand years or upwards. In many parts, America is no longer what it was when discovered; two thousand years hence its ancient history will have the air of romance. Thus we read the history of the siege of Troy, and seek in vain the spot where it stood; in vain the grave of Achilles, or the godlike hero himself. Were a collection of all the accounts that have been given of the size and figure of the ancients, of the kind and quantity of their food, of their daily occupations and amusements, and of their notions of love and marriage, the virtues and the passions, the purpose of life and a future existence, made with discriminating accuracy and with regard to time and place, it would be of no small advantage toward a history of man. Even in this short period, an advancement of the species would be sufficiently conspicuous to evince both the consistency of ever-youthful Nature and the progressive changes of our old mother Earth. Earth nurses not man alone; she presses all her children to one bosom, embraces all in the same maternal arms: and when one changes all must undergo change.

It is undeniable, too, that this progress of time has influenced the mode of thinking of the human species. Bid a man now invent, now sing, an Iliad; bid him write like Æschylus, like Sophocles, like Plato: it is impossible. The childish simplicity, the unprejudiced mode of seeing things,—in short, the youthful period of the Greeks,—is gone by. It is the same with the Hebrews and the Romans; while on the other hand, we are acquainted with a number of things of which both the Romans and the Hebrews were ignorant. One day teaches another, one century instructs another century; tradition is enriched; the muse of Time, History, herself sings with a hundred voices, speaks with a hundred tongues. Be there as much filth, as much confusion, as there will, in the vast snowball rolled up by Time, yet this very confusion is the offspring of ages, which could have arisen only from the unwearied rolling on of one and the same thing. Thus every return to the ancient times, even the celebrated Year of Plato, is a fiction; is, from the ideas of the world and of time, an impossibility. We float onward; but the stream that has once flowed returns no more to its source.

Where are the times when people dwelt as troglodytes, dispersed about in caves behind their walls, and every stranger was an enemy? Merely from the course of time, no cave, no wall, afforded security. Men must learn to know one another; for collectively they are but one family, on one planet of no great extent. It is a melancholy reflection that everywhere they first learned to know one another as enemies, and beheld each other with astonishment as so many wolves; but such was the order of nature. The weak feared the strong; the deceived, the deceiver; he who had been expelled, him who could again expel him; the inexperienced child, every stranger. This infantile fear, however, and all its abuses, could not alter the course of nature; the bond of union between nations was knit, though in a rough manner owing to the rude state of man. Growing reason may burst the knots, but cannot untwist the band, and still less undo the discoveries that have once been made. What are the geologies of Moses and Orpheus, Homer and Herodotus, Strabo and Pliny, compared with ours? What was the commerce of the Phœnicians, Greeks, and Romans, to the trade of Europe? Thus, with what has hitherto been effected, the clue to the labyrinth of what is to be done is given us. Man, while he continues man, will not cease from wandering over his planet till it is completely known to him: from this neither storms nor shipwreck, nor those vast mountains of ice, nor all the perils of either Pole, will deter him; no more than they have deterred him from the first most difficult attempts, even when navigation was very defective. The incentive to all these enterprises lies in his own breast, lies in man's nature. Curiosity, and the insatiable desire of wealth, fame, discovery, and increase of strength, and even new wants and discontents, inseparable from the present course of things, will impel him; and they by whom dangers have been surmounted in former times, his celebrated and successful predecessors, will animate him. Thus the will of Providence will be promoted both by good and bad incentives, till man knows and acts upon the whole of his species. To him the earth is given; and he will not desist till it is wholly his own, at least as far as regards knowledge and use. Are we not already ashamed that one hemisphere of our planet remained for so long a time as unknown to us as if it had been the other side of the moon?

How vast the progress from the first raft that floated on the water, to an European ship! Neither the inventor of the former,

nor the many inventors of the various arts and sciences that contribute to navigation, ever formed the least conception of what would arise from the combination of their discoveries; each obeyed his particular impulse of want or curiosity: but it is inherent in the nature of the human intellect, and of the general connection of all things, that no attempt, no discovery, can be made in vain. Those islanders who had never seen a European vessel beheld the monster with astonishment, as some prodigy of another world; and were still more astonished when they found that men like themselves could guide it at pleasure over the trackless ocean. Could their astonishment have been converted into rational reflection on every great purpose and every little mean of this floating world of art, how much higher would their admiration of the human mind have arisen! Whither do not the hands of Europeans at present reach, by means of this single implement? Whither may they not reach hereafter?

Besides this art, others innumerable have been invented within the space of a few years by mankind, that extend their sway over air and water, over earth and heaven. And when we reflect that but few nations were engaged in this contest of mental activity, while the greater part of the rest slumbered in the lap of ancient custom; when we reflect that almost all our inventions were made at very early periods, and scarcely any trace, scarcely any ruin of an ancient structure or an ancient institution exists, that is not connected with our early history,—what a prospect does this historically demonstrated activity of the human mind give us for the infinity of future ages! In the few centuries during which Greece flourished, in the few centuries of modern improvement, how much has been perceived, invented, done, reduced to order, and preserved for future ages, in Europe, the least quarter of the globe, and almost in its smallest parts! How prolific the seeds that art and science have copiously shed, while one nourishes, one animates and excites, the other! As when a string is touched, not only everything that has music resounds to it, but all its harmonious tones re-echo the sound till it becomes imperceptible, so the human mind has invented and created when a harmonious point of its interior has been hit. When a new concord was struck in a creation where everything is connected, innumerable new concatenations followed of course.

But it may be asked, How have all these arts and inventions been applied? have practical reason and justice, and consequently

the true improvement and happiness of the human species, been promoted by them? In reply, I refer to what has recently been urged respecting the progress of disorder throughout the whole creation: that according to an intrinsic law of nature, nothing can attain durability, which is the essential aim of all things, without order. A keen knife in the hand of a child may wound it; yet the art that invented and sharpened the knife is one of the most indispensable of arts. All that use such a knife are not children; and even the child will be taught by pain to use it better. Artificial power in the hand of a despot, foreign luxury in a nation without controlling laws, are such pernicious implements; but the very mischief they do will render men wiser, and soon or late the art that created luxury as well as despotism will first confine both within due bonds, and then convert them into real benefits. The heavy plowshare wears itself out by long use; the slight teeth of new watch-work gain, merely by their revolution, the more suitable and artful form of the epicycloid. Thus, in human powers, abuses carried to excess wear themselves down to good practices; extreme oscillations from side to side necessarily settle in the desirable mean of lasting fitness in a regular movement. Whatever is to take place among mankind will be effected by men; we suffer under our faults till we learn of ourselves the better use of our faculties, without the assistance of miracles from Heaven.

We have not the least reason, therefore, to doubt that every good employment of the human understanding necessarily must and will, at some time or other, promote humanity. Since agriculture has prevailed, men and acorns have ceased to be food Man found that he could live better, more decently, and more humanely, on the pleasing gifts of Ceres, than on the flesh of his fellows or the fruits of the oak; and was compelled so to live by the laws of men wiser than himself. After men had learned to build houses and towns they ceased to dwell in caves; under the laws of a commonweal, the poor stranger was no longer liable to death. Thus trade brought nations together; and the more its advantages were generally understood, the less murders, oppressions, and deceptions, which are always signs of ignorance in commerce, would necessarily be practiced. Every addition to the useful arts secures men's property, diminishes their labor, extends their sphere of activity, and necessarily lays therewith the foundations of further cultivation and humanity What labor was

saved, for example, by the single invention of printing! what an extensive circulation of men's ideas, arts, and sciences, did it promote! Were a European Kang-Ti now to attempt to eradicate the literature of this quarter of the globe, he would find it impossible. Had the Phœnicians and Carthaginians, the Greeks and Romans, possessed this art, the destruction of their literature would not have been so easy to their spoilers, if it could by any means have been accomplished. Let savage nations burst in upon Europe, they could not withstand our tactics; and no Attila will again extend his march from the shores of the Black Sea and the Caspian to the plains of Catalonia. Let monks, sybarites, fanatics, and tyrants arise as they will, it is no longer in their power to bring back the night of the Middle Ages. Now, as no greater benefit can be conceived to arise from any art, Divine or human, than not merely to bestow on us light and order but from its very nature to extend and secure them, let us thank the Creator that he conferred understanding on mankind, and made art essential to it. In them we possess the secret and the means of securing order in the world.

Neither need we any way repine that many excellently conceived theories, of morals not excepted, have remained so long without being carried into practice among mankind. The child learns much which the man alone can apply; but he has not therefore learned in vain. The youth heedlessly forgets what at some future period he must take pains to recollect, or learn a second time. So, no truth that is treasured up, nay, no truth that is discovered, among a race continually renovating, is wholly in vain: future circumstances will render necessary what is now despised; and in the infinity of things, every case must occur that can in any way exercise the human species. As in the creation we first conceive the *power* that formed chaos, and then disposing *wisdom*, and harmonious *goodness*, so the natural order of mankind first develops rude powers; disorder itself must guide them into the path of understanding: and the further the understanding pursues its work, the more it perceives that goodness alone can bestow on it durability, perfection, and beauty.

JOSÉ-MARIA DE HÉRÉDIA

(1842–)

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

It is generally supposed that the sonnet had its origin in Sicily. Sainte-Beuve, who himself wrote sonnets, admits that the sonnet was Italian first: «Du Bellay, le premierque l'apporta de Florence.» But before Petrarch was Thibaut, King of Navarre. Some Italian writers claim for Ludovico della Vernaccia (1200) the honor of having written the first sonnet in their language. The secretary of Frederick the Second of Sicily wrote the celebrated 'Pero' ch' amore.' The Provençals say that the rhymes of the sonnet are imitations of the recurring tinkling of the sheep-bells; hence the name *sonnette*. At any rate, the French have loved the sonnet almost as well as the Italians, although they see it from a somewhat different point of view. When the famous Madame De Longueville needed excitement, after the turmoil of a furious life, she made a party for Voiture, a sonneteer of the seventeenth century, against another, Benserade. The rivalry was fierce; all Paris was divided. The interest in the rivals was as intense as, later, between the Classicists and Romanticists when Victor Hugo wrote 'Hernani.' But for two centuries France had not announced the possession of a great sonnet-writer, when suddenly the Academy admitted José de Hérédia to a seat among the Immortals. He was elected on February 22d, 1894, in place of M. Mazade, receiving nineteen votes out of thirty-two; and he was welcomed by M. François Coppée.

HÉRÉDIA

José-Maria de Hérédia was born on November 22d, 1842, at Fortuna-Cafeyere, near Santiago de Cuba. He began his studies at the college of St. Vincent at Senlis, in France, and continued them at the University of Havana, and in Paris at the École des Chartes. He translated and edited Bernal Diaz's 'Conquests in New Spain,' with notes which gave him a reputation for acute and scrupulous research and

intelligent application of it. From the year 1862 he had, beginning with the Revue de Paris, contributed to the leading Parisian periodicals, including the Temps, the Journal des Débats, and the Revue des Deux Mondes. He disappointed the hopes of admirers who thirsted for the results of his studies in the École des Chartes and wanted more light on South-American history; but he delighted the literary circles by his poems 'Les Trophées' and 'Les Conquérants.' The volume containing these poems has already reached its fifteenth edition.

Such a demand for verse of no "popular" quality is remarkable. In truth, Hérédia despises what is called "popularity." He makes no concessions to it, and keeps himself as much as possible in the mood of Maurice de Guérin, who disliked to have a poem read outside of his intimate circle. He seems to rejoice in overcoming difficulties in form for the sake of overcoming them, and at the same time making his thought or mood permeate the form. The divisions of 'Les Trophées' show the specially literary quality of the mind of Hérédia. It opens with 'Greece and Sicily'; this series of sonnets including 'Hercules and the Centaurs,' 'Artemis and the Nymphs,' and 'Perseus and Andromeda.' The series that follows is called 'Rome and the Barbarians,' including the sonnets suggested by Catullus in the group 'Hortorum Deus.' Then come 'The Middle Age and the Renaissance,' 'The Orient and the Tropics,' and 'Les Conquérants.' 'The Conquerors of Gold' and 'Romancero' are not in the sonnet form. Some of the most exquisite sonnets written in France are to be found in 'Les Trophées.' It was no surprise to the readers of Hérédia when he was elected to the Academy,—which, although Daudet may parody it and outsiders revile it, cares more for quality than quantity. But to most of the English-speaking world it was a matter of amazement. The London critics, anxious to celebrate the new Academician, were at first in doubt as to who he was. They were equally amazed to find that this slim book, 'Les Trophées,' had gone through at least ten editions; but since his election Hérédia is better known, and his poems are appreciated by those who love to see human knowledge and human feeling preserved like roses in a block of imperishable crystal, carved in a thousand forms of beauty.

Hérédia's impression of the sonnet is somewhat different from the Italian, but not less difficult. In form it is Petrarcan as to the octave, and it has no affinity with that English sonnet which closes with the snappy couplet. The Italian sonnet is a syllogism, more or less carefully concealed in a mist of sentiment. The French form, while it holds to the quatrain followed by the two tercets, demands a veiled climax in the second tercet. It must have a certain element

of surprise. The tercet adds a glow to the stately quatrain. In Italian, the sextet draws the conclusion or applies the principle suggested by the quatrain. Henri Taine loved the music of Hérédia, who has the Miltonic quality of so mingling sonorous proper names in his sonnets that they make the chords to the lighter treble of the more melodious phrases of his music. This is evident in 'Epiphany,' where the names of the Magi are used both in the first line of the quatrain and the last of the sextet.

«C'est ainsi qu'autrefois, sous Augustus Cæsar,
Sont venus, presentant l'or, l'encens et la myrrhe,
Les Rois Mages Gaspar, Melchior et Balthazar.»

(In other days under Augustus Cæsar
Came, presenting gold, incense, and myrrh,
The magi Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthazar.)

His management of the climax — which must, in the French form, have an element of surprise, yet not be abrupt — is admirable. The sonnet to Rossi is a good example of this. Here, having dwelt in the quatrains on the physical aspect of Rossi as Hamlet, Othello, and Macbeth, he turns in the sextet to the spiritual effect of the actor's recitation of parts of the 'Inferno,' and cries out that, trembling to the depth of his soul, he has seen

«Alighieri, living, chant of hell.»

Hérédia varies the sextet by rhyming the first two lines, the third and the fifth and the fourth and the sixth; and sometimes the third with the sixth, couplets intervening. In the translation of the sonnet 'On an Antique Medal,' the Petrarcan sextet has been used. In the 'Setting Sun' one of Hérédia's forms has been followed. The other sonnets, too, are of the mold of the originals.

Maurice Francis Egan

THE CONQUERORS

FALCONS fierce they are from charnel nest,
Weary of flight and burdens of their woe;
From Palos of Moguer they spell-bound go,
Heroic dreams and coarse their minds invest.
Far in deep mines the precious gold-veins rest
Waiting for them; and as the trade-winds blow
Filling their sails, they drive them all too slow
To that mysterious shore,—world of the West.
The phosphorescent blue of tropic seas
Colored their dreams when in the languid breeze
They slept each eve in hope of morrows bright,—
Of epic morrows; or in unknown skies,
Leaning entranced, they saw from carvels white
From out the ocean, strange new stars arise.

THE SAMURAI

«It was a man with two swords»

THE bîva in her hand claims thought no more;
Some sounds she thrums, as through the lattice light
Of twist' bamboo, she sees, where all is bright
On the flat plain, her love and conqueror.
Swords at his sides comes he,—her eyes adore,—
His fan held high, red girdle: splendid sight!
Deep scarlet on dark armor; and unite
Great blazons on his shoulder, feared in war.
Like huge crustacean, shining black and red,
Lacquer and silk and bronze from feet to head,
Plated and brilliant is this lovèd one.
He sees her,—smiles beneath his bearded masque;
And as he hastens, glitter in the sun
The gold antennæ trembling on his casque.

ON PIERRE RONSARD'S BOOK OF LOVE

In Bourgueil's pleasaunce many a lover's hand
Wrote many a name in letters big and bold
On bark of shady tree; beneath the gold
Of Louvre's ceiling, love by smiles was fanned.
What matters it? Gone all the maddened band!
Four planks of wood their bodies did enfold;
None now disputes their love, or longs to hold
Their dried-up dust,—part of the grassy land.
All dead. Marie, Hélène, Cassandra proud,
Your bodies would be nothing in their shroud,—
Lilies and roses were not made to last,—
If Ronsard, on the yellow Loire or Seine,
Had not upon your brows his garlands cast
Of myrtle and of laurel not in vain.

ON AN ANTIQUE MEDAL

The wine which gave the antique ecstasy
To great Theocritus, in purple gold
Still ripens on Mount Ætna;—none can hold
The gracious girls he sang in Sicily!
Greek Arethusa, slave or mistress free,
Lost the pure profile of ancestral mold,
Mixed in her veins of Angevin, proud and bold,
And Saracenic, burning furiously.
Time goes; all dies; marble itself decays;
A shadow Agrigentum! Syracuse
Sleeps, still in death, beneath her kind sky's shades;—
But the hard metal guards through all the days—
Silver grown docile unto love's own use—
The immortal beauty of Sicilian maids.

SUNSET

The sunlit brush light to the dark rock lends,
And gilds the summit of the mountain dome
Where sets the sun; beyond—a bar of foam—
The endless sea begins where the earth ends:

Beneath me, night and silence; tired man wends
To where the smoking chimney marks his home.
The Angelus, deadened by the mists that roam,
In the vast murmur of the ocean blends.
As from the depth of an abyss, the sound
Of far-off voices in the space around
Comes from belated herdsmen with their clan.
The western sky is clothed in shadows gray;
The sun on rich dark clouds sinks slow away
And shuts the gold sticks of his crimson fan.

TO THE TRAGEDIAN ROSSI

Trailing thy mantle black, I've seen thee break,
O Rossi, weak Ophelia's saddened heart,
And, as the love-mad Moorish tiger, start
Strangling the sobs thy victim could not wake;
I Lear, Macbeth have seen, and seen thee take
The last cold kiss in love's supremest part
Of older Italy;—high flights of art!—
Yet greater triumphs have I seen thee make:
For I did taste of joy and woe sublime
When I did hear thee speak the triple rhyme,—
In voice of gold you rang its iron knell;
And red, in reflex of the infernal fire,
My very soul moved by deep horror dire
Saw Alighieri, living, chant of hell!

MICHELANGELO

Yes, he was darkly haunted, we may say,
When in the Sixtine, far from festal Rome,
Alone he painted wall or floating dome
With sibyls, prophets, and the Judgment Day.
He heard within him, weeping hard alway,
The Titan he would chain 'bove eagles' home,—
Love, country, glory and defeat,—like foam
In face of conquering death; his marble—falsest clay!
As well those heavy giants languid with strength,
Those slaves imprisoned in a stone vein's length,
As if he twisted them in their strange birth;

And in the marble cold had thrust his soul,
Making a fearful shiver through it roll,—
The anger of a god down-borne by earth.

AFTER PETRARCH

LEAVING the church, with gesture tender, sweet,
Your noble hands throw gold unto the poor;
Your beauty brightens all the porch obscure,
And fills with Heaven's gold the dazzled street.
Saluting you, I humbly at your feet
Throw down my heart: yet you so proud and pure
Turn quick away; your veil you fast secure
In anger o'er your eyes, mine not to meet!
But love, which conquers hearts that most rebel,
Will not permit me in the gloom to dwell,—
The source of light to me refusing day;
You were so slow to draw the graceful shade
Of tremulous eyelash, which deep shadows made
That from the darkness shot a star's long ray.

EPITAPH

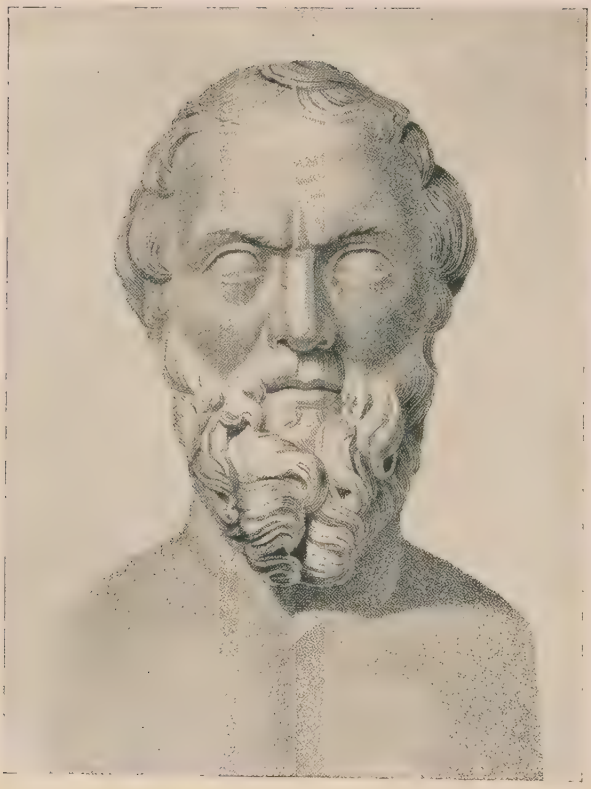
After the Verses of Henri III.

HERE sleeps, O passer, Hyacinth the Lord
Of Maugiron, dead, gone, at rest:
May God absolve and keep him near his breast;
Fallen to earth, he lies in holy sward.
None — even Quélus — wore the pearly cord,
The plumèd cap, or ruff more meetly prest;
Behold by a new Myron well exprest
A spray of hyacinth in marble scored.
And having kissed him and most tenderly
Placed him in coffin, Henry willed that he
At Saint-Germain be laid; — fair, wan, he lies.
And wishing that such grief should never die,
He made in church, all changes to defy,
This sweet, sad symbol of Apollo's sighs.

«'TIS NOON; THE LIGHT IS FIERCE»

'Tis noon; the light is fierce; the air is fire;
The ancient river rolls its waves of lead;
Direct from Heaven day falls overhead,—
Phra covers Egypt in relentless ire.
The eyes of the great sphinx that never tire—
The sphinx that bathes in dust of golden-red—
Follow with mystic looks the unmeasurèd
And needle-pointed pyramidal spire.
A darkened spot is on the sky of white,—
An endless flight of circling vulture wings;
A flame immense makes drowsy all earth's things.
The ardent soil is sparkling; full in sight
A brass Anubis, silent, still, and stark,
Turns to the sun its never-ending bark.

All the above translations are by Maurice Francis Egan, for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature'



HERODOTUS.

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(490?–426? B. C.)

BY BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER

THIS most delightful story-teller bears, strange to say, the title of the "father of history." The art of story-telling, first fashioned in the usage of epic poetry, passed into the hands of the logographers of the sixth and fifth centuries, to whom must be accredited the relatively late and rather startling discovery that prose could be a medium of literature. Of their works we have little or nothing. The borderlands of the Orient, rich in materials of family and city tradition, of mythology, genealogy, theogony, of diverse national usage and custom, furnished them the natural stimulus to their work. The material had outgrown the staid restraint of the genteel epic, and bursting the traditional dikes, it spread itself abroad in great levels of plebeian prose. Herein both the historical prose style and the philosophical found their source.

Herodotus stood on the border-line between logography and history. He felt himself akin to the logographers, and looked back through them to Homer as the head of his guild. In entitling his work, he used the word *historia* in the sense of story-telling; but lifted it by the character of his composition into its significance as history. His claim to the title "father of history," first awarded him by Cicero, rests primarily upon the fact that he was the first to shape a collection of stories into the portrayal of a great historical proceeding, so as to endow it with a plot. The proceeding which he chose as his subject has proved to be one of prime importance in the total history of human civilization. It was the conflict between Greece and Persia in the beginning of the fifth century B. C.,—a great crisis and turning-point in the long history of that struggle between Orientalism and Occidentalism, which, ever since human record began, has been almost perpetually in progress by the shores of the Ægean. The writing of history begins, therefore, with the Eastern Question.

Herodotus's early home was such as to suggest to him his theme. He was born in Halicarnassus, a Doric city on the southwestern coast of Asia Minor, about 490 B. C., and died, probably at Thurii in Italy, at some time between 428 and 426. His life covers thus the period from the Persian wars to the Peloponnesian War, and is commensurate with the period of Athens's bloom. He was born, if we may

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trust Suidas's evidence, of a highly respectable Halicarnassian family; and among his near relatives, probably his uncle, was Panyasis,— a collector of myths and folk-lore, and an epic poet of considerable distinction, whose influence in determining his younger kinsman's tastes may well have been decisive. A revolution in the government of the city, probably of the year 468, occasioned the death of Panyasis and the exile of Herodotus. It is significant for the later attitude of Herodotus, as shown in his writings, that in this affair he sided with the democracy. After an exile of several years, part of which at least he is said to have spent in Samos, he returned to his native city, where later — at some time prior to 454 — he participated in the overthrowing of the tyrant Lygdamis. Continued political disturbances caused him finally to withdraw permanently from the city. The jealousy of the mob, which had now joined itself to the hatred of the aristocracy, had made his longer stay impossible.

From this time until 443, when he joined in founding the Athenian colony of Thurii in Italy, he was a homeless, cityless wanderer on the face of the earth. Athens, ever hospitable to strangers, afforded him the nearest approach to a home, and here he naturally made his abode at the end of his successive voyages. There is no good reason for rejecting the information that in the year 445 he gave a public reading of some portion of his history, and received therefor a vote of thanks from the Athenian Council and a reward of ten talents. The greater part of his travels was accomplished before this date; for two years later, in search of a home and rest, — and probably too of the leisure to complete his work, — he withdrew to Thurii. The most probable order of his travels is that which takes him first along the coasts of Asia Minor to the northern islands, Thrace, the Sea of Marmora, Byzantium, and the coasts of the Black Sea; then at some time after 445 brings him to the south, along the southern shores of Asia Minor to Cyprus and the Syrian coast, and into the interior through Syria and Mesopotamia to Babylon. Egypt he visited almost certainly after 449, and Kyrene in northern Africa may well have come next in order. The exploration of Greece proper, — where he visited Dodona, Zakynthos, Delphi, Thebes, Platæa, Thermopylæ, and various places in the Peloponnesus, including Corinth, Tegea, Sparta, and probably Olympia, — belongs in the last years before his departure for Thurii.

There are not lacking those who, on the basis of inaccuracies in our author's reports, deny that his itinerary ever took him far from the coast line of the Ægean and eastern Mediterranean. Thus Professor Sayce, in his Introduction to Books i.–iii., limits Herodotus's travels to coasting trips along the shores of Thrace from Athos to Byzantium, to Palestine and Syria, among the islands of the Ægean,

with visits to Lower Egypt and certain sites in Greece. Though Herodotus distinctly says he visited Egyptian Thebes, and pushed on up the Nile as far as Elephantine, Mr. Sayce prefers to brand our good friend as a deliberate liar, forsooth, because he calls Elephantine a village instead of an island, and does not wax warm enough in praise of the wonders of Thebes! To those who have read the pages of Herodotus as they were meant to be read, and have not used them exclusively as material for seminary criticism, the genial simplicity of the writer is likely to be too well known to suffer his being made an arrant rogue on slight evidence. He loved a good story, and surely would not let it take harm in his hands; but plain lying was not his forte. There really exists no sufficient reason for supposing he did not visit the places he actually says he did.

After settling at Thurii, he may on occasion have taken up again the wander-staff; but direct evidence does not exist. It is not even certain that he visited Athens again. His mention of the Propylaia (Book v., 77) refers by no means certainly to the Propylaia of Mnesicles, completed in 432, but more probably to the older structure on the same site. His allusion to events in Athenian history occurring after the beginning of the Peloponnesian War (431) does not necessitate the hypothesis of residence in Athens. His whole attitude, on the contrary, toward the issues and events involved in that struggle, betrays the feeling of one observing from a distance, rather than of an eye-witness and participant.

Pitifully little it is, therefore, that we know about the man himself. When after a period of relative neglect his writings sprang again into attention in the second century B. C., the facts of his life had so far been forgotten — fate of a man without a country! — that even the busy gleaning of the grammarians failed to find materials sufficient to construct a fair biography. He lives only in his writings. Whether he wrote anything else than the nine books of history that have come down to us under his name is not perfectly certain, though he in two different passages promises to return to a subject in his 'Assyrian Notes.' Aristotle in his 'Animal History' cites a remark of Herodotus that may well have had a place in such a work, and certainly is not taken from his existing writings; but there is no other evidence that any such book existed. The theory that he wrote it and intended ultimately to incorporate it in his history, much as he did the 'Egyptian Notes' which constitute the second book, is rendered improbable by the evident completeness of plan characterizing the existing work.

The History as we have it is divided into nine books, named from the nine Muses. This division, not mentioned by any one before Diodoros (who lived in the first century B. C.), and not presupposed by

the author himself in referring to other parts of his history, may have been the handiwork of the Alexandrine grammarian; but was fittingly made, and corresponds to real lines of division which must have been present to the author's mind and purpose. In spite of the bewildering variety of the material brought together in the single books, and in spite of digressions and excursuses, each book will be found to contribute its distinct and appropriate part to the plan of the whole, and steadily to lead the subject up to its complete unfolding. Reducing to lowest terms, we may summarize the subject of each book in its relation to the whole as follows:—I. The rise of the Persian empire through the downfall of the Lydian. II. Egypt. III. The establishment of the Persian empire,—Cambyses, Smerdis, Darius. IV. Persia against Scythia and against Libya. V. Advance of the Persian power towards a conflict with Athens. VI. The self-assertion of the Hellenic spirit in Ionia, and the quelling of the Ionian revolt; its self-assertion in Greece, and the battle of Marathon. VII. Xerxes's march against Greece. VIII. Salamis. IX. Platæa, Mycale, and the failure of Persia.

The story is complete in itself. It is fashioned after a plot, and is set forth in all the stately form of a great drama. There is introduction, assembling of the elements of conflict, conflict, catastrophe, lesson. The tale begins with the rise of the Persian power, gathering unto itself the strength of the barbarian world. It ends with Persia's failure and discomfiture. The *motif* is sounded at the start. Overweening greatness challenges the envy of the gods, and is smitten with the divine wrath. Hybris meets its Nemesis. The presumption of Crœsus received in the first book its rebuke from the Athenian Solon. The Persian power which rose to greatness on the ruins of Crœsus's power vaunted its pride in Xerxes's host, and received in the last book its rebuke from the Athenian State.

The last three books stand in marked contrast as well as parallelism to the first three. In the closing section of the work, Hellas is the scene, Hellenic history is the central interest; in the first section, barbarian history fills the foreground, and Lydia, Egypt, Mesopotamia are the scene. In Books vii., viii., ix., we have a single continuous account, clear and definite in outline and plan; in i., ii., iii., we find a vast assemblage of various narrative, rich with the varied colorings and dreamy fancies of the East. These stand in the world of the known, those issue out of the misty depths of wonderland.

Between these two groups the fourth, fifth, and sixth books play a mediating part. In geographical location they belong neither to the civilized Orient nor to the Occident. The fourth reaches far to the north, then far to the south. The fifth draws near to the frontier, and deals with Thrace and Ionia. The sixth bestrides the frontier, and

reaches to the shores of Attica. Chronologically they also form the bridge between the beginning and the end. The first three books deal with vast stretches of time, quoted not in decades or generations but in centuries. The three central books limit themselves to the thirty years prior to the battle of Marathon, as the last three do to the ten years subsequent thereto. The fourth book is conceived more after the spirit of its predecessors than its successors, but yet belongs in scene and purpose to the latter rather than the former. As Mr. Macan has remarked, the middle books are "intermediate and transitional in character. They present a dissolving view, or a series—nay, a large amphitheatre—of dissolving views." The art which has fashioned the plan of the whole reveals itself also, on minuter analysis, in the outline of the separate books. We cannot be certain that this plan in all its features was outlined by the author before beginning his work. We are rather inclined to think that except for some crude vision of the whole, the plan grew upon him as he wrote and arranged. His first impulse to authorship arose from his interest in the life and customs of diverse peoples, aroused perhaps by his uncle's interest, and conditioned and strengthened by his early residence on the frontier of diverse civilizations, and by his travels. A suggestion for the classification of his material was presented by the exhibition of the practical outcome of diverse attitudes of life, in the conflict joined at Salamis between the two extremes.

The composition was doubtless the work of years. Various attempts to assign certain parts to certain years of his life have proved vain. He no doubt added from time to time here an anecdote, there an excursus; and as he inserted and rearranged, the finer details of a plan emerged. It is not likely that the book was given to the world before his death; there is indeed a tradition—not all too trustworthy—that it was published after his death by his friend the poet Plesirrhoös. However that may be, the work was practically complete. The last revision, which might have removed a few minor inconsistencies, had not been made; but as for a purpose to continue the work so as to cover for instance the age of Pericles, or even some shorter additional period, it is out of the question. Such work was not to his mind, nor appropriate to the material he had collected and which enchained his interest. The deeds of great heroes of the past, not the political strife of the present, allured him. He was a child of Homer. The conflict of Asia against Europe was the same old theme of which Homer had sung. But we are not confined to negative evidence. The fact that the plan of the work as it stands is complete, furnishes positive assurance. The closing incident of the ninth book naturally concludes the story. The *hybris* of Xerxes has met its defeat. The expedition to Sestos gave the evidence that Xerxes's bridge was broken through and Europe rid of the intruder.

The closing words of the last book form an ideal conclusion to the work. They represent the older policy of the Persians when under the guidance of Cyrus: — "So the Persians, seeing their error, yielded to the opinion of Cyrus; for they chose rather to live in a barren land and rule, than to sow the plain and be the slaves of others." Thus Solon's rebuke of *hybris* at the beginning of the work is echoed from the lips of the great Persian at the end.

Herodotus is by no means a trained scientific observer. He sees with the natural eye. His crocodiles and hippopotamuses are somewhat awry, but he tells what children would like to hear about them. What is now the every-day cat was then among the marvels of wonder-land. His contributions to piscatology are not masterly, and his faith in what is told him concerning the habits of animals he has not seen is beautifully free from scientific doubt. The description of Babylon is not that of a Baedeker, but constitutes no evidence that he had failed to visit it. In regard to geography he thought himself well in advance of his day, and smiled disdainful smiles at those who make "the earth circular, as if turned out on a lathe." His remarks concerning language show that he was innocent of all knowledge of foreign tongues, and that his capacity for observation was slight. Thus he presents, as an argument for the connection of the Colchians and the Egyptians, their similarity of language!

When he is describing the customs of strange peoples he is always entertaining, and usually instructive. Here his gift as a story-teller stands him in good stead. When he opens his mouth to tell us a story, then he is at his best. The ring of Polycrates, the contest for Thyrea, the boyhood of Cyrus, King Rhampsinitos and his money, are samples of his tales pitched in every key, — the marvelous, the genuine, the spirited, the grimly humorous. His descriptions of battles are full of movement and interest; not precise and strategically clear, but gossipy and active, and above all things interesting. They were composed to be heard, and not to be studied out with a map. No better illustration could be cited than the magnificent story of Salamis. The failure of scholars to agree regarding the plan of this battle has been in some measure due to their unwillingness to listen to Herodotus as a naïve story-teller rather than as a naval expert. There is no general canon by which the credibility of his material can be tested. Each statement must be weighed by itself. What he heard, or what he understood, and what he saw or thought he saw, he reported — so far as it interested him. If he heard two accounts of an occurrence, he sometimes gave them both and left the reader to choose. Sometimes he expresses a mild doubt, but generally he reports the current stories in a delightful miscellany of folk-lore and history. He does not hesitate on occasion to admit his ignorance, and carefully distinguishes his inferences from his facts. Neither

infallibility nor dogmatism is his besetting sin. He could not speak the languages of the foreign countries in which he traveled, and was therefore often at the mercy of the local dragomans. The statement concerning the inscription on the great Pyramid, which expressed the greatness of the work in terms of the onions and garlic consumed by the workmen, savors strongly of dragoman philology. So soon as he passes the Greek language frontier we mark the effect upon his material. Books he used relatively little as sources. Hecataios is the only logographer he cites. His materials were chiefly obtained from oral testimony and observation.

Strikingly characteristic of Herodotus is his religious conviction. History with him was all Providence. The gods rule in the affairs of men; they declare their will to them in signs and through oracles; the great events of history and the experiences of individual lives admit of explanation in terms of Divine purpose. This attitude of simple faith conditions throughout both the collection of materials and their use. If we have found in him history still undifferentiated from folk-lore, quite as much do we find it undifferentiated from theology. His work is folk-lore, history, theology, and epic all in one; but history is pushing to the fore. Rich as it is in the materials of history, it cannot be history for the people of to-day. It is better than that, for it is a picture of what history was to people then.

Benj. Ide Wheeler.

Bibliographical Note.—Since the Aldine Editio Princeps (1502), Herodotus has had many editors. The most helpful recent editions are those of Stein, one with critical apparatus, another with German notes. There is a fair annotated edition by Blakesley in the 'Bibliotheca Classica.' Much better is the masterly translation into English by Rawlinson, with copious notes and special essays, in four octavo volumes, first published in London in 1858. An American reprint from Rawlinson in two volumes, with abridgment of the expository material and slight revision of the text, is just announced. There is also a good translation by G. C. Macaulay (1890). All the citations which follow are drawn from Rawlinson's original edition, which is one of the noblest monuments of English classical scholarship.

The best recent English work on Herodotus will be found in the introduction and appendices of R. W. Macan's 'Herodotus, iv., v., vi.' (London, Macmillan: 1892). An extremely readable French book is 'Hérodote, Historien des Guerres Médiques,' by Amedée Hauvette (Paris, Hachette: 1894). B. I. W.

THE KING AND THE PHILOSOPHER

WHEN all these conquests had been added to the Lydian empire, and the prosperity of Sardis was now at its height, there came thither, one after another, all the sages of Greece living at the time; and among them Solon the Athenian. He was on his travels, having left Athens to be absent ten years, under the pretense of wishing to see the world, but really to avoid being forced to repeal any of the laws which at the request of the Athenians he had made for them. Without his sanction the Athenians could not repeal them, as they had bound themselves under a heavy curse to be governed for ten years by the laws which should be imposed on them by Solon.

On this account, as well as to see the world, Solon set out upon his travels, in the course of which he went to Egypt to the court of Amasis, and also came on a visit to Crœsus at Sardis. Crœsus received him as his guest, and lodged him in the royal palace. On the third or fourth day after, he bade his servants conduct Solon over his treasuries and show him all their greatness and magnificence. When he had seen them all, and so far as time allowed inspected them, Crœsus addressed this question to him: "Stranger of Athens, we have heard much of thy wisdom and of thy travels through many lands, from love of knowledge and a wish to see the world. I am curious therefore to inquire of thee, whom of all the men that thou hast seen thou deemest the most happy?" This he asked because he thought himself the happiest of mortals; but Solon answered him without flattery, according to his true sentiments, "Tellus of Athens, sire." Full of astonishment at what he had heard, Crœsus demanded sharply, "And wherefore dost thou deem Tellus happiest?" To which the other replied: "First, because his country was flourishing in his days, and he himself had sons both beautiful and good, and he lived to see children born to each of them, and these children all grew up; and further, because after a life spent in what our people look upon as comfort, his end was surpassingly glorious. In a battle between the Athenians and their neighbors near Eleusis, he came to the assistance of his countrymen, routed the foe, and died upon the field most gallantly. The Athenians gave him a public funeral on the spot where he fell, and paid him the highest honors."

Thus did Solon admonish Crœsus by the example of Tellus, enumerating the manifold particulars of his happiness. When he had ended, Crœsus inquired a second time, who after Tellus seemed to him the happiest; expecting that at any rate he would be given the second place. "Cleobis and Bito," Solon answered: "they were of Argive race; their fortune was enough for their wants, and they were besides endowed with so much bodily strength that they had both gained prizes at the games. Also, this tale is told of them: There was a great festival in honor of the goddess Juno at Argos, to which their mother must needs be taken in a car. Now, the oxen did not come home from the field in time; so the youths, fearful of being too late, put the yoke on their own necks, and themselves drew the car in which their mother rode. Five-and-forty furlongs did they draw her, and stopped before the temple. This deed of theirs was witnessed by the whole assembly of worshipers, and then their life closed in the best possible way. Herein, too, God showed forth most evidently how much better a thing for man death is than life. For the Argive men stood thick around the car and extolled the vast strength of the youths; and the Argive women extolled the mother who was blessed with such a pair of sons; and the mother herself, overjoyed at the deed and at the praises it had won, standing straight before the image, besought the goddess to bestow on Cleobis and Bito, the sons who had so mightily honored her, the highest blessing to which mortals can attain. Her prayer ended, they offered sacrifice and partook of the holy banquet, after which the two youths fell asleep in the temple. They never woke more, but so passed from the earth. The Argives, looking on them as among the best of men, caused statues of them to be made, which they gave to the shrine at Delphi."

When Solon had thus assigned these youths the second place, Crœsus broke in angrily, "What, stranger of Athens! is my happiness then so utterly set at naught by thee, that thou dost not even put me on a level with private men?"

"O Crœsus," replied the other, "thou askedst a question concerning the condition of man, of one who knows that the Power above us is full of jealousy, and fond of troubling our lot. A long life gives one to witness much, and experience much oneself, that one would not choose. Seventy years I regard as the limit of the life of man. In these seventy years are contained, without reckoning intercalary months, twenty-five thousand and two hundred days. Add an intercalary month to every other

year, that the seasons may come round at the right time, and there will be, besides the seventy years, thirty-five such months, making an addition of one thousand and fifty days. The whole number of the days contained in the seventy years will thus be twenty-six thousand two hundred and fifty, whereof not one but will produce events unlike the rest. Hence man is wholly accident. For thyself, O Crœsus, I see that thou art wonderfully rich, and art the lord of many nations; but with respect to that whereon thou questionest me, I have no answer to give, until I hear that thou hast closed thy life happily. For assuredly, he who possesses great store of riches is no nearer happiness than he who has what suffices for his daily needs, unless it so hap that luck attend upon him, and so he continue in the enjoyment of all his good things to the end of life. For many of the wealthiest men have been unfavored of fortune, and many whose means were moderate have had excellent luck. Men of the former class excel those of the latter but in two respects; these last excel the former in many. The wealthy man is better able to content his desires, and to bear up against a sudden buffet of calamity. The other has less ability to withstand these evils (from which however his good luck keeps him clear), but he enjoys all these following blessings: he is whole of limb, a stranger to disease, free from misfortune, happy in his children, and comely to look upon. If in addition to all this he ends his life well, he is of a truth the man of whom thou art in search, the man who may rightly be termed happy. Call him, however, until he die, not happy but fortunate. Scarcely indeed can any man unite all these advantages: as there is no country which contains within it all that it needs, but each while it possesses some things lacks others, and the best country is that which contains the most, so no single human being is complete in every respect — something is always lacking. He who unites the greatest number of advantages, and retaining them to the day of his death, then dies peaceably,— that man alone, sire, is in my judgment entitled to bear the name of 'happy.' But in every matter it behoves us to mark well the end; for oftentimes God gives men a gleam of happiness, and then plunges them into ruin."

Such was the speech which Solon addressed to Crœsus, a speech which brought him neither largess nor honor. The King saw him depart with much indifference, since he thought that a man must be an arrant fool who made no account of present good, but bade men always wait and mark the end.

A TYRANT'S FORTUNE

The exceeding good fortune of Polycrates did not escape the notice of Amasis, who was much disturbed thereat. When therefore his success continued increasing, Amasis wrote him the following letter, and sent it to Samos:—"Amasis to Polycrates thus sayeth: It is a pleasure to hear of a friend and ally prospering, but thy exceeding prosperity does not cause me joy, forasmuch as I know that the gods are envious. My wish for myself, and for those whom I love, is to be now successful and now to meet with a check, thus passing through life amid alternate good and ill, rather than with perpetual good fortune. For never yet did I hear tell of any one succeeding in all his undertakings who did not meet with calamity at last, and come to utter ruin. Now therefore give ear to my words, and meet thy good luck in this way: bethink thee which of all thy treasures thou valuest most and canst least bear to part with; take it, whatsoever it be, and throw it away, so that it may be sure never to come any more into the sight of man. Then, if thy good fortune be not thenceforth checkered with ill, save thyself from harm by again doing as I have counseled."

When Polycrates read this letter, and perceived that the advice of Amasis was good, he considered carefully with himself which of the treasures that he had in store it would grieve him most to lose. After much thought he made up his mind that it was a signet ring which he was wont to wear, an emerald set in gold, the workmanship of Theodore son of Telecles, a Samian. So he determined to throw this away; and manning a penteconter, he went on board, and bade the sailors put out into the open sea. When he was now a long way from the island he took the ring from his finger, and in the sight of all those who were on board, flung it into the deep. This done, he returned home, and gave vent to his sorrow.

Now it happened five or six days afterwards that a fisherman caught a fish so large and beautiful that he thought it well deserved to be made a present of to the King. So he took it with him to the gate of the palace, and said that he wanted to see Polycrates. Then Polycrates allowed him to come in, and the fisherman gave him the fish with these words following: "Sir King, when I took this prize I thought I would not carry it to market, though I am a poor man who live by my trade. I said

to myself, It is worthy of Polycrates and his greatness; and so I brought it here to give it to you." The speech pleased the King, who thus spoke in reply: "Thou didst right well, friend, and I am doubly indebted, both for the gift and for the speech. Come now and sup with me."

So the fisherman went home, esteeming it a high honor that he had been asked to sup with the King. Meanwhile the servants, on cutting open the fish, found the signet of their master in its belly. No sooner did they see it than they seized upon it, and hastening to Polycrates with great joy, restored it to him, and told him in what way it had been found. The King, who saw something Providential in the matter, forthwith wrote a letter to Amasis, telling him all that had happened, what he had himself done, and what had been the upshot; and dispatched the letter to Egypt.

When Amasis had read the letter of Polycrates, he perceived that it does not belong to man to save his fellow-man from the fate which is in store for him; likewise he felt certain that Polycrates would end ill, as he prospered in everything, even finding what he had thrown away. So he sent a herald to Samos, and dissolved the contract of friendship. This he did, that when the great and heavy misfortune came, he might escape the grief which he would have felt if the sufferer had been his bond-friend.

CURIOUS SCYTHIAN CUSTOMS

In what concerns war, their customs are the following: The Scythian soldier drinks the blood of the first man he overthrows in battle. Whatever number he slays, he cuts off all their heads and carries them to the king; since he is thus entitled to a share of the booty, whereto he forfeits all claim if he does not produce a head. In order to strip the skull of its covering, he makes a cut round the head above the ears, and laying hold of the scalp, shakes the skull out; then with the rib of an ox he scrapes the scalp clean of flesh, and softening it by rubbing between the hands, uses it thenceforth as a napkin. The Scyth is proud of these scalps, and hangs them from his bridle rein; the greater the number of such napkins that a man can show, the more highly is he esteemed among them. Many make themselves cloaks, like the capotes of our peasants, by sewing a quantity of

these scalps together. Others flay the right arms of their dead enemies, and make of the skin, which is stripped off with the nails hanging to it, a covering for their quivers. Now the skin of a man is thick and glossy, and would in whiteness surpass almost all other hides. Some even flay the entire body of their enemy, and stretching it upon a frame, carry it about with them wherever they ride. Such are the Scythian customs with respect to scalps and skins.

The skulls of their enemies,—not indeed of all, but of those whom they most detest,—they treat as follows: Having sawn off the portion below the eyebrows, and cleaned out the inside, they cover the outside with leather. When a man is poor, this is all that he does; but if he is rich, he also lines the inside with gold: in either case the skull is used as a drinking-cup. They do the same with the skulls of their own kith and kin, if they have been at feud with them, and have vanquished them in the presence of the king. When strangers whom they deem of any account come to visit them, these skulls are handed round, and the host tells how that these were his relations who made war upon him, and how that he got the better of them: all this being looked upon as proof of bravery.

Once a year the governor of each district, at a set place in his own province, mingles a bowl of wine, of which all Scythians have a right to drink by whom foes have been slain; while they who have slain no enemy are not allowed to taste of the bowl, but sit aloof in disgrace. No greater shame than this can happen to them. Such as have slain a very large number of foes have two cups instead of one, and drink from both.

The tombs of their kings are in the land of the Gerrhi, who dwell at the point where the Borysthenes is first navigable. Here when the king dies they dig a grave, which is square in shape and of great size. When it is ready they take the king's corpse, and embalm it with a preparation of chopped cypress, frankincense, parsley seed, and anise seed; after which they inclose the body in wax, and placing it on a wagon, carry it about through all the different tribes. On this procession each tribe, when it receives the corpse, imitates the example which is first set by the Royal Scythians: every man chops off a piece of his ear, crops his hair close, makes a cut all around his arm, lacerates his forehead and his nose, and thrusts an arrow through his left hand. Then they who have the care of the corpse carry it

with them to another of the tribes which are under the Scythian rule, followed by those whom they first visited. On completing the circuit of all the tribes under their sway, they find themselves in the country of the Gerrhi, who are the most remote of all, and so they come to the tombs of the kings. There the body of the dead king is laid in the grave prepared for it, stretched upon a mattress; spears are fixed in the ground on either side of the corpse, and beams stretched across above it to form a roof, which is covered with a thatching of osier twigs. In the open space around the body of the king they bury one of his concubines, first killing her by strangling, and also his cup-bearer, his cook, his groom, his lackey, his messenger, some of his horses, firstlings of all his other possessions, and some golden cups—for they use neither silver nor brass. After this they set to work and raise a vast mound above the grave, all of them vying with each other and seeking to make it as tall as possible.

When a year is gone by, further ceremonies take place. Fifty of the best of the late king's attendants are taken, all native Scythians,—for as bought slaves are unknown in the country, the Scythian kings choose any of their subjects that they like, to wait on them,—fifty of these are taken and strangled, with fifty of the most beautiful horses. When they are dead, their bodies are stuffed with chaff. This done, a number of posts are driven into the ground, in sets of two pairs each, and on every pair half the felly of a wheel is placed archwise; then strong stakes are run lengthways through the bodies of the horses from tail to neck, and they are mounted up upon the fellies, so that the felly in front supports the shoulders of the horse, while that behind sustains the belly and quarters, the legs dangling in mid-air; each horse is furnished with a bit and bridle, which latter is stretched out in front of the horse, and fastened to a peg. The fifty strangled youths are then mounted severally on the fifty horses. To effect this, a second stake is passed through their bodies along the course of the spine to the neck; the lower end of which projects from the body, and is fixed into a socket, made in the stake that runs lengthwise down the horse. The fifty riders are thus ranged in a circle round the tomb, and so left.

Such then is the mode in which the kings are buried. As for the people, when any one dies his nearest of kin lay him upon a wagon and take him round to all his friends in succession; each receives them in turn and entertains them with a banquet,

whereat the dead man is served with a portion of all that is set before the others; this is done for forty days, at the end of which time the burial takes place. After the burial, those engaged in it have to purify themselves, which they do in the following way: First they well soap and wash their heads; then, in order to cleanse their bodies, they act as follows: they make a booth by fixing in the ground three sticks inclined towards one another, and stretching around them woolen felts, which they arrange so as to fit as close as possible; inside the booth a dish is placed upon the ground, into which they put a number of red-hot stones, and then add some hemp seed.

Hemp grows in Scythia; it is very like flax, only that it is a much coarser and taller plant: some grows wild about the country, some is produced by cultivation. The Thracians make garments of it which closely resemble linen; so much so, indeed, that if a person has never seen hemp he is sure to think they are linen, and if he has, unless he is very experienced in such matters, he will not know of which material they are.

The Scythians, as I said, take some of this hemp seed, and creeping under the felt coverings, throw it upon the red-hot stones; immediately it smokes, and gives out such a vapor as no Grecian vapor bath can exceed: the Scyths, delighted, shout for joy, and this vapor serves them instead of a water bath — for they never by any chance wash their bodies with water. Their women make a mixture of cypress, cedar, and frankincense wood, which they pound into a paste upon a rough piece of stone, adding a little water to it. With this substance, which is of a thick consistency, they plaster their faces all over, and indeed their whole bodies. A sweet odor is thereby imparted to them, and when they take off the plaster on the day following, their skin is clean and glossy.

KING RHAMPSINITUS AND THE ROBBER

An Egyptian Tale

King Rhampsinitus was possessed, they said, of great riches in silver; indeed, to such an amount that none of the princes his successors surpassed or even equaled his wealth. For the better custody of this money he proposed to build a vast chamber of hewn stone, one side of which was to form a part of

the outer wall of his palace. The builder, therefore, having designs upon the treasures, contrived as he was making the building to insert in this wall a stone which could easily be removed from its place by two men, or even by one. So the chamber was finished, and the king's money stored away in it. Time passed, and the builder fell sick; when, finding his end approaching, he called for his two sons and related to them the contrivance he had made in the king's treasure chamber, telling them it was for their sakes he had done it, that so they might always live in affluence. Then he gave them clear directions concerning the mode of removing the stone, and communicated the measurements, bidding them carefully keep the secret, whereby they would be comptrollers of the royal exchequer so long as they lived. Then the father died, and the sons were not slow in setting to work: they went by night to the palace, found the stone in the wall of the building, and having removed it with ease, plundered the treasury of a round sum.

When the king next paid a visit to the apartment, he was astonished to see that the money was sunk in some of the vessels wherein it was stored away. Whom to accuse, however, he knew not, as the seals were all perfect and the fastenings of the room secure. Still, each time that he repeated his visits he found that more money was gone. The thieves in truth never stopped, but plundered the treasury ever more and more. At last the king determined to have some traps made, and set near the vessels which contained his wealth. This was done, and when the thieves came as usual to the treasure chamber, and one of them entering through the aperture made straight for the jars, suddenly he found himself caught in one of the traps. Perceiving that he was lost, he instantly called his brother, and telling him what had happened, entreated him to enter as quickly as possible and cut off his head, that when his body should be discovered it might not be recognized, which would have the effect of bringing ruin upon both. The other thief thought the advice good, and was persuaded to follow it; then, fitting the stone in its place, he went home, taking with him his brother's head.

When day dawned, the king came into the room, and marveled greatly to see the body of the thief in the trap without a head, while the building was still whole, and neither entrance nor exit was to be seen anywhere. In this perplexity he commanded the body of the dead man to be hung up outside the

palace wall, and set a guard to watch it, with orders that if any persons were seen weeping or lamenting near the place, they should be seized and brought before him. When the mother heard of this exposure of the corpse of her son, she took it sorely to heart, and spoke to her surviving child, bidding him to devise some plan or other to get back the body, and threatening that if he did not exert himself, she would go herself to the king and denounce him as the robber.

The son said all he could to persuade her to let the matter rest, but in vain; she still continued to trouble him, until at last he yielded to her importunity, and contrived as follows: Filling some skins with wine, he loaded them on donkeys, which he drove before him till he came to the place where the guards were watching the dead body, when pulling two or three of the skins towards him, he untied some of the necks which dangled by the asses' sides. The wine poured freely out, whereupon he began to beat his head and shout with all his might, seeming not to know which of the donkeys he should turn to first. When the guards saw the wine running, delighted to profit by the occasion, they rushed one and all into the road, each with some vessel or other, and caught the liquor as it was spilling. The driver pretended anger, and loaded them with abuse; whereon they did their best to pacify him, until at last he appeared to soften and recover his good humor, drove his asses aside of the road, and set to work to rearrange their burthens; meanwhile, as he talked and chatted with the guards, one of them began to rally him and make him laugh, whereupon he gave them one of the skins as a gift. They now made up their minds to sit down and have a drinking bout where they were, so they begged him to remain and drink with them. Then the man let himself be persuaded, and stayed. As the drinking went on, they grew very friendly together, so presently he gave them another skin, upon which they drank so copiously that they were all overcome with the liquor, and growing drowsy lay down, and fell asleep on the spot. The thief waited till it was the dead of the night, and then took down the body of his brother; after which, in mockery, he shaved off the right side of all the soldiers' beards, and so left them. Laying his brother's body upon the asses, he carried it home to his mother, having thus accomplished the thing that she had required of him.

HEROISM OF ATHENS DURING THE PERSIAN INVASION

And here I feel constrained to deliver an opinion which most men I know will mislike, but which, as it seems to me to be true, I am determined not to withhold. Had the Athenians from fear of the approaching danger quitted their country, or had they without quitting it submitted to the power of Xerxes, there would certainly have been no attempt to resist the Persians by sea; in which case the course of events by land would have been the following: Though the Peloponnesians might have carried ever so many breastworks across the Isthmus, yet their allies would have fallen off from the Lacedæmonians, not by voluntary desertion but because town after town must have been taken by the fleet of the barbarians; and so the Lacedæmonians would at last have stood alone, and standing alone, would have displayed prodigies of valor and died nobly. Either they would have done thus, or else, before it came to that extremity, seeing one Greek State after another embrace the cause of the Medes, they would have come to terms with King Xerxes, and thus either way Greece would have been brought under Persia. For I cannot understand of what possible use the walls across the Isthmus could have been, if the King had had the mastery of the sea. If then a man should now say that the Athenians were the saviors of Greece, he would not exceed the truth. For they truly held the scales, and whichever side they espoused must have carried the day. They too it was, who, when they had determined to maintain the freedom of Greece, roused up that portion of the Greek nation which had not gone over to the Medes; and so, next to the gods, they repulsed the invader. Even the terrible oracles which reached them from Delphi, and struck fear into their hearts, failed to persuade them to fly from Greece. They had the courage to remain faithful to their land and await the coming of the foe.

When the Athenians, anxious to consult the oracle, sent their messengers to Delphi, hardly had the envoys completed the customary rites about the sacred precinct and taken their seats inside the sanctuary of the god, when the Pythoness, Aristonica by name, thus prophesied: —

"Wretches, why sit ye here? Fly, fly to the ends of creation,
Quitting your homes, and the crags which your city crowns with her circlet.

Neither the head nor the body is firm in its place, nor at bottom
Firm the feet, nor the hands, nor resteth the middle uninjured.
All — all ruined and lost, since fire, and impetuous Ares
Speeding along in a Syrian chariot, haste to destroy her.
Not alone shalt thou suffer: full many the towers he will level,
Many the shrines of the gods he will give to a fiery destruction.
Even now they stand with dark sweat horribly dripping,
Trembling and quaking for fear, and lo! from the high roofs trickleth
Black blood, sign prophetic of hard distresses impending.
Get ye away from the temple, and brood on the ills that await ye!»

When the Athenian messengers heard this reply they were filled with the deepest affliction; whereupon Timon the son of Androbulus, one of the men of most mark among the Delphians, seeing how utterly cast down they were at the gloomy prophecy, advised them to take an olive-branch, and entering the sanctuary again, consult the oracle as suppliants. The Athenians followed this advice, and going in once more, said, «O King, we pray thee reverence these boughs of supplication which we bear in our hands, and deliver to us something more comforting concerning our country. Else we will not leave thy sanctuary, but will stay here till we die.» Upon this the priestess gave them a second answer, which was the following: —

«Pallas has not been able to soften the lord of Olympus,
Though she has often prayed him, and urged him with excellent counsel.
Yet once more I address thee, in words than adamant firmer.
When the foe shall have taken whatever the limit of Cecrops
Holds within it, and all which divine Cithæron shelters,
Then far-seeing Jove grants this to the prayers of Athene:
Safe shall the wooden wall continue for thee and thy children.
Wait not the tramp of the horse, nor the footmen mightily moving
Over the land, but turn your back to the foe, and retire ye.
Yet shall a day arrive when ye shall meet him in battle.
Holy Salamis, thou shalt destroy the offspring of women,
When men scatter the seed, or when they gather the harvest.»

This answer seemed, as indeed it was, gentler than the former one; so the envoys wrote it down and went back with it to

Athens. When, however, upon their arrival they produced it before the people, and inquiry began to be made into its true meaning, many and various were the interpretations which men put on it; two, more especially, seemed to be directly opposed to one another. Certain of the old men were of opinion that the god meant to tell them the citadel would escape, for this was anciently defended by a palisade; and they supposed that barrier to be the "wooden wall" of the oracle. Others maintained that the fleet was what the god pointed at; and their advice was that nothing should be thought of except the ships, which had best be at once got ready. Still, such as said the "wooden wall" meant the fleet were perplexed by the last two lines of the oracle:—

"Holy Salamis, thou shalt destroy the offspring of women,
When men scatter the seed, or when they gather the harvest."

These words caused great disturbance among those who took the wooden wall to be the ships; since the interpreters understood them to mean that if they made preparations for a sea fight, they would suffer a defeat of Salamis.

Now, there was at Athens a man who had lately made his way into the first rank of citizens; his true name was Themistocles, but he was known more generally as the son of Neocles. This man came forward and said that the interpreters had not explained the oracle altogether aright: "For if," he argued, "the clause in question had really referred to the Athenians, it would not have been expressed so mildly; the phrase used would have been 'luckless Salamis' rather than 'holy Salamis,' had those to whom the island belonged been about to perish in its neighborhood. Rightly taken, the response of the god threatened the enemy much more than the Athenians." He therefore counseled his countrymen to make ready to fight on board their ships, since they were the wooden wall in which the god told them to trust. When Themistocles had thus cleared the matter, the Athenians embraced his view, preferring it to that of the interpreters. The advice of these last had been against engaging in a sea fight: "All the Athenians could do," they said, "was, without lifting a hand in their defense, to quit Attica and make a settlement in some other country."

Themistocles had before this given a counsel which prevailed very seasonably. The Athenians, having a large sum of money in their treasury, the produce of the mines at Laureium, were

about to share it among the full-grown citizens, who would have received ten drachmas apiece, when Themistocles persuaded them to forbear the distribution and build with the money two hundred ships, to help them in their war against the Æginetans. It was the breaking out of the Æginetan war which was at this time the saving of Greece, for hereby were the Athenians forced to become a maritime power. The new ships were not used for the purpose for which they had been built, but became a help to Greece in her hour of need. And the Athenians had not only these vessels ready before the war, but they likewise set to work to build more; while they determined, in a council which was held after the debate upon the oracle, that according to the advice of the god they would embark their whole force aboard their ships, and with such Greeks as chose to join them, give battle to the barbarian invader. Such, then, were the oracles which had been received by the Athenians.

«LOPPING THE TALL EARS»

This prince [Periander] at the beginning of his reign was of a milder temper than his father; but after he corresponded by means of messengers with Thrasybulus, tyrant of Miletus, he became even more sanguinary. On one occasion he sent a herald to ask Thrasybulus what mode of government it was safest to set up in order to rule with honor. Thrasybulus led the messenger without the city, and took him into a field of corn, through which he began to walk, while he asked him again and again concerning his coming from Corinth, ever as he went breaking off and throwing away all such ears of corn as overtopped the rest. In this way he went through the whole field, and destroyed all the best and richest part of the crop; then, without a word, he sent the messenger back. On the return of the man to Corinth, Periander was eager to know what Thrasybulus had counseled, but the messenger reported that he had said nothing; and he wondered that Periander had sent him to so strange a man, who seemed to have lost his senses, since he did nothing but destroy his own property. And upon this he told how Thrasybulus had behaved at the interview. Periander, perceiving what the action meant, and knowing that Thrasybulus advised the destruction of all the leading citizens, treated his

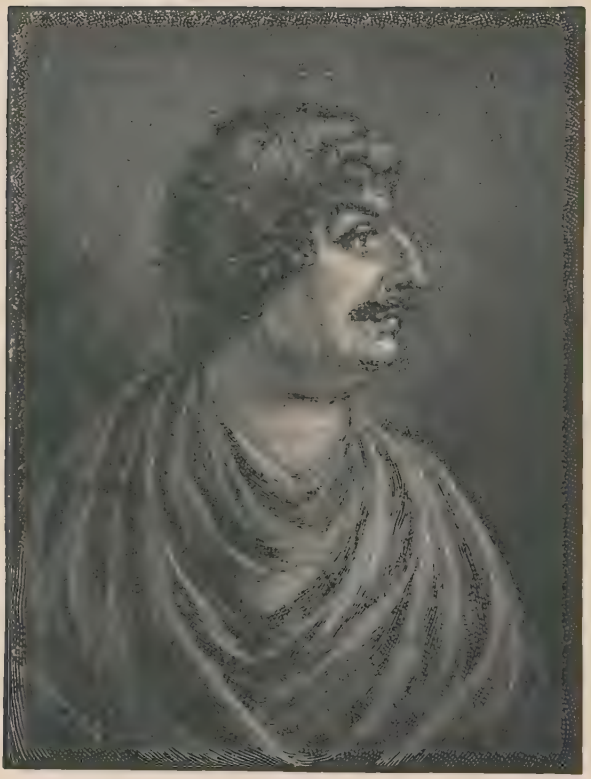
subjects from this time forward with the very greatest cruelty. Where Cypselus had spared any, and had neither put them to death nor banished them, Periander completed what his father had left unfinished.

CLOSE OF THE HISTORY

A Wise Answer of Cyrus the Great is Recalled in the Hour of Persian Humiliation

It was the grandfather of this Artayctes, one Artembares by name, who suggested to the Persians a proposal which they readily embraced, and thus urged upon Cyrus: — "Since Jove," they said, "has overthrown Astyages and given the rule to the Persians, and to thee chiefly, O Cyrus, — come now, let us quit this land wherein we dwell; for it is a scant land and a rugged, and let us choose ourselves some other better country. Many such lie around us, some nearer, some further off: if we take one of these, men will admire us far more than they do now. Who that had the power would not so act? And when shall we have a fairer time than now, when we are lords of so many nations, and rule all Asia?"

Then Cyrus, who did not greatly esteem the counsel, told them they might do so if they liked; but he warned them not to expect in that case to continue rulers, but to prepare for being ruled by others. "Soft countries gave birth to soft men. There was no region which produced very delightful fruits and at the same time men of a warlike spirit." So the Persians departed with altered minds, confessing that Cyrus was wiser than they; and chose rather to dwell in a churlish land and exercise lordship, than to cultivate plains and be the slaves of others.



ROBERT HERRICK.

ROBERT HERRICK

(1591–1674)

The «exquisite» Robert Herrick was born in Cheapside, London, in August 1591; the son of Nicholas Herrick, a goldsmith, who died in 1592. Little knowledge of Robert's life exists except through his poems. He went to Cambridge in 1614, and took his degree in 1620. From this date until 1629, when, having become a clergyman, he was given by Charles I. the living of Dean Prior, Devonshire, there is no record of his life. During this interval, or earlier, while he was apprenticed to his uncle, a goldsmith, he became familiar with London city life, and made the acquaintance of Ben Jonson, whom in his verse he constantly lauds. One ode seems to show Herrick as belonging to the circle of wits who met to drink sack and spiced wine at the Mermaid or the Triple Tun. It is addressed to Ben Jonson, and begins:—

«Ah, Ben!
Say, how or when
Shall we, thy guests,
Meet at those lyric feasts
Made at the Sun,
The Hog, the Triple Tun?
Where we such clusters had
As made us nobly wild, not mad;
And yet each verse of thine
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine!»

Herrick wrote most of his verses at Dean Prior, where he lived as an old bachelor in his rustic vicarage, hung with the honeysuckle that he loved so well. His companions were Prudence Baldwin, his housekeeper; Tracy, a pet spaniel; Phil, a tame sparrow; a cat, a pet lamb, a goose, a few chickens, and a pig, which he taught to delight in the dregs of his ale jug. He commends Prudence in various verses for her loyalty, and when she dies, writes this epitaph:—

«In this little urn is laid
Prudence Baldwin (once my maid),
From whose happy spark here let
Spring the purple violet.»

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"Ah, Ben!
Say, how or when
Shall we, thy guests,
Meet at those lyric feasts
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun?
Where we such clusters had
As made us nobly wild, not mad;
And yet each verse of thine
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine!"

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Herrick does not like Devonshire; he laughs at the country folk in scraps of verse; and once he throws his sermon at his inattentive hearers, whom he calls—

> «A people currish, churlish as the seas,
> And rude, almost as rude as savages.»

He constantly sighs for London; he hates Cromwell, and though valuing his home, he will not subscribe to Puritanism, and is turned out of Dean Prior by the government. Returning to London in 1648, he drops his ecclesiastical habit and title and publishes 'Hesperides.' Perhaps his friends aid him; perhaps he lives in Bohemia, out at elbows but not unhappy. Whatever his estate, the good-natured Charles II. restored him in 1660 to Dean Prior, where he died in his eighty-fourth year, October 15th, 1674.

His portrait shows him in clerical garb with a Roman head, the profile of the voluptuous Roman emperors, and a broad bull-throat, which loved to quaff the blushing wine-cup or a tankard of frothing beer. He is at times an amatory poet, and at times a looker-on at country fairs and merrymakings, enjoying Twelfth Night revels, Christmas wassailings, Whitsun ales, May games, wakes, and bridals, morris dancers, mummers, and every manifestation of «nut-brown mirth.»

The gay old vicar seems never so light of heart as when inditing his tiny lyrics to those imaginary beauties whom he addresses as Corinna, Silvia, Anthea, Electra, Diamene, Perilla, and Perinna. Julia was a real love. Her lips are cherries, her teeth «quarelets of pearl,» her cheeks roses, her tears «the dew of roses,» her voice silver, while her very shadow «breathes of pomander.»* She is his «queen-priest»; when she is ill, the flowers wither in sympathy; and when he dies, he is sure the «myrrh of her breath» will be sufficient to embalm him. How splendid is her apparel! her azure petticoat sprinkled with golden stars, under which her little feet play bo-peep; her jeweled stomacher; her slashed sleeves; and her lawn neckerchief smelling of musk and ambergris. How her silks shimmer, clinging to her as she walks or blowing from her like a flame! How lovely are the «roses on her bosom,» her hair «filled with dew,» the golden net that binds her ringlets, her lacing-strings, her fillet, her ring, her ribbons, and her bracelet!

Just as Herrick loves the coquetry of dress, he loves the goodies his Prudence makes him: the custards, mince pies, almond paste, frumenty, wassail, Twelfth Night cakes, possets of wine. He encourages himself to hospitality:—

* From *pomme d'ambre*, a mixture of perfumes.

«Yet can thy humble roof maintain a choir
Of singing Crickets by the fire;
And the brisk Mouse may feast herself with crumbs,
Till that the green-eyed Kitling comes.»

'The Hesperides' has been frequently compared to the 'Carmina' of Catullus; but Gosse in his sympathetic study of Herrick shows him as more like Martial. He points out also how much Herrick owes to Ben Jonson's 'Masques,' a debt which the pupil acknowledges in a —

PRAYER TO BEN JONSON

When I a verse shall make,
Know I have prayed thee
For old religion's sake,
Saint Ben, to aid me.

Make the way smooth to me
When I, thy Herrick,
Honoring thee on my knee,
Offer my lyric!

Candles I'll give to thee,
And a new altar,
And thou, Saint Ben, shalt be
Writ in my Psalter.

With a few exceptions, the 'Noble Numbers' are written in the same spirit. «Here,» says Gosse, «our pagan priest is seen despoiled of his vine wreath and his thyrsus, doing penance in a white sheet and with a candle in his hand. That rubicund visage, with its sly eye and prodigious jowl, looks ludicrously out of place in the penitential surplice; but he is evidently sincere, though not very deep in his repentance, and sings hymns of faultless orthodoxy with a loud and lusty voice to the old pagan airs.» It must be remembered that Herrick wrote some beautiful 'Epithalamia,' and that with him the poetic literature of England's fairy lore, so choicely described in Drayton's 'Nymphidia,' in Browne's 'Pastorals,' and in Ben Jonson's 'Oberon,' died, killed by the chill of Puritanism. In his own day his verses were greatly admired, and many of them were set to music. His first published poem was 'Oberon's Feast,' which appeared in a 'Description of the King and Queen of Fairies' (1635). Half forgotten for two generations, Herrick was revived by Nichols in an article in the Gentleman's Magazine in 1796, by a sketch in Dr. Drake's 'Literary Hours,' and by a few selected poems issued by Dr. Nott in 1810. Many modern editions exist; that of Alfred Pollard, published in 1891, contains a fine critical preface by Swinburne.

A THANKSGIVING

LORD, thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather-proof;
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry.
Where thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by the poor,
Who hither come, and freely get
Good words or meat.
Like as my parlor, so my hall,
And kitchen small;
A little buttery, and therein
A little bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
Unchipt, unflead.
Some brittle sticks of thorn or brier
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confess, too, when I dine,
The pulse is thine,
And all those other bits that be
There placed by thee:
The worts, the purslane, and the mess
Of water-cress,
Which of thy kindness thou hast sent;
And my content
Makes those, and my belovèd beet,
To be more sweet.
'Tis thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth;
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
Spiced to the brink.
Lord, 'tis thy plenty-dropping hand
That sows my land;

All this, and better, dost thou send
Me for this end:
That I should render for my part
A thankful heart,
Which, fired with incense, I resign
As wholly thine;
But the acceptance — that must be
O Lord, by thee.

TO KEEP A TRUE LENT

Is this a fast — to keep
The larder lean,
And clean
From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
Or ragged to go,
Or show
A downcast look and sour?

No! 'Tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat,
And meat,
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate;
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent;
To starve thy sin,
Not bin,—
And that's to keep thy Lent.

TO FIND GOD

WEIGH me the fire: or canst thou find
A way to measure out the wind;
Distinguish all those floods that are
Mixt in the watery theatre;
And taste thou them as saltless there
As in their channel first they were;
Tell me the people that do keep
Within the kingdoms of the deep;
Or fetch me back that cloud again,
Beshivered into seeds of rain;
Tell me the motes, dust, sands, and spears
Of corn, when Summer shakes his ears;
Show me thy world of stars, and whence
They noiseless spill their influence:
This if thou canst: then show me Him
That rides the glorious cherubim.

TO DAFFODILS

FAIR Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon:
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the evensong;
And having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you;
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you, or anything.
We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

TO DAISIES, NOT TO SHUT SO SOON

SHUT not so soon; the dull-eyed night
Has not as yet begun
To make a seisure on the light,
Or to seal up the sun.

No marigolds yet closèd are;
No shadows great appear;
Nor doth the early shepherds'-star
Shine like a spangle here.

Stay ye but till my Julia close
Her life-begetting eye;
And let the whole world then dispose
Itself to live or die.

TO CARNATIONS

STAY while ye will, or go;
And leave no scent behind ye;
Yet trust me, I shall know
The place where I may find ye:

Within my Lucia's cheek
(Whose livery ye wear),
Play ye at hide-and-seek,—
I'm sure to find ye there.

TO PRIMROSES FILLED WITH MORNING DEW

WHY do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears
Speak grief in you,
Who were but born
Just as the morn
Teemed her refreshing dew?
Alas! ye have not known that shower
That mars a flower;
Nor felt th' unkind
Breath of the blasting wind;
Nor are ye worn with years;
Or warped, as we,
Who think it strange to see

Such pretty flowers, like unto orphans young,
Speaking by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimpering younglings, and make known
The reason why
Ye droop and weep.
Is it for want of sleep,
Or childish lullaby?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
The violet?
Or brought a kiss
From that sweetheart to this?
No, no; this sorrow, shown
By your tears shed,
Would have this lecture read:—
«That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought forth.»

TO MEADOWS

YE HAVE been fresh and green;
Ye have been filled with flowers;
And ye the walks have been
Where maids have spent their hours;

Ye have beheld where they
With wicker arks did come,
To kiss and bear away
The richer cowslips home;

You've heard them sweetly sing,
And seen them in a round;
Each virgin, like the spring,
With honeysuckles crowned.

But now we see none here
Whose silvery feet did tread,
And with disheveled hair
Adorned this smoother mead.

Like unthrifts, having spent
Your stock, and needy grown,
You're left here to lament
Your poor estates alone.

TO VIOLETS

Welcome, maids of honor:
You do bring
In the Spring,
And wait upon her.

She has virgins many
Fresh and fair;
Yet you are
More sweet than any.

Y' are the maiden posies,
And so graced
To be placed
Fore damask roses.

Yet though thus respected,
By-and-by
Ye do lie,
Poor girls, neglected.

THE NIGHT PIECE—TO JULIA

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting-stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o-th'-wisp mislight thee,
Nor snake nor slow-worm bite thee:
But on thy way
Not making stay,
Since ghost there's none t' affright thee!

Let not the dark thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear, without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee
Thus, thus to come unto me;
And when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee

MRS. ELIZ. WHEELER

Under the Name of The Lost Shepherdess

Among the myrtles as I walkt,
Love and my sighs thus intertalkt:
Tell me, said I, in deep distress,
Where I may find my Shepherdess.
Thou fool, said Love, know'st thou not this?
In everything that's sweet, she is.
In yond' carnation go and seek
Where thou shalt find her lip and cheek;
In that enameled pansy by,
There thou shalt have her curious eye;
In bloom of peach and rose's bud,
There waves the streamer of her blood.
'Tis true, said I; and thereupon
I went to pluck them one by one,
To make of parts an union;
But on a sudden all were gone.
At which I stopt: said Love, these be
The true resemblances of thee;
For as these flowers, thy joys must die,
And in the turning of an eye;
And all thy hopes of her must wither,
Like those short sweets ere knit together.

DELIGHT IN DISORDER

A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness:
A Lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distractión—
An erring Lace, which here and there
Enthralls the crimson Stomacher—
A Cuffe neglectful, and thereby
Ribbands to flow confusedly—
A winning wave (deserving Note)
In the tempestuous petticoat—
A careless shoestring, in whose tye
I see a wild civility—
Do more bewitch me, than when Art
Is too precise in every part.

HENRIK HERTZ

(1798–1870)

THE literary activity of Henrik Hertz falls within the golden age of Danish literature. The opening years of the nineteenth century brought Oehlenschläger's first great poem, followed by his 'Poetical Writings' and tragedies. A little later, Hauch began writing his lyrics and romances in verse; Heiberg was taking his position as critic and as creator of the Danish vaudeville; Heiberg's mother, the Baroness Gyllembourg, was writing her popular novels, shielding her identity by signing them "By the Author of 'An Every-Day Story'" (her first successful novel); and finally, Hans Christian Andersen joined the ranks with his famous 'Fairy Tales.' On the threshold of the century stood Baggesen, who in spite of his sincere admiration for the rising school of romanticism had remained the representative of the classic school, and had fought a brave battle for form, when Oehlenschläger in the enthusiasm of a wider vision began to neglect it.

HENRIK HERTZ

Continuing the line of Denmark's literary men of the first rank came Hertz, whose career at the outset had — temporarily — a direct connection with Baggesen. As distinguished among the greater Danish lyrical poets and the writers of his own time, he may be called the poet of passion, while Oehlenschläger stands as the poet of dignity, and Heiberg as the poet of form. Born of Jewish parents in Copenhagen, on August 25th, 1798, the boy was early orphaned, and brought up by a relative, an editor of a leading newspaper. A literary atmosphere thus became his natural element early in life; and it is not remarkable that he showed his preference for authorship and his gifts for it rather than for the bar, to which he was nevertheless called in 1825. He began his literary activity with three or four plays, including 'Buchardt and his Family' (1827), 'Love and Policy,' and 'Cupid's Strokes of Genius' (1830). But in the last-mentioned year, when Baggesen had been dead some four years, Copenhagen was startled by the publication of a satirical

literary criticism, purporting to be the great poet's message and commentary from another world, under the title of 'Letters of a Ghost.' It exhibited Baggesen's ironical humor, critical insight, and finish of style; but all was blended with a wider sympathy and a broader tolerance than Baggesen had shown during his later years. The volume was by Henrik Hertz, who however did not acknowledge the authorship till later, though the book met with enormous success and was the talk of the town for a season. It may be noted in passing that the 'Letters' contained a cutting criticism of Hans Christian Andersen's earlier writings, severe enough to cause that sensitive author many an hour of depression; and that when Andersen met Hertz some years later in Rome, he had not yet conquered his dread of the critic. They became excellent friends; and when Andersen found his true field and held it, with his fairy tales, Hertz became one of his warmest admirers.

Continuing to devote himself to the stage, Hertz wrote 'The Savings Bank,' a comedy which had a great success, and still holds the stage to-day. In 1838 he advanced into the romantic drama in verse, 'Svend Dyring's House.' The subject of this piece he took from the old Danish folk-songs, and kept throughout their tone of simplicity and tenderness. We find in this drama the knightly lover cutting runes in an apple, that he may by their help win the love of the gentle Regisse. We have the wicked stepmother who tries to win the knight for her own unlovable daughter, cruelly neglecting Regisse and her little sisters. We have the ghost of the dead mother, who comes at night to give her own little children the motherly care they so sadly need. Finally, after much sorrow, the lovers are happily united. All is framed in the most exquisite verse, and presented with great literary charm and dramatic power. The subject was so essentially Danish, however, that it did not spread Hertz's fame outside of his own country.

To the foreign world, in fact, Henrik Hertz is principally known by one work, 'King René's Daughter,' a charming romantic drama, dated as late as 1845. It was read and acted with immediate and immense success in Denmark, where it is still in every repertory, and thence passed into the standard library of the cultivated world. In 1848 followed the author's tragedy of 'Ninon,' a high proof of his artistic and dramatic power; but 'Ninon' is not universally known like its charming predecessor. 'King René's Daughter,' the scene of which is laid in Provence, is of most simple texture. It is more like a pretty folk-tale than a drama, although its half-dozen personages include historical ones, and even its heroine, the gentle Iolanthe, is an idealized Princess Yolande, daughter of the real King René. It is full of the charm of innocence, pure love, and chivalric romance,

and a certain idyllic freshness exhales from every page and situation of it, like the perfume from the roses in the blind Iolanthe's garden. Sweet, almost pastoral and yet moving to a romantic climax, it is in touch with such things as Shakespeare's 'Winter's Tale,' or some of those Provençal legends that the poets of Southern France have set in verse. The diction is beautiful, and rarely has so happy a balance between the play to read and the play to act been maintained. It has passed into translations everywhere; and, a distinctively Southern subject treated by a Northern poet, it stands for a kind of graft of palm on pine.

Hertz's life was his literary work; and the record of that is its most interesting element to the world. He died in Copenhagen, February 25th, 1870.

THE BLIND PRINCESS

From 'King René's Daughter'

[The Princess Iolanthe, a lovely maid, has been brought up in complete ignorance of the fact that her beautiful eyes have ever lacked the power of sight, and in entire inability to judge of what the faculty of sight may be to others. She has never heard of it, and is so free and unconstrained in all her movements as not to need such a sense for her further happiness. Count Tristan of Vaudemont makes his way to her garden retreat, and falls passionately in love with her, unaware of her misfortune; and so ensues this dialogue.]

TRISTAN — Pray give me one of yonder blushing roses,
That rear their petals, fairest 'mongst all flowers,
As though they were the counterfeit of thee!
Iolanthe — A rose? Oh, willingly! [*Plucks and gives him a white rose.*
Tristan — Ah, it is white!
Give me the red one, that is fair as thou!
Iolanthe — What meanest thou? — a red one?
Tristan [*pointing*] — One of these.
Iolanthe — Take it thyself!
Tristan — No; let me keep the rose
Which thou hast chosen, which thy fair hand has gathered.
And in good sooth, I do applaud thy choice.
For the white rose, within whose calyx sleeps
A faint and trembling ruddiness, betypes
The dream-like beauty of this garden fair.
Give me another rose — a white one too;
Then with the twin flowers will I deck my cap,
And wear them as thy colors evermore.

Iolanthe [*plucks and gives him a red rose*]—
Here is a rose: meanest thou one like this?
Tristan [*starts*]—I asked thee for a white rose.
Iolanthe— Well, and this?
Tristan— Why this? [*Aside.*] What thought comes o'er me?
[*Aloud.*] Nay, then, tell me

[*Holds up the two roses, along with another which he has himself gathered*]

How many roses have I in my hand?
Iolanthe [*stretches out her hand towards them*]—
Give me them, then.
Tristan— Nay, tell me without touching.
Iolanthe—How can I so?
Tristan [*aside*]— Alas! alas! she's blind!
[*Aloud, and with a faltering voice*]—
Nay, I am sure you know.
Iolanthe— No; you mistake.
If I would know how anything is shaped,
Or what its number, I must touch it first.
Is not this clear?
Tristan [*confused*]— Yes, certainly; you're right.
And yet sometimes—
Iolanthe— Well, well?—sometimes? Speak! speak!
Tristan— I think there are—that there are certain things
Which we distinguish by their hues alone,
As various kinds of flowers, and various stuffs.
Iolanthe—Thou mean'st by this their character, their form—
Is it not so?
Tristan— Nay, not exactly that.
Iolanthe—Is it so hard, then, to distinguish flowers?
Are not the roses round and soft and fine,
Round to the feeling, as the zephyr's breath,
And soft and glowing as a summer's eve?
Are gilliflowers like roses? No; their scent
Bedizzies, like the wine I gave to thee.
And then a cactus—are its arrowy points
Not stinging, like the wind when frosts are keen?
Tristan [*aside*]—Amazement!
[*Aloud.*] Have they never told thee, then,
That objects, things, can be distinguished, though
Placed at a distance,—with the aid—of—sight?
Iolanthe—At distance? Yes! I by his twittering know
The little bird that sits upon the roof,
And in like fashion, all men by their voice.

The sprightly steed whereon I daily ride,
I know him in the distance by his pace,
And by his neigh. Yet — with the help of sight?
They told me not of that. An instrument
Fashioned by art, or but a tool, perhaps?
I do not know this sight. Canst teach me, then,
Its use and purpose?

Tristan [*aside*] — O Almighty powers!
She does not know or dream that she is blind.

Iolanthe [*after a pause*] —
Whence art thou? Thou dost use so many words
I find impossible to understand;
And in thy converse, too, there is so much
For me quite new and strange! Say, is the vale
Which is thy home so very different
From this of ours? Then stay, if stay thou canst,
And teach me all that I am wanting in.

Tristan — No, O thou sweet and gracious lady, no!
I cannot teach what thou art wanting in.

Iolanthe — Didst thou but choose, I do believe thou couldst.
They tell me I am tractable and apt.
Many who erewhile have been here have taught me
Now this, now that, which readily I learned.
Make but the trial! I am very sure
Thou hat'st me not. Thy tones are mild and gentle.
Thou wilt not say me nay, when I entreat.
Oh speak! I'm all attention when thou speakest.

Tristan — Alas! attention here will stead thee little.
Yet — tell me one thing. Thou hast surely learned
That of thy lovely frame there is no part
Without its purpose, or without its use.
Thy hand and fingers serve to grasp at much;
Thy foot, so tiny as it is, with ease
Transports thee wheresoe'er thy wishes point;
The sound of words, the tone, doth pierce the soul
Through the ear's small and tortuous avenues;
The stream of language gushes from thy lips;
Within thy breast abides the delicate breath,
Which heaves, unclogged with care, and sinks again.

Iolanthe — All this I've noted well. Prithee, go on.

Tristan — Then tell me, to what end dost thou suppose
Omnipotence hath gifted thee with eyes?
Of what avail to thee are those twin stars,
That sparkle with such wondrous brilliancy
They scorn to grasp the common light of day?

Iolanthe [*touches her eyes, then muses for a little*]—

You ask of what avail?—how can you ask?
And yet I ne'er have given the matter thought.
My eyes! my eyes! 'Tis easy to perceive.
At eve, when I am weary, slumber first
Droops heavy on my eyes, and thence it spreads
O'er all my body, with no thought of mine,
As feeling vibrates from each finger's tip.
Thus, then, I know my eyes avail me much.
And hast not thou experience had enough,
Wherein thine eyes can minister to thee?
Only the other morn, as I was planting
A little rosebush here, a nimble snake
Leapt out and bit me in the finger; then
With the sharp pain I wept. Another time,
When I had pined for many tedious days,
Because my father was detained from home,
I wept for very gladness when he came!
Through tears I gave my bursting heart relief,
And at mine eyes it found a gushing vent.
Then never ask me unto what avail
Omnipotence hath gifted me with eyes.
Through them when I am weary comes repose,
Through them my sorrow's lightened; and through them
My joy is raised to rapture.

Tristan— Oh, forgive me!
The question was most foolish; for in thee
Is such an inward radiancy of soul,
Thou hast no need of that which by the light
We through the eye discern. Say, shall I deem
That thou of some unheard-of race art sprung,
Richly endowed with other powers than we?
Thou livest lonely here; this valley, too,
Seems conjured forth by magic 'mongst the hills.
Hast thou come hither from the golden East,
With Peris in thy train? or art thou one
Of Brahma's daughters, and from Ind hast been
Transported hither by a sorcerer?
O beautiful unknown! if thou be'st sprung
Of mortal men who call the earth their mother,
Be thou to life's so transitory joys
Susceptible as I, and deign to look
With favor on a knight's devoted love!
Hear this his vow: No woman shall efface

(Stand she in birth and beauty ne'er so high)
The image thou hast stamped upon my soul!

Iolanthe [*after a pause*]—

Thy words are laden with a wondrous power.
Say, from what master didst thou learn the art
To charm by words which yet are mysteries?
Meseemed as though I trod some path alone,
Which I had never trod before; and yet
All seems to me—all, all that thou hast said—
So godlike, so enchanting! Oh speak on—
Yet no,—speak not! rather let me in thought
Linger along the words which thou hast spoken,
That mingled pain and rapture in my soul!

Translation of Theodore Martin.

THE AWAKENING TO SIGHT

From 'King René's Daughter'

Enter Ebn Jahia, *the Moorish Physician, leading* Iolanthe *by the hand. He beckons to the others to retire*

IOLANTHE— Where art thou leading me?
O God! where am I? Support me—oh, support me!

Ebn Jahia—

Calm thee, my child!

Iolanthe— Support me—oh, stand still!
I ne'er was here before—what shall I do
In this strange place? Oh, what is that? Support me!
It comes so close on me it gives me pain.

Ebn Jahia—

Iolanthe, calm thee! Look upon the earth!
That still hath been to thee thy truest friend,
And now, too, greets thee with a cordial smile—
This is the garden thou hast ever tended.

Iolanthe—My garden—mine? Alas! I know it not.
The plants are terrible to see—take care!
They're falling on us!

Ebn Jahia— Cease your fears, my child:
These stately trees are the date-palms, whose leaves
And fruit to thee have been long known.

Iolanthe— Ah, no!
Indeed, I know them not! [*Raises her eyes toward the sky.*
This radiance, too,
That everywhere surrounds me—yon great vault,

That arches there above us — oh, how high! —
What is it? Is it God? Is it his spirit,
Which as you said pervades the universe?

Ebn Jahia —

Yon radiance is the radiance of the light.
God is in it, like as he is in all.
Yon blue profound that fills yon airy vault,
It is the heaven, where, as we do believe,
God hath set up his glorious dwelling-place.
Kneel down, my child! and raise your hands on high,
To heaven's o'er-arching vault, to God — and pray!

Iolanthe — Ah, teach me, then, to pray to him as I ought.
No one hath ever told me how I should
Pray to this Deity who rules the world!

Ebn Jahia —

Then kneel thee down, my darling child, and say —
"Mysterious Being, who to me hast spoken
When darkness veiled mine eyes, teach me to seek thee
In thy light's beams, that do illume this world;
Still, in the world, teach me to cling to thee!"

Iolanthe [*kneels*] —

Mysterious Being, who to me hast spoken
When darkness veiled mine eyes, teach me to seek thee
In thy light's beams, that do illume this world;
Still, in the world, teach me to cling to thee! —
Yes, he hath heard me. I can feel he hath,
And on me pours the comfort of his peace.
He is the only one that speaks to me,
Invisible and kindly, as before.

Ebn Jahia —

Arise! arise, my child, and look around.

Iolanthe — Say, what are these, that bear such noble forms?

Ebn Jahia —

Thou know'st them all.

Iolanthe — Ah, no; I can know nothing.

René [*approaching Iolanthe*] —

Look on me, Iolanthe — me, thy father!

Iolanthe [*embracing him*] —

My father! Oh, my God! thou art my father!
I know thee now — thy voice, thy clasping hand.
Stay here! Be my protector, be my guide!
I am so strange here in this world of light.
They've taken all that I possessed away —
All that in old time was thy daughter's joy.

René — I have culled out a guide for thee, my child.

Iolanthe — Whom mean'st thou?
René [*pointing to Tristan*] — See, he stands expecting thee.
Iolanthe — The stranger yonder? Is he one of those
Bright cherubim thou once didst tell me of?
Is he the Angel of the light come down?
René — Thou knowest him — hast spoken with him. Think!
Iolanthe — With him? with him? [*Holds her hands before her eyes.*
Father, I understand.
In yonder glorious form must surely dwell
The voice that late I heard — gentle, yet strong;
The one sole voice that lives in nature's round.
[*To Tristan, who advances towards her*] —
Oh, but one word of what thou saidst before!
Tristan — O sweet and gracious lady!
Iolanthe — List, oh list!
With these dear words the light's benignant rays
Found out a way to me; and these sweet words
With my heart's warmth are intimately blent.
Tristan [*embraces her*] —
Iolanthe! Dearest!
René — Blessings on you both
From God, whose wondrous works we all revere!

Translation of Theodore Martin.

HESIOD

(Ninth Century B. C. ?)

«For as to Hesiod and Homer, I judge them to have been four hundred years before me, and not more. It was they who made a theogony for the Greeks, assigned names to the gods, distributed their honors and arts, and revealed their forms. The poets stated to have been before these really lived later than they, in my judgment.» These words are from the credulous, shrewd, quaint father of history, Herodotus, and were written between 450 and 400 B. C. The two poets, then, are assigned to the ninth century B. C. As to the Homeric school, the latest investigations are in agreement with this early estimate of their age. Hesiod, however, is a younger member of that school; probably a century later than the chief author of the Iliad, whom he clearly imitates. Indeed, the use of the Ionic dialect and epic phrase at all, in an obscure Bœotian village, can hardly have any other explanation. He is, however, the first of Greek poets in another sense; for splendid as is the pageant of Trojan myth, the personality of the Homeric singer or singers evades us completely. The homely unheroic figure of Hesiod, dwelling in his humble village of Ascra under Helicon, is the earliest of the poets really visible to us.

Hesiod represents a back current of colonial Asiatic culture, returning to the yet rude undeveloped motherland. His father had emigrated from Kymè in Asia Minor, a chief centre of Trojan myth and epic, back to —

> «Ascra, in winter vile, most villainous
> In summer, and at no time glorious,»

as the ungrateful minstrel describes his birthplace! Hesiod actually pastured his sheep on Helicon, and his vision of the Muses has located them there forever.

The chief creation of Hesiod is called 'Works and Days'; *i. e.*, farmers' tasks, and lucky or fit days on which to do them. It is nowise like an almanac in form, however. The poem of a thousand hexameter verses is dedicated, as it were, to his ungracious brother Perses. The latter, we hear, had bribed the judges and so secured the lion's share of the family estate. Again reduced to poverty by sloth and waste, he has appealed to the poet, who has nothing for him but caustic advice. Moreover, Hesiod takes a pessimistic view

of human life. His own iron age is the worst among five successive periods, and life is hardly endurable. The only break, indeed, in the gradual decay from the golden through the silvern and brazen ages, is the interposition — between the latter and the poet's day of iron — of the nobler *heroic* age; and the sieges of Thebes and Troy are expressly mentioned, to point this reminiscence of Homeric song. Zeus has never forgiven men for Prometheus's theft of fire, and has «hidden the means of subsistence»; *i. e.*, has said to man, «In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread.» The Pandora episode, also, is brought in to explain the manifold miseries that vex mortal life.

The transitions from one branch of this wide-ranging theme to another are rather stiff and awkward. Some parts of the poem are probably lost; and where it becomes, as often, a mere string of maxims, the temptation to interpolate similar apophthegms has haunted the copyists in every age. Altogether, the poem is more interesting piecemeal than as a whole. Still, in the main, it is a genuine production of a feebly inspired, rather prosy eighth-century rustic philosopher. In fact, it is our earliest didactic sermon in verse.

The other poem usually assigned to Hesiod — viz., the 'Theogony' — is the first connected attempt at tracing the origin of the Greek gods. It is no description of creation, much less an attempt to solve the mystery of existence. In the main we have a mere genealogy of the family sprung from Uranus and Gê (Heaven and Earth), who in turn are supplied with a sort of ancestry. Herodotus must not mislead us into thinking these strange figures are the creation of Hesiod, or whoever of his school left us the 'Theogony.' The poet does probably little more than to record, and in some degree to harmonize, tales already more or less generally current. Many stories of cannibalism and outrageous immorality among the gods must have come down from utterly savage forefathers. These uncanny heirlooms were never definitely discarded in pagan Greece. Some of the worst accounts of Divine wickedness were so entangled with beautiful and well-loved myths that they have been immortalized in the drama, in lyric, in works of plastic art, and cannot be ignored in any view of Greek life and thought. Philosophers, and even poets, did indeed make fearless protest against the ascription of any grievous wickedness to Deity. Yet it must be confessed that from Homer's song downward, the gods are altogether inferior in motive and action to the truly heroic men and women, either of myth and poetry or of historic record. And this crude and ignoble popular mythology was fixed and nationalized above all by the Hesiodic 'Theogony.' Even so pure, devout, and original a poet as Æschylus, in the 'Prometheus' copies Hesiod in many details, though he is probably combating directly the elder poet's view of Zeus's purpose and character.

It will be evident, then, that the works of Hesiod are of extreme interest and value, not chiefly as poetry, but as an early record of man's gropings about the roots of mystery. The moral philosopher, the student of mythology, even the historian of agriculture, may find here more inspiration than the poet.

Symonds (in his 'Greek Poets'), Jebb, and Mahaffy, all have genial chapters upon Hesiod. We recommend first, however, the literal prose version in the Bohn library, which is supplied with helpful notes. The same volume contains metrical versions of both poems by Elton. In the citations below from the 'Works and Days,' some attempt is made to indicate the rhythm and line-for-line arrangement of the original Greek. The only available edition of Hesiod's poems with English notes is by F. A. Paley, in the 'Bibliotheca Classica.' Much better is the edition including the fragments of lost works, with Latin notes, by Göttling.

PANDORA

From the 'Works and Days'

ZEUS in the wrath of his heart hath hidden the means of subsistence,
Wrathful because he once was deceived by the wily Prometheus.
Therefore it was he devised most grievous troubles for mortals.
Fire he hid; yet that, for men, did the gallant Prometheus
Steal, in a hollow reed, from the dwelling of Zeus the Adviser;
Nor was he seen by the ruler of gods, who delights in the thunder.
Then, in his rage at the deed, cloud-gathering Zeus did address him:
"Iapetionides, in cunning greater than any,
Thou in the theft of the fire, and deceit of me, art exulting,—
Source of grief for thyself, and for men who shall be hereafter.
I in the place of fire will give them a bane, so that all men
May in spirit exult, and find in their misery comfort!"
Speaking thus, loud laughed he, the father of gods and of mortals.
Then he commanded Hephaistos, the cunning artificer, straightway
Mixing water and earth, with speech and force to endow it,
Making it like in face to the gods whose life is eternal.
Virginal, winning, and fair was the shape; and he ordered Athenè
Skillful devices to teach her, the beautiful works of the weaver.
Then did he bid Aphroditè the golden endow her with beauty,
Eager desire, and passion that wasteth the bodies of mortals.
Hermes, guider of men, the destroyer of Argus, he ordered,
Lastly, a shameless mind to accord her, and treacherous nature.
So did he speak. They obeyed Lord Zeus, who is offspring of Kronos.
Straightway out of the earth the renownèd Artificer fashioned
One like a shamefaced maid, at the will of the Ruler of heaven.

PANDORA.

Photogravure from a Painting by G. Von Hoesslin.

Girdle and ornaments added the bright-eyed goddess Athenè,
Over her body the Graces divine and noble Persuasion
Hung their golden chains, and the Hours with beautiful tresses
Wove her garlands of flowers that bloom in the season of springtime.
All her adornment Pallas Athenè fitted upon her;
Into her bosom Hermes the guide, the destroyer of Argus,
Falsehood, treacherous thoughts, and a thievish nature imparted,—
Such was the will of Zeus who heavily thunders; and lastly
Hermes, herald of gods, endowed her with speech, and the woman
Named Pandora, because all gods who dwell in Olympus
Gave to her gifts that would make her a fatal bane unto mortals.
When now Zeus had finished this snare so deadly and certain,
Famous Argus-slayer, the herald of gods he commanded,
Leading her thence, as a gift to bestow her upon Epimetheus.
He then failed to remember Prometheus had bidden him never
Gifts to accept from Olympian Zeus, but still to return them
Straightway, lest some evil befall thereby unto mortals.
So he received her — and then, when the evil befell, he remembered.
Till that time, upon earth were dwelling the races of mortals
Free and secure from trouble, and free from wearisome labor;
Safe from painful diseases that bring mankind to destruction
(Since full swiftly in misery age unto mortals approacheth).
Now with her hands Pandora the great lid raised from the vessel,
Letting them loose; and grievous the evil for men she provided.
Only Hope was left, in the dwelling securely imprisoned,
Since she under the edge of the cover had lingered, and flew not
Forth; too soon Pandora had fastened the lid of the vessel,—
Such was the will of Zeus, cloud-gatherer, lord of the ægis.
Numberless evils beside to the haunts of men had departed;
Full is the earth of ills, and full no less are the waters.
Freely diseases among mankind by day and in darkness
Hither and thither may pass, and bring much woe upon mortals,—
Voiceless, since of speech high-counseling Zeus has bereft them.

Translation taken by permission from 'The School of Homer,' by William C. Lawton

TARTARUS AND THE STYX

From the 'Theogony'

The hollow-sounding palaces
Of subterraneous gods there in the front
Ascend, of mighty Pluto and his queen
Awful Persephone. A grisly dog,

Implacable, holds watch before the gates;
Of guile malicious. Them who enter there,
With tail and bended ears he fawning soothes;
But suffers not that they with backward step
Repass: whoe'er would issue from the gates
Of Pluto strong, and stern Persephone,
For them with marking eye he lurks; on them
Springs from his couch, and pitiless devours.

There, odious to immortals, dreadful Styx
Inhabits, refluent Ocean's eldest born:
She from the gods apart for ever dwells
In mansions known to fame, with arching roofs
O'erhung, of loftiest rock, and all around
The silver columns lean upon the skies.

Swift-footed Iris, nymph of Thaumas born,
Takes with no frequent embassy her way
O'er the broad main's expanse, when haply strife
Be risen, and 'midst the gods dissension sown.
And if there be among th' Olympian race
Who falsehood utters, Jove sends Iris down,
To bear from far in ewer of gold the wave
Renowned; that from the summit of a rock
Steep, lofty, cold distills. Beneath wide Earth
Abundant from the sacred parent flood,
Through shades of blackest night, the Stygian branch
Of Ocean flows; a tenth of all the streams
To the dread oath allotted. In nine streams,
Round and around earth and the ocean broad
With silver whirlpools mazy-rolled, at length
It falls into the main; one stream alone
Glides from the rock, a mighty bane to gods.
Who of immortals that inhabit still
Olympus topt with snow, libation pours
And is forsworn, he one whole year entire
Lies reft of breath, nor yet approaches once
The nectared and ambrosial sweet repast;
But still reclines on the spread festive couch,
Mute, breathless; and a mortal lethargy
O'erwhelms him; but, his malady absolved
With the great round of the revolving year,
More ills on ills afflictive seize: nine years
From ever-living deities remote
His lot is cast; in council nor in feast
Once joins he, till nine years entire are full;

The tenth again he mingles with the blest
In synod, who th' Olympian mansions hold.
So great an oath the deities of heaven
Decreed the waters incorruptible,
Ancient, of Styx.

Translation of Elton.

MAXIMS

From the 'Works and Days'

NEVER a man hath won him a nobler prize than a woman,
If she be good; but again there is naught else worse than a bad one.

EVEN the potter is jealous of potter, and craftsman of craftsman;
Even the beggar is grudging to beggar, and poet to poet!

BUT do thou store these matters away in thy memory, Perses!
Let not contention, the lover of mischief, withhold thee from labor,
While in the market-place thou art hearkening, eager for quarrels.

ONCE we our heritage shared already. Cajoling the rulers,—
Men who were greedy for bribes, and were willing to grant you the judgment,—
You then plundered and carried away far more than your portion.
Fools were they, unaware how the whole by a half is exceeded;
Little they know how great is the blessing with mallow and lentils.

TRULY, the gods keep hid from mortals the means of subsistence;
Else in a single day thou well mightst win by thy labor
What would suffice for a year, although thou idle remainest.
Ended then were the labors of toilsome mules and of oxen.

EVIL he worketh himself who worketh ill to another.

BUT remembering still my injunction,
Work, O Perses sprung from the gods, that Famine may ever
Hate you, and dear may you be to Demeter of beautiful garlands,—
Awesome one,—and still may she fill thy garner with plenty.

WORK is no disgrace; but the shame is, not to be working:
If you but work, then he who works not will envy you quickly,
Seeing your wealth increase; with wealth come honor and glory.

SUMMON the man who loves thee to banquet; thy enemy bid not.
Summon him most of all who dwells most closely beside thee;

Since if aught that is strange or evil chance to befall thee,
Neighbors come ungirt, but kinsmen wait to be girded.

TAKE your fill when the cask is broached and when it is failing.
Midway spare; at the lees 'tis not worth while to be sparing.

CALL — with a smile — for a witness, although 'tis your brother you deal with.

GET thee a dwelling first, and a woman, and ox for the plowing:
Buy thou a woman, not wed her, that she may follow the oxen.

THIS shall the remedy be, if thou art belated in plowing:
When in the leaves of the oak is heard the voice of the cuckoo
First, that across the unbounded earth brings pleasure to mortals,
Three days long let Zeus pour down his rain without ceasing,
So that the ox-hoof's print it fills, yet not overflows it:
Then may the plowman belated be equal with him who was timely.

PASS by the seat at the forge, and the well-warmed tavern, in winter.
That is the time when the man not slothful increases his substance.

SHUN thou seats in the shade, nor sleep *till the dawn* (!) in the season
When it is harvest-time, and your skin is parched in the sunshine.

SEEK thou a homeless thrall, and a serving-maid who is childless.

PRAISE thou a little vessel; bestow thy freight in a large one.

DO NOT stow in the hollowed vessel the whole of thy substance;
Leave thou more behind, and carry the less for a cargo.
Hateful is it to meet with a loss on the watery billows;
Hateful too if, loading excessive weight on a wagon,
Thou shouldst crush thine axle and so thy burden be wasted.
Keep thou due moderation; all things have a fitting occasion.

CLOSING LINES

DIFFERENT men praise different days: they are rare who do know them.
Often a day may prove as a stepmother, often a mother:
Blessèd and happy is he who, aware of all that concerns them,
Wisely works his task, unblamed in the sight of immortals,
Judging the omens aright, and succeeds in avoiding transgression.

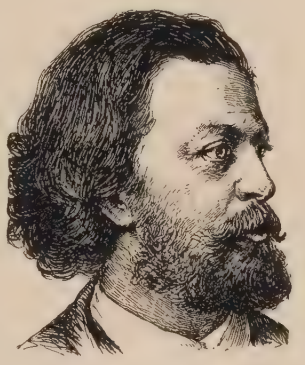
Translation taken by permission from 'The School of Homer,' by William C. Lawton

PAUL HEYSE

(1830–)

PAUL HEYSE stands among the foremost modern German writers, and his reputation is not confined to his native land. A cultured cosmopolitan of literature, there is much in his work to appeal to all who are sensitive to the presentation of life in artistic form, with grace, charm, and power.

Johann Ludwig Paul Heyse — to give him his full baptismal name — was born at Berlin, March 15th, 1830, the son of a distinguished philologist of that city, both father and grandfather being scholars of importance. By blood he is half Jew. At first he studied classical philology at the Berlin University under Böckh and Lachmann; but in 1849 at Bonn took up the study of the Romance languages and literatures. His dissertation in 1852 for his doctorate, on the subject of the refrain in Troubadour poetry, shows his early literary leanings. Next came the "grand tour," so fruitful in rounding out and ripening the education of a young man of gifts. The libraries of Italy and Switzerland were ransacked for books bearing on his Romance studies. In 1854 he was called to Munich to join the circle of writers gathered there by King Max, and he has ever since made that centre of art and music his home. By 1850, at the age of twenty, he was writing poems and plays, and had begun to publish his long list of works, which in 1893 numbered twenty-four volumes. Of these, the majority are collections of short tales and novelettes, characterized by artistic beauty, delicate sentiment, picturesque description, and poetic feeling, often tinged with melancholy, and at times sensuous to the point of dubious ethics. Excellent examples of these short stories — to some, Heyse's best literary endeavor — may be found in 'The Book of Friendship.' A tale as widely known outside of Germany as any he has written is 'L'Arrabbiata,' a charming Italian idyl of peasant life. His early poems — lyric, epic, and dramatic — testify to his culture, warmth of temperament, and inventive power; and he has never ceased to do



PAUL HEYSE

work of this sort, though it is minor compared with his fiction. His best known epic is perhaps 'Thekla,' published in 1858. Many of his plays have had more or less vogue on the stage: by his 'Sabine Women' in 1859 he won the dramatic prize offered by King Maximilian; and 'Hans Lange,' which the eminent Danish critic Brandes calls both "beautiful" and "national," is regarded as a drama of high merit. In other leading plays Heyse treats historical subjects in a romantic manner, making them pleasing and impressive. In 1884 he received from the Kaiser for his dramatic compositions the Schiller prize, a much coveted honor. The influence of Italy and of Italian culture is observable all through his writings, imparting a certain suavity and sweetness, sometimes with a consequent loss of strength. He reflects the foreign stimulus as does Pierre Loti in France.

It is likely that Heyse has been most widely enjoyed, and has appealed to the greatest number of readers, by his short stories. It is quite true that they represent him in many of his most delightful moods. Yet for depth and power his two "purpose" novels, 'Children of the World' and 'In Paradise,' are more typical and have helped to give him international fame. Few modern works of fiction have aroused so much interest. Many editions have appeared, many translations been made. These novels stand for a class of literature which has developed rapidly under the present literary creed of realism. Such works propound grim problems, or preach reform, or attack social abuses. Familiar examples in English are Madame Grand's 'The Heavenly Twins' and Mrs. Ward's 'Robert Elsmere.' A common trait of this "purpose" literature, as it is called, is its power, seriousness, and frequent sadness. It is a later phase of the intellectual and moral storm and stress which earlier in the century, and under the influence of the romantic spirit, breathed from the lyrics of Heine and the plays of Goethe. When 'Children of the World' appeared in 1870, it made a sensation, because of both its ability and its teaching. It was warmly praised, bitterly attacked; but its spiritual significance and artistic charm were generally conceded. 'In Paradise,' which followed two years later in 1875, also recognized as having great strength and fine art, called out a storm of protest for its conception of life: it cries up the hedonism which makes personal happiness the aim and test of action. Individual freedom, liberty to grow in spite of the conventions of society or politics or religion, is the keynote in both novels. "There is but one real nobility," Heyse makes some one say: "to be true to one's best self." This is the individualistic note of Ibsen. Heyse's motto is, "Follow nature."

Comparing the two books, 'Children of the World' may be preferred for its healthier tone, better construction and taste, and more pleasing solution. It is full of capitally drawn scenes of Bohemian

student life: the art, literature, and philosophy of the day are reflected in its pages; and the character-drawing and situations have compelling interest. The hero is conducted through an unconventional, emotional love experience, to find peace and happiness at last. The story thus avoids the disagreeable extreme of too many «purpose» novels.

Heyse is what the Germans call a *dichter*. This does not mean poet in the narrow English sense, which makes the word denote the writer of literature in verse form; but rather a writer who, whether in prose or poetry, and perhaps never penning a line of formal verse, has in his work the qualities of romance, imagination, artistic beauty. There is something of the feminine in Heyse's glowing, plastic work. A critic has said that he is to German imaginative literature what Mendelssohn is to German music,—of a lyric rather than dramatic genius.

The selection is made from one of the long stories, as being more satisfactory than any excerpt from the shorter tales could be.

BALDER'S PHILOSOPHY

From ‹Children of the World›

One beautiful sunny day in November, Edwin had set out on his daily walk to the university, and Franzelius was preparing to read aloud from a translation of Sophocles, when Balder, who was reclining near the window in a comfortable armchair sent by Frau Valentin, suddenly laid his pale slender hand on the book and said:—«We won't read to-day, Franzelius: I'd rather talk about all sorts of things with you. I feel so well that it's not the least exertion to speak, and the sun is shining so brightly in the clear sky! Only to see that, is such an incomparable happiness that to enjoy it one would gladly endure all the evils of this life. Don't you think so?»

«I can't look at it without thinking that it shines equally on the just and the unjust, and beholds much more misery than happiness,» replied the printer, looking almost defiantly toward the sky. «I wish it would die out once for all, and with it this whole motley lie which we call life.»

«No, Franzel,» said Balder quietly, «you are wrong. Even if the sun knew what it was doing in creating and sustaining life, there is no cause for shame in such a work. Why do you call existence a lie, Franzel? Because its end is so abrupt? But your existence had its beginning as well, and did that beginning

ever bespeak a promise of perpetuity? On the contrary, my dear fellow, there is much honesty in human life: it promises so little and yet yields us so much. Will you censure it because it can't be all that we visionary or dissatisfied or unjust people demand?"

"There's no joy to me in living," muttered the other gloomily, covering his eyes with his broad hands. "As soon as one need is satisfied, another takes its place; and he who ventures to differ from the opinions held by mankind in general never finds repose."

"And would life be worth the living if we were sunk in repose? Is sleeping, living? Or absorption in a dull dream of existence, such as the beetle has when it climbs up the blade of grass to reach a dew-drop,—is that leading a worthy life? My dear fellow, if you drive necessity out of the world, how unnecessary it would be to live!"

"You're playing upon words."

"No, I speak in sober earnest. A short time ago I read a stanza in Voltaire, which, like many things he says to the masses, is drawn from his deep hoard of knowledge and contains a pure gem of truth:—

'Oh! who could bear the burden of his life,
The sad remembrance of the whilom strife,
The threat'ning ills that hover round his way,
If the dear God, to ease man of his pain,
Had not so made him thoughtless, careless, vain,
That he might be less wretched in his day?'

Don't growl at the poor translation; it's a hasty improvisation which I ventured upon because I know you can't bear French. The sense is faithfully rendered, and it's a sense admirably suited to the senseless. I know of but one way that leads to real unhappiness, and that's when a person is vain and frivolous. And those lines contain much wisdom; for it is just those people who lack the strength to endure sorrowful recollections of the past and anxiety concerning their futures, that are so deeply indebted to Nature for the ability of thoughtlessly and unconsciously enjoying their pitiful present. This will not bring them happiness, it will only make them less miserable; for the real bliss of living they will never learn to know. He only can understand that who is capable of quiet reflection, or, if you will, who

is able to grasp the meaning of both past and future at once. Perhaps, though you're exactly the opposite of vain and frivolous, even you won't wholly understand life for a long time as I've understood it. I have always been best able to enjoy life by retrospection: and whenever I wished to thoroughly enjoy existence, I have only needed to awake in myself a vivid remembrance of the various periods of my life; of my laughing frolicsome childhood, when I was in the glow of perfect health; then the first dawn of thought and feeling, the first sorrows of youth when they came to me, the perception of what a full, healthful existence must be, and yet at the same time the resignation to my fate which is usually easy only to men advanced in years. Don't you believe that one who can experience whenever he wishes such a fullness of life in himself, to whom for this purpose everything lends its aid,—sorrow and joy, loss and gain, each showing him a new side of his own nature,—don't you believe, my dear fellow, that such a fortunate man must consider it a mistaken conclusion, even if a philosopher gave it utterance, that it would be better not to be born? To be sure, no one can deny that there are times when sorrow stifles the desire for existence, and excites an overwhelming longing for mere unconsciousness. But oftentimes the greatest sorrow brings an increase of our life experience: how could we otherwise understand the triumphant delight which martyrs have felt under torture by fire and rack? They felt that their torment only confirmed their confidence in the strength of their own souls, pervaded as they were by an illusion or a truth that their tormentors sought to tear out or kill. The worst that could be inflicted upon them served to develop the highest enjoyment of their personality. And so all the tragedy of life which a shallow philosophy pronounces to be the misery of the world, is merely another, higher form of enjoying life, peculiar to lofty souls. When death steps in at last, it's like the sleep that comes after a holiday, when people have been so long in an ecstasy of delight that they are weary at last and have no strength for future enjoyments."

He was silent a moment and wore a rapt expression. Then he suddenly said:—

"If the festival is over for me, Franzel, you must hold fast to Edwin."

"What nonsense you are talking!" exclaimed the other. "You've never been on a fairer way toward recovery than now. Your sickness was a crisis: Marquard said so himself."

«Yes, it was a crisis,» replied the invalid, smiling. «It will decide, indeed has already decided something. Life has pronounced judgment upon this not very durable structure, and written down its defects in red ink. Do you really suppose that Marquard does not know as well as I that the drama is played out? The slightest agitation, the least imprudence —»

«Balder! what are you saying! These are mere fancies, perhaps a passing weakness —»

«You think so because I can speak of the end so quietly? You ought long ago to have credited me with as much strength as was needed for that. I know how few are willing to rise from the table just when the viands are most tempting. And indeed, Franzel, life never seemed to me so fair as now. How many kind friends I have gained during these last weeks, how much beautiful poetry and lofty and profound thoughts I have enjoyed! But all that's of no avail: man must live and let live, and there are doubtless others waiting to take their turn. If you are sad, Franzel, I must wait for another time to make my last request; though I do not know how long I may have to linger. But come, be sensible. You know I love you dearly; indeed, next to Edwin you have the first place in my heart. But I do not need to take leave of my brother. My whole life during the last few years has been only one long farewell. We knew we should not always remain together,— I at least was fully aware of it,— so we have enjoyed all our happiness, as it were, on account. But when the end comes, I know how it will be: at first he'll be unable to reconcile himself. And that's why I want to beg you to keep near him. His needs are great, and there are not many who can fulfill them.»

«And that is the first thing you ask?» cried the honest friend, with an emotion he vainly endeavored to repress. «But for heaven's sake, Balder, what sort of talk is this? You — you really believe — I — we —» He started up and rushed desperately around the little table in the centre of the room, so that the leaves of the palms trembled.

«You scarcely understand as yet all that I mean,» continued the invalid quietly. «That you'll always remain his friend is a matter of course. But to give me any real comfort, you will have to make a sacrifice.»

«A sacrifice? As if I would not — do you know me so little?»

«I know you to be the most unselfish man under the sun,» said Balder, smiling. «But it is just this very habit of never

thinking of yourself, that for his sake and mine you must lay aside, at least so far as you can do so without being faithless to yourself. Do you know what will happen if you go on as you have been doing? In two years, in spite of your friendship, you'll not set foot in the tun."

"I? But tell me—"

"It's a very simple matter: because you'll be thinking of your friends either behind prison bars or in America. Dear Franzel, must I tell you why you're not fond of living? Because you believe that a man only truly lives when he becomes a martyr to his convictions. I have always loved you for this belief, and yet I believe it a mistaken one. Test it awhile: say to yourself that you aid many more by living than you could by your martyrdom, and you will see that a man can guard his post very bravely and self-sacrificingly, without foolhardily summoning the enemy by alarm shots. It would be an inexpressible comfort to me if you would promise for two years to let alone all 'agitation' and see how affairs really are. There are currents in which it's a useless waste of strength to row, because the boat floats onward of its own accord. I know what it will cost you to do this. But it would be a great joy if this last wish—"

"Say no more," cried the other, suddenly pausing before his friend, with his tearful eyes turned toward him: "Balder, is it possible that you—that you are about to leave us? And can you believe if that should happen, that I could continue my life as if nothing had occurred? When men can no longer behold the sun—do you suppose I could—that I would—" Words failed him; he turned abruptly away, and stood motionless beside the turning-lathe.

"I did not mean that I thought you could live on the same as before," said Balder in a lower voice. "But you need a substitute for what you resign. You must learn to be glad to live, and I think I know how you would learn to do so most quickly. You must take a wife, Franzel!"

"I? What can you be thinking about? How came such an idea into your head? Just at this time, too—"

"Because it will soon be too late for me to earn a *kuppelpelz** from you. True, I shall scarcely need it. I shall not feel cold where I lie. But I should like to know of your being warmly

* Reward for match-making.

sheltered. And I know from experience — I've been 'married' to Edwin — that the world looks much brighter seen with four eyes than with two."

"You see," he continued, as his friend still stood motionless, boring a hole in the bench with the point of a file, "Edwin will find a wife in time who will make him happy: then you would be left again with nothing but mankind to clasp to your heart; and beautiful and sublime as the idea is, it's not all you need — and that's why you get over-excited, and the thought of martyrdom overcomes your judgment. So I think a little wife who would know how to love and value you, would by her mere presence instruct you every day in the doctrine that Edwin has so often represented to you in vain, that you should husband your energies for the future, and not prematurely sacrifice your life without cause. There is no danger of your becoming faithless to your convictions from mere selfish pleasure in your home. And then, how can a socialist who knows nothing except from hearsay of family life, upon which basis the whole structure of society rests, who knows nothing of where the shoe pinches the father of a family, talk to married men about what they owe to themselves and others?"

As he uttered these words a bewitchingly cunning expression sparkled in the sick boy's beautiful eyes. He almost feared that Franzelius would turn, and looking in his face penetrate the secret design, the purpose of attacking him on his weakest side; so, rising, he limped to the stove and put in a few sticks of wood. While thus employed, he continued in a tone of apparent indifference: —

"You mustn't suppose I'm saying all this at random. No, my dear fellow, I've a very suitable match in view for you: a young girl who's as well adapted to your needs as if I'd invented or ordered her expressly for you. Young, very pretty, with a heart as true as gold, fond of work and fond of life too, as she ought to be, if she is to wed with one who doesn't care to live; not a princess, but a child of working people. Haven't you guessed her name yet? Then I must help you: she writes it Reginchen."

"Balder! You're dreaming! No, no, I beseech you, say no more about that: you've too long — "

"I am astonished," continued the youth, rising as he spoke and moving toward the bed, "that you didn't understand me readily and meet me half-way. Where have your eyes been, that

you've not seen that you have stood high in the dear girl's favor for years? Even I have noticed it! I tell you, Franzel, the little girl is a treasure. I have known her all these years, and love her as dearly as a sister, and the man to whom I don't begrudge her I must love like a brother. Therefore, blind dreamer, I wanted to open your eyes, that I may close mine in peace. To be sure, I'm by no means certain that you've not already bestowed your heart elsewhere, and my brotherly hint may be too late. At any rate, whatever you do you should do quickly, for the young girl's sake. She seems to have taken your long absence to heart: her mother says she is by no means well yet, and eats and sleeps very little. I should like to see my little sister well and happy again before I—"

He could not finish the sentence. He had been seated on the bed while speaking; and now he laid his head on the pillow and closed his eyes, as if wearied with the unusual exertion of conversing. Suddenly he felt his hands seized; Franzelius had meant to embrace him, but instead he threw himself down beside the bed, and with his head resting on Balder's knees, he gave way to such violent and uncontrollable emotion that the youth was obliged to make every exertion to soothe him into composure.

At last he rose. He tried to speak, but his voice failed. "You—you're—oh! Heaven forgive me, forgive me! I'm not worthy!" was all he could stammer. Then he started up and rushed out of the room.

Balder had sunk back on the bed and closed his eyes again. His pale face was almost transfigured; he looked like a hero resting after a victory, and for the moment did not even feel the pain in his chest. The room was perfectly still; the sunlight played amid the palm leaves; the mask of the youthful prisoner, suffused with a rosy light which came from the open door of the stove, seemed to breathe and whisper to its image on the narrow couch: "Die!—your death shall be painless!" But a sudden thought roused Balder from this anticipation of eternal repose. He rose and dragged himself to the turning-lathe, where with a trembling hand he unlocked the drawer. "It's fortunate that I thought of it!" he murmured. "What if they had found it!"

He drew out the portfolio in which he kept his collection of verses. On how many pages was the image of the child whom he secretly loved, described with all the exaggerated charms his solitary yearning had invested her with; to how much imaginary

happiness these simple sheets bore witness! And yet he could now let them slide through his fingers without bitterness. Had not his feelings been sacred and consoling to him at the time? What had happened which could strip the bloom and fragrance of this spring from his heart? There would be no summer, but did that make less beautiful the season of blossoming? He read a verse here and there in an undertone, now and then altering a word that no longer satisfied him, and smiling at himself for polishing verses which no human eye had seen or ever would see. Many he had quite forgotten, and now found them beautiful and touching. When he had turned the last page, he took the pencil and wrote on a loose scrap of paper that he laid in the drawer in place of the volume of poems, the following lines, which he wrote without effort and without revision: —

Good-night, thou lovely world, good-night:
Have I not had a glorious day?
Unmurmuring, though thou leav'st my sight,
I to my couch will go away.

Whate'er of loveliness thou hast,
Is it not mine to revel in?
Though many a keen desire does waste
My heart, it ne'er alone has been.

Delusion's veil of error blind
Fell quite away from soul and eye;
Clearer my path did upward wind
To where life's sunny hill-tops lie.

No idol false is there adored;
Humanity's eternal powers,
O'er which the light of Heaven is poured,
Stand self-contained in passion's hours.

High standing on the breeze-swept peak,
Below may I with rapture see
The land whereof no man may speak
Save him who fares there wearily.

This is the rich inheritance
The children of the world shall own,
When crossed the wearisome expanse,
And fate's supreme decrees are known.

O brother, who art seeking still
For love and joy where I have sought,
I would your path with blessings fill
When to its end my life is brought.

Ah! brother, could we two aspire
Together to the glorious height—
Hence, tears! some part of my desire
Is thine. Thou lovely world, good-night!

COUNTESS TOINETTE SETS OUT FOR «THE PROMISED LAND»

From 'Children of the World'

THE note inclosed in the doctor's letter ran as follows:—

«You will be alarmed, my dear friend, that I already write you again. But fear nothing: it is for the last time, and means little more than the card inscribed P. P. C. which we leave with our friends before a long separation. I am going away on a journey, dear friend, far enough away to enable you to feel perfectly secure from any molestation on my part. How this has come about is a long story. Suffice it to say, that it is not envy of the laurels won by my beautiful fair-haired sister-in-law—I mean those she will undoubtedly win as a high-born, intellectual, and pious traveler—that induces me also to seek a change of air. If that which I breathe were but conducive to my health,—if I could but sleep and wake, laugh and weep, like other men and women,—I certainly would not stir from the spot. But even my worst enemy could hardly fail to understand that matters cannot go on any longer as they are; so I prefer to go. The 'promised land' has long allured me. I should have set out for it before, if I had not had much to expect, to hope, and to wait for, and been hindered by a multitude of—as I now see—very superfluous scruples, which are at last successfully conquered.

«Do you know that since I saw you I have made the acquaintance of your dear wife? A very, very pleasant acquaintance; if I had only made it a few years sooner, it might have been very useful to me. Well, even now it is not too late to rejoice that you have what you need, the happiness you desire, in such a noble, wise, and loving life companion. Give my kindest remembrances to her. In my incognito I may have behaved strangely.

But the idea of assuming it flashed upon me so suddenly, and with the help of my faithful maid it was carried so quickly into execution, that I had no time to consider what rôle I should play; so everything was done on the spur of the moment. To be sure, I had at first a vague idea of proposing that you should accompany me on the great journey. But one glance into your home quickly told me that you must be happiest there; that your 'promised land' is the room where your desk and the artist table of your wife stand so quietly and peacefully side by side.

"Farewell, 'dear friend'! I should like to talk with you still longer,—to philosophize, as we used to call it; but what would be the use? Or has any sage ever given a satisfactory answer to the question, of how the commandment that the sins of the fathers must be visited on the children can be made to harmonize with the idea of a just government of the world? Why should a freak of nature, an abnormal creation, be expected to fulfill all the grave and normal demands we are justified in making upon ordinary human beings? Or why are we usually punished by the gratification of our wishes, and allowed to perceive what we ought to have desired, only when it cannot be attained?

"A fool, you know, can propound more questions than ten philosophers can answer. Perhaps I shall receive special enlightenment in the 'promised land.' My memory is stored with much that is beautiful; even many a trial that I have experienced in the gray twilight of this strange, cold, inhospitable world was not borne wholly without recompense. I would not give up even my sorrows for the dull happiness of commonplace wiseacres, who in their limited sphere think all things perfectly natural, and cling closely to their clod.

"Farewell, my dear friend. Let me hope that you will always, wherever I may be, remember me with as much sympathy as the great and pure happiness you enjoy will allow, and that you will wish a pleasant journey to TOINETTE."

THOMAS HEYWOOD

(15—?–16—?)

WE HAVE Thomas Heywood's own word that he was the author of the whole or chief part of two hundred and twenty plays. For years he wrote his dramas and acted in them with Henslowe's company, or that of the Lord Admiral, or at the theatre of the Red Bull in London; and composed, too, many of the Lord Mayor's pageants. Yet so modest was he about his own achievements, and so careless of fame, that he made no effort to preserve his work, and now we have only twenty-three plays and a variety of scattered fragments. From these we may gather many hints of his genial and gifted mind; but of his actual life we know little. There is evidence that he was of good family, a fellow of Peterhouse College, Cambridge, and remarkably well read; and that he early went to London. Even the dates of his birth and death are lost; but he was probably about ten years younger than "mellifluous Will" Shakespeare, and must have known him well and many other celebrities of that brilliant period.

He too felt the spirit of the English Renaissance, and wrote under the influence of its overwhelming, sometimes rude, vigor and spontaneity. As a popular actor he must have been kept busy; yet for years he found time to write something every day, scribbling off what occurred to him wherever he might be, and often on the blank side of his tavern bills. He watched the ardent city life with more critical vision than was common in that simpler-minded time; took note of all, as his prose writing shows; and was, as Symonds says, "among our earliest professional littérateurs."

The anthology of poets of all ages and lands, which he planned but never finished, has been much regretted by scholars. He himself was primarily a poet, and scattered through his plays are dainty, breezy lyrics of "April morning freshness," which show an easy mastery of metre. But he is best known as a dramatist; and his readers must admire his eloquent expression of deep feeling, and a delicacy of taste often lacking in his contemporaries.

He first tried historical plays; but although these contain fine passages, they are less satisfactory than his later work. There is a suggestion of the realist in Heywood; for he seldom left home for his subjects, but sought them in English men and women of his time.

He excelled in strong and simple situations, and in able touches which depicted character and developed a homely every-day atmosphere; but his work is very uneven, showing many technical faults of uneven metre and interrupted rhyme, and his finest passages are sometimes followed by jagged doggerel unworthy a schoolboy. He wrote too rapidly to take much heed of form, and when not mastered by an emotional instinct for the fitting expression, he was careless of minor points.

Among his best known plays are 'The English Traveller,' a study of character; 'The Fair Maid of the West,' which has an adventurous ring much like that of Kingsley's 'Westward Ho'; and 'A Woman Killed with Kindness.' The last is well sustained, and in its capable character-drawing and eloquent blank verse is considered his masterpiece. Henslowe records in his diary that he paid Heywood three pounds for it. The slight plot—the story of a faithless wife whose husband sends her to a manor-house where she must live separated from him and from her children, although in comfort, and who dies there of her bitter repentance—is of less interest than the naturalness of the emotion, and the lofty moral feeling for which Heywood is especially noteworthy.

SONG

From 'The Rape of Lucrece'

COME, list and hark;
The bell doth toll
For some but now
Departing soul.
And was not that
Some ominous fowl,
The bat, the night-
Crow, or screech-owl?
To these, I hear
The wild wolf howl,
In this black night
That seems to scowl.
All these my black
Book shall enroll,
For hark! still, still
The bell doth toll
For some but now
Departing soul.

APULEIUS'S SONG

From 'The Rape of Lucrece'

PACK, clouds, away, and welcome day;
With night we banish sorrow:
Sweet air, blow soft; mount, lark, aloft,
To give my love good-morrow:
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow:
Bird, prune thy wing; nightingale, sing,
To give my love good-morrow.
To give my love good-morrow,
Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin-redbreast;
Sing, birds, in every furrow;
And from each bill let music shrill
Give my fair love good-morrow.
Blackbird and thrush in every bush—
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow—
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
Sing my fair love good-morrow.
To give my love good-morrow,
Sing, birds, in every furrow.

HARVEST SONG

From 'The Silver Age'

WITH fair Ceres, Queen of grain,
The reaped fields we roam, roam, roam!
Each country peasant, nymph, and swain
Sing their harvest home, home, home!
Whilst the Queen of plenty hallowes
Growing fields as well as fallowes.

Echo double all our lays,
Make the Champions found, found, found,
To the Queen of harvest praise
That sows and reaps our ground, ground, ground.
Ceres, Queen of plenty, hallowes
Growing fields as well as fallowes.

Tempest hence, hence winds and hails,
Tares, cockles, rotten flowers, flowers, flowers;

Our song shall keep time with our flails—
When Ceres sings none lowers, lowers, lowers.
She it is whose godhood hallowes
Growing fields as well as fallowes.

SONG

From 'The Fair Maid of the Exchange'

YE LITTLE birds that sit and sing
Amidst the shady valleys,
And see how Phyllis sweetly walks,
Within her garden alleys;
Go, pretty birds, about her bower;
Sing, pretty birds, she may not lower;
Ah me! methinks I see her frown!
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

So tell her through your chirping bills,
As you by me are bidden;
To her is only known my love,
Which from the world is hidden.
Go, pretty birds, and tell her so;
See that your notes strain not too low,
For still methinks I see her frown:
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

So tune your voices' harmony,
And sing, I am her lover;
Strain loud and sweet, that ev'ry note
With sweet content may move her.
And she that hath the sweetest voice
Tell her I will not change my choice;
Yet still, methinks, I see her frown:
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Oh, fly! make haste! see, see, she falls
Into a pretty slumber!
Sing round about her rosy bed,
That waking she may wonder.
Say to her, 'tis her lover true
That sendeth love to you, to you:
And when you hear her kind reply,
Return with pleasant warbling.

FRANKFORD'S SOLILOQUY

From 'A Woman Killed with Kindness'

O God! O God! that it were possible
To undo things done; to call back yesterday!
That time could turn up his swift sandy glass,
To untell the days, and to redeem these hours!
Or that the sun
Could, rising from the West, draw his coach backward,—
Take from the account of time so many minutes,
Till he had all these seasons called again,
These minutes and these actions done in them.

HIERARCHY OF ANGELS

Mellifluous Shakespeare, whose enchanting quill
Commanded mirth or passion, was but Will;
And famous Jonson, though his learned pen
Be dipped in Castaly, is still but Ben.
Fletcher and Webster, of that learned pack
None of the meanest, was but Jack;
Dekker but Tom, nor May, nor Middleton,
And he's but now Jack Ford that once was John.

SHEPHERDS' SONG

We that have known no greater state
Than this we live in, praise our fate;
For courtly silks in cares are spent,
When country's russet breeds content.
The power of sceptres we admire,
But sheep-hooks for our use desire.
Simple and low is our condition,
For here with us is no ambition:
We with the sun our flocks unfold,
Whose rising makes their fleeces gold;
Our music from the birds we borrow,
They bidding us, we them, good-morrow.
Our habits are but coarse and plain,
Yet they defend from wind and rain;
As warm too, in an equal eye,
As those bestained in scarlet dye.

The shepherd, with his homespun lass,
As many merry hours doth pass,
As courtiers with their costly girls,
Though richly decked in gold and pearls;
And though but plain, to purpose woo,
Nay, often with less danger too.
Those that delight in dainties' store,
One stomach feed at once, no more;
And when with homely fare we feast,
With us it doth as well digest;
And many times we better speed,
For our wild fruits no surfeits breed.
If we sometimes the willow wear,
By subtle swains that dare forswear,
We wonder whence it comes, and fear
They've been at court, and learnt it there.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

(1824–)

"My literary life, such as it has been," writes Colonel Higginson, "affords no lesson greatly worth recording, unless it be the facility with which a taste for books may be transmitted and accumulated from one generation to another, and then developed into a lifelong pursuit by a literary environment. To go no further back, my paternal ancestors in America were Puritan clergymen, who wrote many books, a few of which are still quoted. . . . My father wrote several pamphlets, and my mother some children's books, in one or two of which I figured; my eldest brother wrote a little book against slavery. All this must surely have been enough to guarantee a little infusion of printer's ink into my blood. Then as to externals: my father, having lost a moderate fortune by Jefferson's embargo, came to Cambridge [Massachusetts] and became steward — or, as it is now called, bursar — of Harvard College. He built a house, in which I was born, at the head of a street then called Professors' Row, because so many professors lived on it. . . .

Thomas W. Higginson

"I was thus born and cradled within the college atmosphere, and amid a world of books and bookish men, the list of these last including many since famous who were familiar visitors at our house. . . . My first nurse, if not a poet, was the theme of poetry, being one Rowena Pratt, the wife of Longfellow's 'Village Blacksmith'; and no doubt her singing made the heart of her young charge rejoice, as when she sang in that Paradise to which the poet has raised her. Later I 'tumbled about in a library,' as Holmes recommends, and in the self-same library where he practiced the like gymnastics. . . . At home the process could be repeated in a comfortable library of Queen Anne literature in delightful little old-fashioned editions, in which I began to browse as soon as the period of 'Sandford and Merton' and Miss Edgeworth's 'Frank' had passed.

"It passed early, for it was the custom in those days to teach children to read, and sometimes to write, before they were four years

old — a practice now happily discontinued. Another more desirable custom prevailed in the household, for my mother read aloud a great deal in the evening; and I thus became familiar with Scott's novels, as I sat gazing in the fire or lay stretched in delicious indolence upon the hearth-rug. . . . Lowell and Story were my schoolmates, though five years older; and when to all this early circle of literary persons was added the unconscious weight of academic influence behind, with all the quaint bookish characteristics of that earlier Cambridge, it will be seen that merely to have lived in such a *milieu* was the beginning of a literary training. This must be my justification for dwelling on items which would otherwise be without interest to any one but myself: they indicate the class of influences which not only made a writer out of me, but accomplished a similar result for Hedge, Holmes, Margaret Fuller, Lowell, and Norton. . . .

"My father's financial losses secured for me a valuable combination of circumstances — the tradition of social refinement united with the practice of economy. This last point was further emphasized by his death when I was ten years old; and I, as the youngest of a large family, was left to be brought up mainly by women, and fortunately by those whom I was accustomed to seeing treated with intellectual respect by prominent men. Their influence happily counteracted a part of that received from an exceedingly rough school to which I was sent at eight years old. . . .

"At thirteen I entered Harvard College, being already very tall for my age and of mature appearance, with some precocity of intellect and a corresponding immaturity of character. . . . I graduated at about the time when young men now enter college — seventeen and a half years; and spent two years in teaching before I came back for post-graduate studies to Cambridge. Those two years were perhaps the most important in my life. Most of them were passed in the family of a cousin. . . . All my experience of college instructors had given me no such personal influence as that of my cousin, and it so fell in with the tendencies of that seething period — the epoch of Brook Farm, of receding Transcendentalism, of dawning Fourierism — that it simply developed more methodically what would probably have come at any rate. . . . When I came to him I had begun the study of the law, and all my ambition lay that way; but his unconscious attrition, combined with the prevailing tendencies of the time, turned me from that pursuit and from all 'bread studies,' as they used to be called, toward literature and humanitarian interests. . . .

"I came back to Cambridge expecting to fit myself for some professorship in philology, or metaphysics, or natural science. Not knowing exactly what the result would be, I devoted two happy

years to an immense diversity of reading, in which German literature on the whole predominated. . . . Circumstances and influences drew me at last aside to the liberal ministry; a thing which I have never regretted, though it occupied me only temporarily, and I gravitated back to literature at last.»

These fragments of a sketch which Colonel Higginson wrote for the Forum in 1886 clearly forecast the general character of his life; but they do not adequately indicate the humanity and the benevolent sympathy with the oppressed which have given that life its crowning grace. After leaving the theological school in 1847, he was settled over the first religious society of Newburyport. He became not long after — in 1850 — a candidate for Congress on the Free Soil ticket. After his defeat, his antislavery principles having become distasteful to his parish, he resigned his charge and undertook the ministry of the Free Church at Worcester. The year following this settlement, — that is, in 1853, — he was at the head of the body of men who attacked the Boston court-house for the rescue of Anthony Burns the fugitive slave. He played a manful part throughout the political imbroglio which preceded the Civil War, and in 1856 assisted in forming Free State emigrant parties for Kansas. Journeying to the very heart of the turbulent district, he served as a soldier with the free settlers against the pro-slavery invaders from Missouri. In 1858 he retired from the ministry and devoted himself to literature. 'Thalatta,' a collection of verse relating to the sea, to which he contributed and which he in part edited, was published in 1853.

Immediately following the outbreak of the Civil War, Mr. Higginson recruited several companies of Massachusetts volunteers, and in 1862 organized the regiment of South Carolina volunteers, the first regiment of blacks mustered into the Federal service. With such crude soldiery he made raids into the interior, at one time penetrating so far south as Florida, and capturing Jacksonville. In 1864 he retired from service on account of general debility caused by a wound. Some years later he removed from Newport to his birthplace, Cambridge, where he established a permanent home. In 1880–81 he was a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and in 1889 was made State military and naval historian.

Higginson's identification with nearly every movement of his time looking to the amelioration of human life has been complete, and he has never been backward in declaring his adherence during the unpopular phases of the questions; such, for instance, as concern slavery, and the right of women to make the most of themselves always and everywhere. His sympathies with the questions involved in the latter issue, in fact, — the justice of giving to women higher education, equal opportunities with men in the business world, and political

enfranchisement,—have given rise to many of his happiest and most popular essays. It is as an essayist that he is best known. The elegance of his style, the precision and finish of his diction, and his high obedience to art, are not unfair evidence that Addison and his Spectator had a permanent influence over the youthful mind, in the comfortable library of Queen Anne literature of which he speaks in the fragments quoted above. His amenity of manner, grace of feeling, and gleaming humor, belong wholly to our own half of the nineteenth century; and the very essence of Queen Anne's age of wigs—an artificiality that covered and concealed nature—is replaced in him by a sane and simple naturalness.

Colonel Higginson's published volumes are numerous; but nearly all are collections of essays, in which literature, outdoor life, history, and heroic philanthropy in a wide sense, furnish the chief themes. 'Army Life in a Black Regiment' may be regarded as a chapter of autobiography, or as a memorable leaf in the story of the great Civil War. His romance 'Malbone' is largely a transcript from actual life, the chief character being drawn from the same friend of Higginson who figures as Densdeth in Winthrop's 'Cecil Dreeme.' The 'Life of Margaret Fuller,' again, was a labor of love, a tribute of loyalty to a woman who had most vitally influenced his early years. His translation of Epictetus may be explained in a somewhat similar fashion. The volume of his verse is small, and includes no ambitious creative work. He is lyric in quality, and has a tenderness, purity, and simplicity which endear his verse to some readers for whom his exquisitely elaborated prose is less effective.

In the Atlantic Monthly for 1897 Colonel Higginson publishes his memoirs, under the happily characteristic title, 'Cheerful Yesterdays.'

MY OUTDOOR STUDY

From 'Outdoor Papers.' Copyright 1863, by Ticknor & Fields. Reprinted by permission of Longmans, Green & Co., publishers, New York

EVERY summer I launch my boat to seek some realm of enchantment beyond all the sordidness and sorrow of earth, and never yet did I fail to ripple with my prow at least the outskirts of those magic waters. What spell has fame or wealth to enrich this midday blessedness with a joy the more? Yonder barefoot boy, as he drifts silently in his punt beneath the drooping branches of yonder vine-clad bank, has a bliss which no Astor can buy with money, no Seward conquer with votes,—which yet

is no monopoly of his, and to which time and experience only add a more subtile and conscious charm. The rich years were given us to increase, not to impair, these cheap felicities. Sad or sinful is the life of that man who finds not the heavens bluer and the waves more musical in maturity than in childhood. Time is a severe alembic of youthful joys, no doubt: we exhaust book after book, and leave Shakespeare unopened; we grow fastidious in men and women; all the rhetoric, all the logic, we fancy we have heard before; we have seen the pictures, we have listened to the symphonies: but what has been done by all the art and literature of the world towards describing one summer day? The most exhausting effort brings us no nearer to it than to the blue sky which is its dome; our words are shot up against it like arrows, and fall back helpless. Literary amateurs go the tour of the globe to renew their stock of materials, when they do not yet know a bird or a bee or a blossom beside their homestead door; and in the hour of their greatest success they have not a horizon to their life so large as that of yon boy in his punt. All that is purchasable in the capitals of the world is not to be weighed in comparison with the simple enjoyment that may be crowded into one hour of sunshine. What can place or power do here? "Who could be before me, though the palace of Cæsar cracked and split with emperors, while I, sitting in silence on a cliff of Rhodes, watched the sun as he swung his golden censer athwart the heavens?"

It is pleasant to observe a sort of confused and latent recognition of all this in the instinctive sympathy which is always rendered to any indication of outdoor pursuits. How cordially one sees the eyes of all travelers turn to the man who enters the railroad station with a fowling-piece in hand, or the boy with water-lilies! There is a momentary sensation of the freedom of the woods, a whiff of oxygen for the anxious money-changers. How agreeable sounds the news — to all but his creditors — that the lawyer or the merchant has locked his office door and gone fishing! The American temperament needs at this moment nothing so much as that wholesome training of semi-rural life which reared Hampden and Cromwell to assume at one grasp the sovereignty of England, and which has ever since served as the foundation of England's greatest ability. The best thoughts and purposes seem ordained to come to human beings beneath the open sky, as the ancients fabled that Pan found the goddess

Ceres when he was engaged in the chase, whom no other of the gods could find when seeking seriously. The little I have gained from colleges and libraries has certainly not worn so well as the little I learned in childhood of the habits of plant, bird, and insect. That "weight and sanity of thought" which Coleridge so finely makes the crowning attribute of Wordsworth, is in no way so well matured and cultivated as in the society of Nature.

There may be extremes and affectations, and Mary Lamb declared that Wordsworth held it doubtful if a dweller in towns had a soul to be saved. During the various phases of transcendental idealism among ourselves in the last twenty years, the love of Nature has at times assumed an exaggerated and even a pathetic aspect, in the morbid attempts of youths and maidens to make it a substitute for vigorous thought and action,—a lion endeavoring to dine on grass and green leaves. In some cases this mental chlorosis reached such a height as almost to nauseate one with Nature, when in the society of the victims; and surfeited companions felt inclined to rush to the treadmill immediately, or get chosen on the board of selectmen, or plunge into any conceivable drudgery, in order to feel that there was still work enough in the universe to keep it sound and healthy. But this, after all, was exceptional and transitory; and our American life still needs beyond all things else the more habitual cultivation of outdoor habits.

Probably the direct ethical influence of natural objects may be overrated. Nature is not didactic, but simply healthy. She helps everything to its legitimate development, but applies no goads, and forces on us no sharp distinctions. Her wonderful calmness, refreshing the whole soul, must aid both conscience and intellect in the end, but sometimes lulls both temporarily, when immediate issues are pending. The waterfall cheers and purifies infinitely, but it marks no moments, has no reproaches for indolence, forces to no immediate decision, offers unbounded to-morrows; and the man of action must tear himself away when the time comes, since the work will not be done for him. "The natural day is very calm, and will hardly reprove our indolence."

And yet, the more bent any man is upon action, the more profoundly he needs this very calmness of Nature to preserve his equilibrium. The radical himself needs nothing so much as fresh air. The world is called conservative, but it is far easier to

impress a plausible thought on the complaisance of others than to retain an unfaltering faith in it for ourselves. The most dogged reformer mistrusts himself every little while, and says inwardly, like Luther, "Art thou alone wise?" So he is compelled to exaggerate, in the effort to hold his own. The community is bored by the conceit and egotism of the innovators; so it is by that of poets and artists, orators and statesmen: but if we knew how heavily ballasted all these poor fellows need to be, to keep an even keel amid so many conflicting tempests of blame and praise, we should hardly reproach them. But the simple enjoyments of outdoor life, costing next to nothing, tend to equalize all vexations. What matter if the governor removes you from office? he cannot remove you from the lake; and if readers or customers will not bite, the pickerel will. We must keep busy, of course; yet we cannot transform the world except very slowly, and we can best preserve our patience in the society of Nature, who does her work almost as imperceptibly as we.

And for literary training especially, the influence of natural beauty is simply priceless. Under the present educational systems, we need grammars and languages far less than a more thorough outdoor experience. On this flowery bank, on this ripple-marked shore, are the true literary models. How many living authors have ever attained to writing a single page which could be for one moment compared, for the simplicity and grace of its structure, with this green spray of wild woodbine or yonder white wreath of blossoming clematis? A finely organized sentence should throb and palpitate like the most delicate vibrations of the summer air. We talk of literature as if it were a mere matter of rule and measurement, a series of processes long since brought to mechanical perfection: but it would be less incorrect to say that it all lies in the future; tried by the outdoor standard, there is as yet no literature, but only glimpses and guideboards; no writer has yet succeeded in sustaining, through more than some single occasional sentence, that fresh and perfect charm. If by the training of a lifetime one could succeed in producing one continuous page of perfect cadence, it would be a life well spent; and such a literary artist would fall short of Nature's standard in quantity only, not in quality.

It is one sign of our weakness, also, that we commonly assume Nature to be a rather fragile and merely ornamental thing, and suited for a model of the graces only. But her seductive softness

is the last climax of magnificent strength. The same mathematical law winds the leaves around the stem and the planets around the sun. The same law of crystallization rules the slight-knit snowflake and the hard foundations of the earth. The thistle-down floats secure upon the summer zephyrs that are woven into the tornado. The dewdrop holds within its transparent cell the same electric fire which charges the thunder-cloud. In the softest tree or the airiest waterfall, the fundamental lines are as lithe and muscular as the crouching haunches of a leopard; and without a pencil vigorous enough to render these, no mere mass of foam or foliage, however exquisitely finished, can tell the story. Lightness of touch is the crowning test of power.

Yet Nature does not work by single spasms only. That chestnut spray is not an isolated and exhaustive effort of creative beauty: look upward and see its sisters rise with pile above pile of fresh and stately verdure, till tree meets sky in a dome of glorious blossom, the whole as perfect as the parts, the least part as perfect as the whole. Studying the details, it seems as if Nature were a series of costly fragments with no coherency; as if she would never encourage us to do anything systematically, would tolerate no method but her own, and yet had none of her own; were as abrupt in her transitions from oak to maple as the heroine who went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf to make an apple-pie: while yet there is no conceivable human logic so close and inexorable as her connections. How rigid, how flexible are, for instance, the laws of perspective! If one could learn to make his statements as firm and unswerving as the horizon line; his continuity of thought as marked, yet as unbroken, as yonder soft gradations by which the eye is lured upward from lake to wood, from wood to hill, from hill to heavens,—what more bracing tonic could literary culture demand? As it is, Art misses the parts, yet does not grasp the whole.

Literature also learns from Nature the use of materials: either to select only the choicest and rarest, or to transmute coarse to fine by skill in using. How perfect is the delicacy with which the woods and fields are kept throughout the year! All these millions of living creatures born every season, and born to die; yet where are the dead bodies? We never see them. Buried beneath the earth by tiny nightly sextons, sunk beneath the waters, dissolved into the air, or distilled again and again as food for other organizations,—all have had their swift resurrection.

Their existence blooms again in these violet-petals, glitters in the burnished beauty of these golden beetles, or enriches the veery's song. It is only out of doors that even death and decay become beautiful. The model farm, the most luxurious house, have their regions of unsightliness; but the fine chemistry of Nature is constantly clearing away all its impurities before our eyes, and yet so delicately that we never suspect the process. The most exquisite work of literary art exhibits a certain crudeness and coarseness when we turn to it from Nature, as the smallest cambric-needle appears rough and jagged when compared through the magnifier with the tapering fineness of the insect's sting.

Once separated from Nature, literature recedes into metaphysics or dwindles into novels. How ignoble seems the current material of London literary life, for instance, compared with the noble simplicity which, a half-century ago, made the Lake Country an enchanted land forever! Is it worth a voyage to England to sup with Thackeray in the Pot Tavern? Compare the "enormity of pleasure" which De Quincey says Wordsworth derived from the simplest natural object, with the serious protest of Wilkie Collins against the affectation of caring about Nature at all. "Is it not strange," says this most unhappy man, "to see how little real hold the objects of the natural world amidst which we live can gain on our hearts and minds? We go to Nature for comfort in joy and sympathy in trouble, only in books. . . . What share have the attractions of Nature ever had in the pleasurable or painful interests and emotions of ourselves or our friends? . . . There is surely a reason for this want of inborn sympathy between the creature and the creation around it."

THE SCENES AND THE ACTORS

From 'Mademoiselle's Campaigns,' in 'Atlantic Essays.' Copyright 1871, by J. R. Osgood & Co. Reprinted by permission of Longmans, Green & Co., publishers, New York.

THE heroine of this tale is one so famous in history that her proper name never appears in it. The seeming paradox is the soberest fact. To us Americans, glory lies in the abundant display of one's personal appellation in the newspapers. Our heroine lived in the most gossiping of all ages, herself its greatest gossip; yet her own name, patronymic or

baptismal, never was talked about. It was not that she sunk that name beneath high-sounding titles; she only elevated the most commonplace of all titles till she monopolized it and it monopolized her. Anne Marie Louise d'Orléans, Souveraine de Dombes, Princesse Dauphine d'Auvergne, Duchesse de Montpensier, is forgotten, or rather was never remembered; but the great name of MADEMOISELLE, *La Grande Mademoiselle*, gleams like a golden thread shot through and through that gorgeous tapestry of crimson and purple which records for us the age of Louis Quatorze.

In May of the year 1627, while the slow tide of events was drawing Charles I. toward his scaffold,—while Sir John Eliot was awaiting in the Tower of London the summoning of the Third Parliament,—while the troops of Buckingham lay dying, without an enemy, upon the Isle of Rhé,—at the very crisis of the terrible siege of Rochelle, and perhaps during the very hour when the Three Guardsmen of Dumas held that famous bastion against an army, the heroine of our story was born. And she, like the Three Guardsmen, waited till twenty years after for a career.

The twenty years are over. Richelieu is dead. The strongest will that ever ruled France has passed away; and the poor broken King has hunted his last badger at St. Germain, and then meekly followed his master to the grave, as he has always followed him. Louis XIII., called Louis le Juste, not from the predominance of that particular virtue (or any other) in his character, but simply because he happened to be born under the constellation of the Scales, has died like a Frenchman, in peace with all the world except his wife. That beautiful and queenly wife, called Anne of Austria (though a Spaniard),—no longer the wild and passionate girl who fascinated Buckingham and embroiled two kingdoms,—has hastened within four days to defy all the dying imprecations of her husband, by reversing every plan and every appointment he has made. The little prince has already shown all the Grand Monarque in his childish "Je suis Louis Quatorze," and has been carried in his bib to hold his first Parliament. That Parliament, heroic as its English contemporary, though less successful, has reached the point of revolution at last. Civil war is impending. Condé, at twenty-one the greatest general in Europe, after changing sides a hundred times in a week is fixed at last. Turenne is arrayed against him. The

young, the brave, the beautiful cluster around them. The performers are drawn up in line, the curtain rises,—the play is 'The Wars of the Fronde,'—and into that brilliant arena, like some fair circus equestrian, gay, spangled, and daring, rides Mademoiselle.

Almost all French historians, from Voltaire to Cousin (St. Aulaire being the chief exception), speak lightly of the Wars of the Fronde. "La Fronde n'est pas sérieuse." Of course it was not. Had it been wholly serious, it would not have been wholly French. Of course French insurrections, like French despotisms, have always been tempered by epigrams; of course the people went out to the conflicts in ribbons and feathers; of course over every battle there pelted down a shower of satire, like the rain at the Eglinton tournament. More than two hundred pamphlets rattled on the head of Condé alone, and the collection of *Mazarinades*, preserved by the Cardinal himself, fills sixty-nine volumes in quarto. From every field the first crop was glory, the second a *bon-mot*. When the dagger of De Retz fell from his breast pocket, it was "our good archbishop's breviary"; and when his famous Corinthian troop was defeated in battle, it was "the First Epistle to the Corinthians." While, across the Channel, Charles Stuart was listening to his doom, Paris was gay in the midst of dangers, Madame de Longueville was receiving her gallants in mimic court at the Hôtel de Ville, De Retz was wearing his sword-belt over his archbishop's gown, the little hunchback Conti was generalissimo, and the starving people were pillaging Mazarin's library, in joke, "to find something to gnaw upon." Outside the walls, the maids of honor were quarreling over the straw beds which annihilated all the romance of martyrdom, and Condé, with five thousand men, was besieging five hundred thousand. No matter,—they all laughed through it, and through every succeeding turn of the kaleidoscope; and the "Anything may happen in France," with which La Rochefoucauld jumped amicably into the carriage of his mortal enemy, was not only the first and best of his maxims, but the keynote of French history for all coming time.

But behind all this sport, as in all the annals of the nation, were mysteries and terrors and crimes. It was the age of cabalistic ciphers, like that of De Retz, of which Guy Joli dreamed the solution; of inexplicable secrets, like the Man in the Iron Mask, whereof no solution was ever dreamed; of poisons, like

that diamond dust which in six hours transformed the fresh beauty of the Princess Royal into foul decay; of dungeons, like that cell at Vincennes which Madame de Rambouillet pronounced to be "worth its weight in arsenic." War or peace hung on the color of a ball dress, and Madame de Chevreuse knew which party was coming uppermost by observing whether the binding of Madame de Hautefort's prayer-book was red or green. Perhaps it was all a little theatrical, but the performers were all Rachels.

And behind the crimes and the frivolities stood the Parliaments, calm and undaunted, with leaders like Molé and Talon, who needed nothing but success to make their names as grand in history as those of Pym and Hampden. Among the Brienne Papers in the British Museum there is a collection of the manifestoes and proclamations of that time; and they are earnest, eloquent, and powerful, from beginning to end. Lord Mahon alone among historians, so far as my knowledge goes, has done fit and full justice to the French Parliaments; those assemblies which refused admission to the foreign armies which the nobles would gladly have summoned in, but fed and protected the banished princesses of England, when the court party had left those descendants of the Bourbons to die of cold and hunger in the palace of their ancestors. And we have the testimony of Henrietta Maria herself, the only person who had seen both revolutions near at hand, that "the troubles in England never appeared so formidable in their early days, nor were the leaders of the revolutionary party so ardent or so united." The character of the agitation was no more to be judged by its jokes and epigrams, than the gloomy glory of the English Puritans by the grotesque names of their saints, or the stern resolution of the Dutch burghers by their guilds of rhetoric and symbolical melodrama.

But popular power was not yet developed in France, as it was in England; all social order was unsettled and changing, and well Mazarin knew it. He knew the pieces with which he played his game of chess: the king powerless, the queen mighty, the bishops unable to take a single straightforward move, and the knights going naturally zigzag; with a host of plebeian pawns, every one fit for a possible royalty, and therefore to be used shrewdly, or else annihilated as soon as practicable. True, the game would not last forever; but after him the Deluge.

Our age has forgotten even the meaning of the word «Fronde»; but here also the French and Flemish histories run parallel, and the Frondeurs, like the Gueux, were children of a sarcasm. The Counselor Bachaumont one day ridiculed insurrectionists as resembling the boys who played with slings (*frondes*) about the streets of Paris, but scattered at the first glimpse of a policeman. The phrase organized the party. Next morning all fashions were *à la fronde*,—hats, gloves, fans, bread, and ballads; and it cost six years of civil war to pay for the Counselor's facetiousness.

That which was, after all, the most remarkable characteristic of these wars might be guessed from this fact about the fashions. The Fronde was pre-eminently «the War of the Ladies.» Educated far beyond the Englishwomen of their time, they took a controlling share, sometimes ignoble, often noble, always powerful, in the affairs of the time. It was not merely a courtly gallantry which flattered them with a hollow importance. De Retz, in his 'Memoirs,' compares the women of his age with Elizabeth of England. A Spanish ambassador once congratulated Mazarin on obtaining temporary repose. «You are mistaken,» he replied: «there is no repose in France, for I have always women to contend with. In Spain, women have only love affairs to employ them; but here we have three who are capable of governing or overthrowing great kingdoms,—the Duchesse de Longueville, the Princesse Palatine, and the Duchesse de Chevreuse.» And there were others as great as these; and the women who for years outwitted Mazarin and outgeneraled Condé are deserving of a stronger praise than they have yet obtained, even from the classic and courtly Cousin.

What men of that age eclipsed or equaled the address and daring of those delicate and high-born women? What a romance was their ordinary existence! The Princesse Palatine gave refuge to Madame de Longueville when that alone saved her from sharing the imprisonment of her brothers Condé and Conti,—then fled for her own life, by night, with Rochefoucauld. Madame de Longueville herself, pursued afterwards by the royal troops, wished to embark in a little boat, on a dangerous shore, during a midnight storm so wild that not a fisherman could at first be found to venture forth; the beautiful fugitive threatened and implored till they consented; the sailor who bore her in his arms to the boat let her fall amid the furious surges; she was dragged senseless to the shore again, and on the instant of reviving,

demanded to repeat the experiment; but as they utterly refused, she rode inland beneath the tempest, and traveled for fourteen nights before she could find another place of embarkation.

Madame de Chevreuse rode with one attendant from Paris to Madrid, fleeing from Richelieu, remaining day and night on her horse, attracting perilous admiration by the womanly loveliness which no male attire could obscure. From Spain she went to England, organizing there the French exiles into a strength which frightened Richelieu; thence to Holland, to conspire nearer home; back to Paris, on the minister's death, to form the faction of the Importants; and when the Duke of Beaufort was imprisoned, Mazarin said, "Of what use to cut off the arms while the head remains?" Ten years from her first perilous escape, she made a second: dashed through La Vendée, embarked at St. Malo for Dunkirk, was captured by the fleet of the Parliament, was released by the governor of the Isle of Wight, unable to imprison so beautiful a butterfly, reached her port at last, and in a few weeks was intriguing at Liège again.

The Duchesse de Bouillon, Turenne's sister, purer than those we have named, but not less daring or determined, after charming the whole population of Paris by her rebel beauty at the Hôtel de Ville, escaped from her sudden incarceration by walking through the midst of her guards at dusk, crouching in the shadow of her little daughter, and afterwards allowed herself to be recaptured rather than desert that child's sick-bed.

Then there was Clémence de Maille, purest and noblest of all, niece of Richelieu and hapless wife of the cruel ingrate Condé, his equal in daring and his superior in every other high quality. Married while a child still playing with her dolls, and sent at once to a convent to learn to read and write, she became a woman the instant her husband became a captive; while he watered his pinks in the garden at Vincennes, she went through France and raised an army for his relief. Her means were as noble as her ends. She would not surrender the humblest of her friends to an enemy, nor suffer the massacre of her worst enemy by a friend. She threw herself between the fire of two hostile parties at Bordeaux, and while men were falling each side of her, compelled them to peace. Her deeds rang through Europe. When she sailed from Bordeaux for Paris at last, thirty thousand people assembled to bid her farewell. She was loved and admired by all the world, except that husband for whom she dared

so much — and the Archbishop of Caen. The respectable archbishop complained that "this lady did not prove that she had been authorized by her husband,— an essential provision, without which no woman can act in law." And Condé himself, whose heart, physically twice as large as other men's, was spiritually imperceptible, repaid this stainless nobleness by years of persecution, and bequeathed her as a lifelong prisoner to his dastard son.

Then on the royal side there was Anne of Austria, sufficient unto herself,— Queen Regent, and every inch a queen (before all but Mazarin) from the moment when the mob of Paris filed through the chamber of the boy king, during his pretended sleep, and the motionless and stately mother held back the crimson draperies with the same lovely arm that had waved perilous farewells to Buckingham, to the day when the news of the fatal battle of Gien came to her in her dressing-room, and "she remained undisturbed before the mirror, not neglecting the arrangement of a single curl."

In short, every woman who took part in the Ladies' War became heroic,— from Marguerite of Lorraine, who snatched the pen from her weak husband's hand and gave De Retz the order for the first insurrection, down to the wife of the commandant of the Porte St. Roche, who, springing from her bed to obey that order, made the drums beat to arms and secured the barrier; and fitly, amid adventurous days like these, opened the career of Mademoiselle.

The First Campaign

Grandchild of Henri Quatre, niece of Louis XIII., cousin of Louis XIV., first princess of the blood, and with the largest income in the nation (500,000 livres) to support these dignities, Mademoiselle was certainly born in the purple. Her autobiography admits us to very gorgeous company; the stream of her personal recollections is a perfect Pactolus. There is almost a surfeit of royalty in it; every card is a court card, and all her counters are counts. "I wore at this festival all the crown jewels of France, and also those of the Queen of England." "A far greater establishment was assigned to me than any *fille de France* had ever had, not excepting any of my aunts, the Queens of England and of Spain, and the Duchess of Savoy." "The Queen, my grandmother, gave me as a governess the same lady who had

been governess to the late King." Pageant or funeral, it is the same thing. "In the midst of these festivities we heard of the death of the King of Spain; whereat the queens were greatly afflicted, and we all went into mourning." Thus, throughout, her 'Memoirs' glitter like the coat with which the splendid Buckingham astonished the cheaper chivalry of France: they drop diamonds.

But for any personal career Mademoiselle found at first no opportunity, in the earlier years of the Fronde. A gay, fearless, flattered girl, she simply shared the fortunes of the court; laughed at the festivals in the palace, laughed at the ominous insurrections in the streets; laughed when the people cheered her, their pet princess; and when the royal party fled from Paris, she adroitly secured for herself the best straw bed at St. Germain, and laughed louder than ever. She despised the courtiers who flattered her; secretly admired her young cousin Condé, whom she affected to despise; danced when the court danced, and ran away when it mourned. She made all manner of fun of her English lover, the future Charles II., whom she alone of all the world found bashful; and in general she wasted the golden hours with much excellent fooling. Nor would she perhaps ever have found herself a heroine, but that her respectable father was a poltroon.

Lord Mahon ventures to assert that Gaston, Duke of Orléans, was "the most cowardly prince of whom history makes mention." A strong expression, but perhaps safe. Holding the most powerful position in the nation, he never came upon the scene but to commit some new act of ingenious pusillanimity; while, by some extraordinary chance, every woman of his immediate kindred was a natural heroine, and became more heroic through disgust at him. His wife was Marguerite of Lorraine, who originated the first Fronde insurrection; his daughter turned the scale of the second. Yet personally he not only had not the courage to act, but had not the courage to abstain from acting: he could no more keep out of parties than in them, but was always busy, waging war in spite of Mars and negotiating in spite of Minerva.

And when the second war of the Fronde broke out, it was in spite of himself that he gave his name and his daughter to the popular cause. When the fate of the two nations hung trembling in the balance, the royal army under Turenne advancing on Paris, and almost arrived at the city of Orléans, and that city

likely to take the side of the strongest,—then Mademoiselle's hour had come. All her sympathies were more and more inclining to the side of Condé and the people. Orléans was her own hereditary city. Her father, as was his custom in great emergencies, declared that he was very ill and must go to bed immediately: but it was as easy for her to be strong as it was for him to be weak; so she wrung from him a reluctant plenipotentiary power,—she might go herself and try what her influence could do. And so she rode forth from Paris one fine morning, March 27th, 1652,—rode with a few attendants, half in enthusiasm, half in levity, aiming to become a second Joan of Arc, secure the city, and save the nation. "I felt perfectly delighted," says the young girl, "at having to play so extraordinary a part."

The people of Paris had heard of her mission, and cheered her as she went. The officers of the army, with an escort of five hundred men, met her half-way from Paris. Most of them evidently knew her calibre, were delighted to see her, and installed her at once over a regular council of war. She entered into the position with her natural promptness. A certain grave M. de Rohan undertook to tutor her privately, and met his match. In the public deliberation there were some differences of opinion. All agreed that the army should not pass beyond the Loire: this was Gaston's suggestion, and nevertheless a good one. Beyond this all was left to Mademoiselle. Mademoiselle intended to go straight to Orléans. "But the royal army had reached there already." Mademoiselle did not believe it. "The citizens would not admit her." Mademoiselle would see about that. Presently the city government of Orléans sent her a letter, in great dismay, particularly requesting her to keep her distance. Mademoiselle immediately ordered her coach, and set out for the city. "I was naturally resolute," she naïvely remarks.

Her siege of Orléans was one of the most remarkable military operations on record. She was right in one thing,—the royal army had not arrived: but it might appear at any moment; so the magistrates quietly shut all their gates, and waited to see what would happen.

Mademoiselle happened. It was eleven in the morning when she reached the Porte Bannière, and she sat three hours in her state carriage without seeing a person. With amusing politeness, the governor of the city at last sent her some confectionery,—agreeing with John Keats, who held that young women were

beings fitter to be presented with sugar-plums than with one's time. But he took care to explain that the bonbons were not official, and did not recognize her authority. So she quietly ate them, and then decided to take a walk outside the walls. Her council of war opposed this step, as they did every other; but she coolly said (and the event justified her prediction) that the enthusiasm of the populace would carry the city for her, if she could only get at them.

So she set out on her walk. Her two beautiful ladies of honor, the Countesses de Fiesque and de Frontenac, went with her; a few attendants behind. She came to a gate. The people were all gathered inside the ramparts. "Let me in," demanded the imperious young lady. The astonished citizens looked at one another and said nothing. She walked on,—the crowd inside keeping pace with her. She reached another gate. The enthusiasm was increased. The captain of the guard formed his troops in line and saluted her. "Open the gate," she again insisted. The poor captain made signs that he had not the keys. "Break it down, then," coolly suggested the daughter of the House of Orléans; to which his only reply was a profusion of profound bows, and the lady walked on.

Those were the days of astrology; and at this moment it occurred to our Mademoiselle that the chief astrologer of Paris had predicted success to all her undertakings from the noon of this very day until the noon following. She had never had the slightest faith in the mystic science, but she turned to her attendant ladies, and remarked that the matter was settled: she should get in. On went the three until they reached the bank of the river, and saw opposite the gates which opened on the quay. The Orléans boatmen came flocking round her; a hardy race, who feared neither queen nor Mazarin. They would break down any gate she chose. She selected one, got into a boat, and sending back her terrified male attendants, that they might have no responsibility in the case, she was rowed to the other side. Her new allies were already at work, and she climbed from the boat upon the quay by a high ladder, of which several rounds were broken away. They worked more and more enthusiastically, though the gate was built to stand a siege, and stoutly resisted this one. Courage is magnetic; every moment increased the popular enthusiasm, as these high-born ladies stood alone among the boatmen; the crowd inside joined in the attack upon

the gate; the guard looked on; the city government remained irresolute at the Hôtel de Ville, fairly beleaguered and stormed by one princess and two maids of honor.

A crash, and the mighty timbers of the Porte Brûlée yield in the centre. Aided by the strong and exceedingly soiled hands of her new friends, our elegant Mademoiselle is lifted, pulled, pushed, and tugged between the vast iron bars which fortify the gate; and in this fashion, torn, splashed, and disheveled generally, she makes entrance into her city. The guard, promptly adhering to the winning side, present arms to the heroine. The people fill the air with their applauses; they place her in a large wooden chair, and bear her in triumph through the streets. "Everybody came to kiss my hands, while I was dying with laughter to find myself in so odd a situation."

Presently our volatile lady told them that she had learned how to walk, and begged to be put down; then she waited for her countesses, who arrived bespattered with mud. The drums beat before her as she set forth again; and the city government, yielding to the feminine conqueror, came to do her homage. She carelessly assured them of her clemency. She "had no doubt that they would soon have opened the gates, but she was naturally of a very impatient disposition, and could not wait." Moreover, she kindly suggested, neither party could now find fault with them; and as for the future, she would save them all trouble, and govern the city herself,—which she accordingly did.

By confession of all historians, she alone saved the city for the Fronde, and for the moment secured that party the ascendency in the nation. Next day the advance guard of the royal forces appeared—a day too late. Mademoiselle made a speech (the first in her life) to the city government; then went forth to her own small army, by this time drawn near, and held another council. The next day she received a letter from her father (whose health was now decidedly restored), declaring that she had "saved Orléans and secured Paris, and shown yet more judgment than courage." The next day Condé came up with his forces, compared his fair cousin to Gustavus Adolphus, and wrote to her that "her exploit was such as she only could have performed, and was of the greatest importance."

Mademoiselle stayed a little longer at Orléans, while the armies lay watching each other, or fighting the battle of Bléneau, of

which Condé wrote her an official bulletin, as being generalissimo. She amused herself easily, went to mass, played at bowls, received the magistrates, stopped couriers to laugh over their letters, reviewed the troops, signed passports, held councils, and did many things "for which she should have thought herself quite unfitted, if she had not found she did them very well." The enthusiasm she had inspired kept itself unabated, for she really deserved it. She was everywhere recognized as head of affairs; the officers of the army drank her health on their knees when she dined with them, while the trumpets sounded and the cannons roared; Condé, when absent, left instructions to his officers, "Obey the commands of Mademoiselle as my own;" and her father addressed a dispatch from Paris to her ladies of honor, as field-marshals in her army: "À Mesdames les Comtesses Maréchales de Camp dans l'Armée de ma Fille contre le Mazarin."

"SINCE CLEOPATRA DIED"

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"Since Cleopatra died,
I have lived in such dishonor that the gods
Detest my baseness."

"SINCE Cleopatra died!" Long years are past,
In Antony's fancy, since the deed was done.
Love counts its epochs not from sun to sun,
But by the heart-throb. Mercilessly fast
Time has swept onward since she looked her last
On life, a queen. For him the sands have run
Whole ages through their glass, and kings have won
And lost their empires o'er earth's surface vast
Since Cleopatra died. Ah! Love and Pain
Make their own measure of all things that be.
No clock's slow ticking marks their deathless strain;
The life they own is not the life we see;
Love's single moment is eternity:
Eternity, a thought in Shakespeare's brain.

RICHARD HILDRETH

(1807–1865)

One who begins to study Hildreth's 'History of the United States' is alternately divided by feelings of impatience and admiration. The latter will predominate in the end, provided the student is not too impetuous. The reason care must be taken in assimilating Hildreth is that at times he becomes so intolerably dry that his reader is liable to desert him forever, before once discovering the excellences which have given him an assured place among American historians. Though Bancroft's History is more stimulating and more interesting to the general reader, Hildreth's has the advantage of covering a much longer period, all of which he treats exhaustively and with perfect accuracy in the presentation of facts. Moreover, he shows such voluminous and discriminating research, and in general so unbiased a judgment, that his achievement grows more valuable in its results as the years go by.

Richard Hildreth

The period which Hildreth covers so completely begins with the discovery of America, and ends with the close of President Monroe's first administration. The first three volumes bring us to the adoption of the Constitution. In his preface to these, he states that his object is "to set forth the personages of our Colonial and Revolutionary history such as they really were in their own day and generation, their faults as well as their virtues." He carries out this purpose, narrating events truthfully and candidly, and without trying to bend them to any theory. He treats of old colonial days in a sombre sort of way, quite disheartening to the lover of picturesque anecdote and legend, and he appears to have imbibed to the full the prim and severe Puritan spirit of which he wrote. Life was a serious thing with the colonists of Massachusetts Bay, and Hildreth was guilty of no attempt to brighten their annals or to turn any part of their records into a history of merry-making. And thus, in those first three volumes, one looks utterly in vain for the picturesque or the amusing.

The last three volumes (written several years later), which deal almost entirely with the growth of the Constitution and the political forces at work, are more vivid and at the same time much more valuable to the student. The facts are absolutely accurate (unless where new records have come to light since), and have been gathered with much care from the original public documents and State papers. He is on the whole wonderfully free from prejudice; his tone is one of calm and clear conviction, and produces the same attitude in the reader. His characterization of individuals is the best example: few things of the kind have been better done. His criticism of men and motives is sometimes most scathing, yet his manner is so quiet and restrained that a full assent is instinctively given to his opinions, without the critical hesitation which a more vehement style would call forth. Nothing, for instance, could be further from the verdict which posterity has passed on John Quincy Adams, than Hildreth's portrayal of him as a crafty and self-seeking political soldier of fortune; but Hildreth's judicial manner and tone of severe impartiality still produce much effect.

Hildreth was a writer of some repute before his History appeared. Born at Deerfield, Massachusetts, in 1807, and educated at Harvard, he did a good deal of newspaper and editorial work in his younger days, and wrote papers on a variety of subjects. His work on 'Banks, Banking, and Paper Currency,' published in 1837, is said to have had considerable influence in fostering the growth of the free-banking system; and his other papers also attracted a gratifying attention. He was also the author of a tale called 'The Slave; or, Memoir of Archy Moore,' later re-named 'The White Slave; or, Memoirs of a Fugitive,'— which has the distinction of being the first American anti-slavery novel published. His literary career, however, may be said to have closed with the appearance of his History. Appointed consul at Trieste, Italy, in 1861, he at once entered zealously upon his duties. His health failed, however, and he removed to Florence, where in 1865 he died.

Richard Hildreth's name will be remembered chiefly from his 'History of the United States,' and the solid and judicial qualities of that work will make it endure for many years to come. He will never be popular with the general reader, however. His narrative is too prosy, not vivid enough for a moment to enwrap the attention of the casual reader; and his occasional attempts at picturesqueness or descriptions of pageantry are very painful. The historian never arouses us with his enthusiasm, nor makes people and events live anew for us by the power of his inspiration. Nor is his writing in the least philosophical. Other historians make us see clearly the great sweeps and curves of the nation in its onward march, and they point

out how its various trendings have led hither and thither. But Hildreth leaves us to trace out for ourselves the great highway, while he stops to explore some undiscovered and overgrown by-path, bestowing upon it the same painstaking research that he gives to conspicuous and important events.

Yet in spite of all these negatives, Hildreth will always — and rightly — command attention and admiration. His work is full of purpose, and has in it the energy of a forceful and zealous student. It is direct, untrammeled, and courageous. If it grows dull for the casual reader, it is a delight to the close student. The primitive historical instinct in its most finished state filled him; for in spite of its surface faults, his narration, in straightforwardness, accuracy, and firmness, is an admirable work of high and solid merit.

CUSTOMS OF THE COLONISTS

From the 'History of the United States'

According to the system established in Massachusetts, the Church and State were most intimately blended. The magistrates and General Court, aided by the advice of the elders, claimed and exercised a supreme control in spiritual as well as temporal matters; while even in matters purely temporal, the elders were consulted on all important questions. The support of the elders, the first thing considered in the first Court of Assistants held in Massachusetts, had been secured by a vote to build houses for them, and to provide them a maintenance at the public expense. This burden, indeed, was spontaneously assumed by such of the plantations as had ministers. In some towns a tax was levied; in others a contribution was taken up every Sunday, called voluntary, but hardly so in fact, since every person was expected to contribute according to his means. This method of contribution, in use at Plymouth, was adopted also at Boston; but in most of the other towns the taxing system obtained preference, and subsequently was established by law. Besides the Sunday services, protracted to a great length, there were frequent lectures on week-days, — an excess of devotion unreasonable in an infant colony, and threatening the interruption of necessary labor; so much so, that the magistrates presently found themselves obliged to interfere by restricting them to one a week in each town. These lectures, which people went from town to town to attend; an annual fast in the spring, corresponding to Lent;

and a Thanksgiving at the end of autumn, to supersede Christmas,—stood in place of all the holidays of the papal and English churches, which the colonists soon came to regard as no better than idolatrous, and any disposition to observe them—even the eating of mince pies on Christmas Day—as superstitious and wicked. In contempt of the usage of those churches, marriage was declared no sacrament, but a mere civil contract, to be sanctioned not by a minister but a magistrate. The magistrates also early assumed the power of granting divorces, not for adultery only, but in such other cases as they saw fit. Baptism, instead of being dispensed to all, as in the churches of Rome and England, was limited, as a special privilege, to church members and their "infant seed." Participation in the sacrament of the Supper was guarded with still greater jealousy, none but full church members being allowed to partake of it.

Besides these religious distinctions, there were others of a temporal character, transferred from that system of semi-feudal English society in which the colonists had been born and bred. A discrimination between "gentlemen" and those of inferior condition was carefully kept up. Only gentlemen were entitled to the prefix of "Mr."; their number was quite small, and deprivation of the right to be so addressed was inflicted as a punishment. "Goodman" or "good woman," by contraction "goody," was the address of inferior persons. Besides the indented servants sent out by the company, the wealthier colonists brought others with them. But these servants seem in general to have had little sympathy with the austere manners and opinions of their masters, and their frequent transgressions of Puritan decorum gave the magistrates no little trouble.

The system of manners which the founders of Massachusetts labored to establish and maintain was indeed exceedingly rigorous and austere. All amusements were proscribed; all gayety seemed to be regarded as a sin. It was attempted to make the colony, as it were, a convent of Puritan devotees,—except in the allowance of marriage and money-making,—subjected to all the rules of the stricter monastic orders.

Morton of Merry Mount, who had returned again to New England, was seized and sent back, his goods confiscated, and his house burned,—as the magistrate alleged, to satisfy the Indians; but this according to Morton was a mere pretext. A similar fate happened to Sir Christopher Gardiner, a Knight, or

pretended Knight, of the Holy Sepulchre,—an ambiguous character, attended by a young damsel and two or three servants. Suspected as the agent of some persons who claimed a prior right to some parts of Massachusetts Bay, he was charged with having two wives in England, and with being a secret Papist. He fled to the woods, but was delivered up by the Indians and sent home, as were several others whom the magistrates pronounced "unfit to inhabit there." Walford the smith, the old settler at Charlestown, banished for "contempt of authority," retired to Piscataqua, which soon became a common asylum of refugees from Massachusetts. The sociable and jolly disposition of Maverick—described by Josselyn, an early traveler, as "the only hospitable man in the colony"—gave the magistrates an abundance of trouble, and subjected Maverick himself to frequent fines and admonitions. Others who slandered the government or churches, or wrote home discouraging letters, were whipped, cropped of their ears, and banished.

THE CAPTURE OF ANDRÉ

From the 'History of the United States'

During Washington's absence at Hartford [for his interview with Rochambeau in September 1780], a plot came to light for betraying the important fortress of West Point and the other posts of the Highlands into the hands of the enemy; the traitor being no other than Arnold, the most brilliant officer and one of the most honored in the American army. The qualities of a brilliant soldier are unfortunately often quite distinct from those of a virtuous man and a good citizen. Arnold's arrogant, overbearing, reckless spirit, his disregard of the rights of others, and his doubtful integrity, had made him many enemies; but his desperate valor at Behmus's Heights, covering up all his blemishes, had restored him to the rank in the army which he coveted. Placed in command at Philadelphia, his disposition to favor the disaffected of that city had involved him, as has been mentioned already, in disputes with Governor Reed and the Pennsylvania Council.

Arnold's vanity and love of display overwhelmed him with debts. He had taken the best house in the city, that formerly occupied by Governor Penn. He lived in a style of extravagance

far beyond his means, and he endeavored to sustain it by entering into privateering and mercantile speculations, most of which proved unsuccessful. He was even accused of perverting his military authority to purposes of private gain. The complaints on this point made to Congress by the authorities of Pennsylvania had been at first unheeded; but being presently brought forward in a solemn manner, and with some appearance of offended dignity on the part of the Pennsylvania Council, an interview took place between a committee of that body and a committee of Congress, which had resulted in Arnold's trial by a court-martial. Though acquitted of the more serious charges, on two points he had been found guilty, and had been sentenced to be reprimanded by the commander-in-chief.

Arnold claimed against the United States a large balance, growing out of the unsettled accounts of his Canada expedition. This claim was greatly cut down by the treasury officers, and when Arnold appealed to Congress, a committee reported that more had been allowed him than was actually due.

Mortified and soured, and complaining of public ingratitude, Arnold attempted, but without success, to get a loan from the French minister. Some months before, he had opened a correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton under a feigned name, carried on through Major André, adjutant-general of the British army. Having at length made himself known to his correspondents, to give importance to his treachery he solicited and obtained from Washington, who had every confidence in him, the command in the Highlands, with the very view of betraying that important position into the hands of the enemy.

To arrange the terms of the bargain, an interview was necessary with some confidential British agent; and André, though not without reluctance, finally volunteered for that purpose. Several previous attempts having failed, the British sloop-of-war Vulture, with André on board, ascended the Hudson as far as the mouth of Croton River, some miles below King's Ferry. Information being sent to Arnold under a flag, the evening after Washington left West Point for Hartford he dispatched a boat to the Vulture, which took André on shore for an interview on the west side of the river, just below the American lines. Morning appeared before the arrangements for the betrayal of the fortress could be definitely completed, and André was reluctantly persuaded to come within the American lines, and to remain till

the next night at the house of one Smith, a dupe or tool of Arnold's, the same who had been employed to bring André from the ship. For some reason not very clearly explained, Smith declined to convey André back to the Vulture, which had attracted the attention of the American gunners, and in consequence of a piece of artillery brought to bear upon her had changed her position, though she had afterward returned to her former anchorage.

Driven thus to the necessity of returning by land, André laid aside his uniform, assumed a citizen's dress, and with a pass from Arnold in the name of John Anderson, a name which André had often used in their previous correspondence, he set off toward sunset on horseback, with Smith for a guide. They crossed King's Ferry, passed all the American guards in safety, and spent the night near Crom Pond with an acquaintance of Smith's. The next morning, having passed Pine's Bridge across Croton River, Smith left André to pursue his way alone. The road led through a district extending some thirty miles above the island of New York, not included in the lines of either army, and thence known as the "Neutral Ground"; a populous and fertile region, but very much infested by bands of plunderers called "Cow-Boys" and "Skinners." The "Cow-Boys" lived within the British lines, and stole or bought cattle for the supply of the British army. The rendezvous of the "Skinners" was within the American lines. They professed to be great patriots, making it their ostensible business to plunder those who refused to take the oath of allegiance to the State of New York. But they were ready in fact to rob anybody, and the cattle thus obtained were often sold to the Cow-Boys in exchange for dry-goods brought from New York. By a State law, all cattle driven toward the city were lawful plunder when beyond a certain line; and a general authority was given to anybody to arrest suspicious travelers.

The road to Tarrytown, on which André was traveling, was watched that morning by a small party on the lookout for cattle or travelers; and just as André approached the village, while passing a small brook a man sprang from among the bushes and seized the bridle of his horse. He was immediately joined by two others; and André, in the confusion of the moment, deceived by the answers of his captors, who professed to belong to the "Lower" or British party, instead of producing his pass avowed himself a British officer, on business of the highest importance.

Discovering his mistake, he offered his watch, his purse, anything they might name, if they would suffer him to proceed. His offers were rejected; he was searched, suspicious papers were found in his stockings, and he was carried before Colonel Jameson, the commanding officer on the lines.

Jameson recognized in the papers, which contained a full description of West Point and a return of the forces, the handwriting of Arnold; but unable to realize that his commanding officer was a traitor, while he forwarded the papers by express to Washington at Hartford, he directed the prisoner to be sent to Arnold, with a letter mentioning his assumed name, his pass, the circumstances of his arrest, and that papers of "a very suspicious character" had been found on his person. Major Talmadge, the second in command, had been absent while this was doing. Informed of it on his return, with much difficulty he procured the recall of the prisoner; but Jameson persisted in sending forward the letter to Arnold. Washington, then on his return from Hartford, missed the express with the documents; his aides-de-camp, who preceded him, were breakfasting at Arnold's house when Jameson's letter arrived. Pretending an immediate call to visit one of the forts on the opposite side of the river, Arnold rose from table, called his wife up-stairs, left her in a fainting-fit, mounted a horse which stood saddled at the door, rode to the river-side, threw himself into his barge, passed the forts waving a handkerchief by way of flag, and ordered his boatman to row for the Vulture. Safe on board, he wrote a letter to Washington, asking protection for his wife, whom he declared ignorant and innocent of what he had done.

Informed of Arnold's safety, and perceiving that no hope of escape existed, André in a letter to Washington avowed his name and true character. A board of officers was constituted to consider his case, of which Greene was president and Lafayette and Steuben were members. Though cautioned to say nothing to criminate himself, André frankly told the whole story, declaring however that he had been induced to enter the American lines contrary to his intention, and by the misrepresentations of Arnold. Upon his own statements, without examining a single witness, the board pronounced him a spy, and as such doomed him to speedy death.

Clinton, who loved André, made every effort to save him. As a last resource, Arnold wrote to Washington, stating his view of

the matter, threatening retaliation, and referring particularly to the case of Gadsden and the other South Carolina prisoners at St. Augustine. The manly and open behavior of André, and his highly amiable private character, created no little sympathy in his behalf; but martial policy was thought to demand his execution. He was even denied his last request to be shot instead of hanged. Though in strict accordance with the laws of war, André's execution was denounced in England as inexorable and cruel. It certainly tended to aggravate feelings already sufficiently bitter on both sides.

JAMES MADISON

From the 'History of the United States'

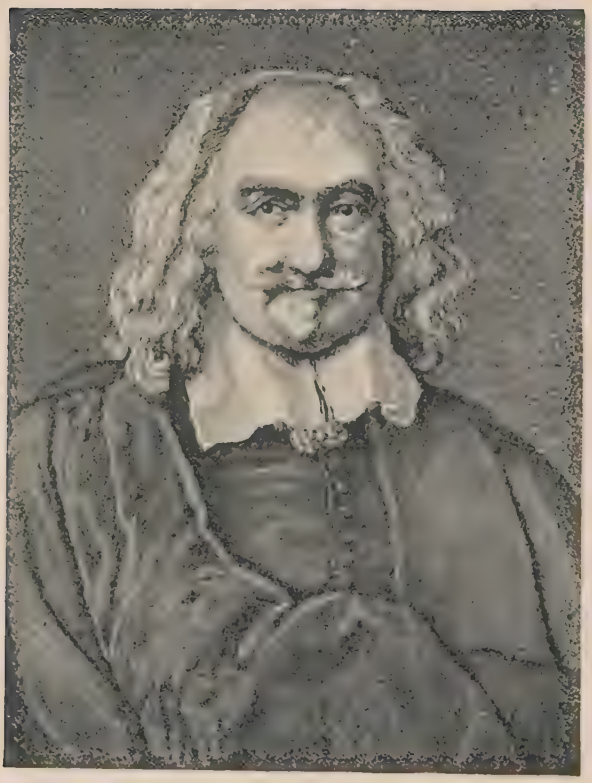
So far as Madison was concerned, had the majority for Calhoun's [internal improvements] bill been more decided and more Southern, his scruples might perhaps have been less.

The political character of the retiring President sprang naturally enough from his intellectual temperament and his personal and party relations. Phlegmatic in his constitution, moderate in all his feelings and passions, he possessed remarkable acuteness, and an ingenuity sufficient to invest with the most persuasive plausibility whichsoever side of a question he espoused. But he wanted the decision, the energy, the commanding firmness necessary in a leader. More a rhetorician than a ruler, he was made only for second places, and therefore never was but second, even when he seemed to be first. A Federalist from natural largeness of views, he became a Jeffersonian Republican because that became the predominating policy of Virginia. A peace man in his heart and judgment, he became a war man to secure his re-election to the Presidency, and because that seemed to be the prevailing bias of the Republican party. Having been, in the course of a long career, on both sides of almost every political question, he made friends among all parties, anxious to avail themselves, whenever they could, of his able support, escaping thereby much of that searching criticism so freely applied, with the unmitigated severity of party hatred, to his more decided and consistent compatriots and rivals.

Those ultra-Federal Democrats who rose, by his compliance, upon the ruins of the old Republican party, subscription to and

applause of whose headlong haste in plunging the country into the war with England became for so many years the absolute test of political orthodoxy, found it their policy to drop a pious veil over the convenient weaknesses of a man who, in consenting against his own better judgment to become in their hands a firebrand of war, was guilty of the greatest political wrong and crime which it is possible for the head of a nation to commit. Could they even fail to load with applauses one whose Federalism served as an excuse for theirs?

Let us however do Madison the justice to add, that as he was among the first, so he was, all things considered, by far the ablest and most amiable of that large class of our national statesmen, become of late almost the only class, who, instead of devotion to the carrying out of any favorite ideas or measures of their own, put up their talents, like mercenary lawyers as too many of them are, to be sold to the highest bidder; espousing on every question that side which for the moment seems to offer the surest road to applause and promotion.



THOMAS HOBBES.

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(1588–1679)

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After his college days, Hobbes became tutor to the eldest son of William Cavendish, later Earl of Devonshire, and was attached to this family for many years, teaching the Cavendishes, father and son, traveling with them abroad, and being pensioned by them in his old age. This life brought him into contact with people of gifts and station, both in England and on the Continent; and gradually Hobbes, by study and conversation with leaders of thought, developed his theory of psychology and of the State. He lived for years at a time in Paris, when he feared to remain in his own land because of the hostility excited by his works on 'Human Nature' and 'De Corpore Politico.' In 1661, at the age of seventy-three, he returned to England and made his headquarters at the Cavendishes' town and country houses, rounding out his philosophical system, and enjoying the friendship of such men as Selden of 'Table Talk' fame, and Harvey the scholar. Always a controversialist, seldom free from an intellectual quarrel with members of the Royal Society, his last days were no exception; and he no doubt wasted much time, better spent upon his main philosophical treatises, in bickerings about mathematics and other abstruse matters, keeping this up until his death at the rare old age of ninety-one. He died December 4th, 1679, at Hardwicke Hall.

Hobbes maintained his intellectual and physical powers to the very end. His health was poor in his youth, but improved in middle life. He wrote his autobiography at eighty-four, and when eighty-six translated Homer. In person he is described as over six feet in height, erect, keen-eyed, with black hair. He had a contempt for physicians, was regular in his dietary and other habits; used tobacco, and states gravely that during his long life he calculated he had been drunk one hundred times. After he was sixty he took no wine. At seventy-five he played tennis. Intellectually audacious, he had personal timidity; charges of time-serving made against him have not been substantiated, however, as even so harsh a critic as Cunningham confesses. That Hobbes was a man of marked social attraction can be inferred easily. His friendships with Descartes, Bacon, Lord Herbert, Ben Jonson, and many other typical great men of his day, indicate it, and there was much in his experience to develop that side of his character.

Hobbes's fame as thinker and writer rests solidly on two great works: 'Human Nature: or, The Fundamental Principles of Policy concerning the Faculties and Passions of the Human Soul' (1650); and 'Leviathan: or, The Matter, Forme, and Power of a Commonwealth, Ecclesiastical and Civil' (1651). The former states his philosophical, the latter his political views. In the 'Human Nature' his materialistic conception of the origin of man's faculties is developed: he regarded matter in motion as an ultimate fact, and upon it built up his psychology, deriving all the higher faculties from the senses. "There is no conception in a man's mind," said he, "which hath not at first, totally or by parts, been begotten upon the organ of sense." And he assumed selfishness as the motor power of human conduct, and made his explanation of right and wrong to rest upon purely utilitarian reasons. The modernness of this position may be seen at a glance. It anticipates nineteenth-century psychology and the tenets of a Spencer. In one passage where he speaks of the incomprehensibility of God to a human faculty, latter-day agnosticism is foreshadowed. In the 'Leviathan' we get his equally radical views of the State. He conceives that in a state of nature, men war upon each other without restraint. For mutual benefit and protection in the pursuit of their own interests, the social compact is made, and the powers of rule relegated to some one best fitted to exercise it. That some one, in Hobbes's opinion, should be and is the king as an embodiment of the State; hence he preaches an absolute monarchy as the ideal form of government, the leviathan of the human deep. And he would have ecclesiastical as well as other authority subservient to the State. Very briefly stated, these are the cardinal points of his two great works.

Of course, Hobbes's theories were bitterly assailed. Because of his ethics he was dubbed «atheist»; and his opponents included thinkers like Clarendon, Cudworth, Henry More, and Samuel Clarke. He was one of the best hated men of his time. His teaching in the 'Leviathan' naturally brought the clergy about his ears, and the work was burned at Oxford after his death. But his principles made much stir, especially abroad; and looking back upon Hobbes from the present vantage-point, it is plain that he is part of the great movement for thought expansion in which Bacon, Galileo, Kepler, Harvey, and Descartes are other parts. Locke probably was little influenced by Hobbes; but the Dutch Spinoza and the German Leibnitz were, and in France, Diderot, Rousseau, and De Maistre felt his thought.

Comparing his two main works, Hobbes is most satisfactory in his political philosophy. His psychology is deduced, rather than established by the Baconian method of induction, and his reading was not wide enough for such an inquiry. As an explanation of man, his philosophy is too fragmentary and too subjective, though brilliant, original, often logical. But the 'Leviathan' is a complete exposition from certain premises, and a wonderful example of philosophic thinking. Moreover, it is by far the most attractive of his writings as literature. Its style is terse, weighty, at times scintillating with sarcastic humor, again impressive with stately eloquence. Among works in its field it is remarkable for these qualities. Hobbes's style, says Cunningham, who abhorred the other's views, «is perhaps the finest model of philosophical composition;» and the praise hardly seems excessive.

Thomas Hobbes overthrew scholasticism, showed the error in the argument for innate ideas, prepared the way for Locke. He was a pioneer of thought in the seventeenth century; a liberalizing influence, however much it is necessary to modify his notions concerning human nature and the State. The standard edition of his works is that by Sir William Molesworth (1839–45), in sixteen volumes, five of them in Latin.

OF LOVE

From 'Human Nature'

Love, by which is understood the joy man taketh in the fruition of any present good, hath been already spoken of in the first section, chapter seven, under which is contained the love men bear to one another or pleasure they take in one another's company; and by which nature men are said to be sociable. But there is another kind of love which the Greeks

call Eros, and is that which we mean when we say that a man is in love: forasmuch as this passion cannot be without diversity of sex, it cannot be denied but that it participateth of that indefinite love mentioned in the former section. But there is a great difference betwixt the desire of a man indefinite and the same desire limited *ad hunc:* and this is that love which is the great theme of poets; but notwithstanding their praises, it must be defined by the word *need*, for it is a conception a man hath of his need of that one person desired. The cause of this passion is not always nor for the most part beauty, or other quality in the beloved, unless there be withal hope in the person that loveth; which may be gathered from this, that in great difference of persons the greater have often fallen in love with the meaner, but not contrary. And from hence it is that for the most part they have much better fortune in love whose hopes are built on something in their person than those that trust to their expressions and service; and they that care less than they that care more: which not perceiving, many men cast away their services as one arrow after another, till in the end, together with their hopes they lose their wits.

CERTAIN QUALITIES IN MEN

From ‹Leviathan›

HAVING showed in the precedent chapters that sense proceedeth from the action of external objects upon the brain, or some internal substance of the head; and that the *passions* proceed from the alterations there made, and continued to the heart: it is consequent in the next place (seeing the diversity of degrees of knowledge in divers men to be greater than may be ascribed to the divers tempers of their brain) to declare what other causes may produce such odds and excess of capacity as we daily observe in one man above another. As for that difference which ariseth from sickness, and such accidental distempers, I omit the same, as impertinent to this place; and consider it only in such as have their health, and organs well disposed. If the difference were in the natural temper of the brain, I can imagine no reason why the same should not appear first and most of all in the senses; which being equal both in the wise and less wise, infer an equal temper in the common organ (namely the brain) of all the senses.

But we see by experience that joy and grief proceed not in all men from the same causes, and that men differ very much in the constitution of the body; whereby that which helpeth and furthereth vital constitution in one, and is therefore delightful, hindereth it and crosseth it in another, and therefore causeth grief. The difference therefore of wits hath its original from the different passions, and from the ends to which the appetite leadeth them.

And first, those men whose ends are sensual delight, and generally are addicted to ease, food, onerations and exonerations of the body, must needs be the less thereby delighted with those imaginations that conduce not to those ends; such as are imaginations of honor and glory, which, as I have said before, have respect to the future. For sensuality consisteth in the pleasure of the senses, which please only for the present, and take away the inclination to observe such things as conduce to honor; and consequently maketh men less curious and less ambitious, whereby they less consider the way either to knowledge or other power: in which two consisteth all the excellency of power cognitive. And this is it which men call *dullness;* and proceedeth from the appetite of sensual or bodily delight. And it may well be conjectured that such passion hath its beginning from a grossness and difficulty of the motion of the spirit about the heart.

The contrary hereunto is that quick ranging of mind described Chap. iv., Sect. 3, which is joined with curiosity of comparing the things that come into the mind, one with another: in which comparison a man delighteth himself either with finding unexpected similitude of things otherwise much unlike (in which men place the excellency of fancy, and from whence proceed those grateful similes, metaphors, and other tropes, by which both poets and orators have it in their power to make things please and displease, and show well or ill to others, as they like themselves), or else in discerning suddenly dissimilitude in things that otherwise appear the same. And this virtue of the mind is that by which men attain to exact and perfect knowledge; and the pleasure thereof consisteth in continual instruction, and in distinction of places, persons, and seasons, and is commonly termed by the name of *judgment:* for to judge is nothing else but to distinguish or discern; and both fancy and judgment are commonly comprehended under the name of *wit*, which seemeth to be a tenuity and agility of spirits, contrary to that restiness of the spirits supposed in those that are dull.

There is another defect of the mind, which men call *levity*, which betrayeth also mobility in the spirits, but in excess. An example whereof is in them that in the midst of any serious discourse have their minds diverted to every little jest or witty observation; which maketh them depart from their discourse by a parenthesis, and from that parenthesis by another, till at length they either lose themselves, or make their narration like a dream, or some studied nonsense. The passion from whence this proceedeth is curiosity, but with too much equality and indifference; for when all things make equal impression and delight, they equally throng to be expressed.

The virtue opposite to this defect is *gravity*, or steadiness; in which the end being the great and master delight, directeth and keepeth in the way thereto all other thoughts.

The extremity of dullness is that natural folly which may be called *stolidity;* but the extreme of levity, though it be natural folly distinct from the other, and obvious to every man's observation, I know not how to call it.

There is a fault of the mind called by the Greeks *amathia*, which is *indocibility*, or difficulty in being taught; the which must needs arise from a false opinion that they know already the truth of what is called in question: for certainly men are not otherwise so unequal in capacity, as the evidence is unequal between what is taught by the mathematicians and what is commonly discoursed of in other books; and therefore if the minds of men were all of white paper, they would almost equally be disposed to acknowledge whatsoever should be in right method and by right ratiocination delivered to them. But when men have once acquiesced in untrue opinions, and registered them as authentical records in their minds, it is no less impossible to speak intelligibly to such men than to write legibly upon a paper already scribbled over. The immediate cause therefore of *indocibility* is prejudice; and of prejudice, false opinion of our own knowledge.

Another and a principal defect of the mind is that which men call *madness;* which appeareth to be nothing else but some imagination of some such predominacy above the rest, that we have no passion but from it: and this conception is nothing else but excessive vain-glory, or vain dejection; which is most probable by these examples following, which proceed in appearance every one of them from pride, or some dejection of mind. As first, we have had the example of one that preached in Cheapside from a

cart there, instead of a pulpit, that he himself was Christ, which was spiritual pride or madness. We have had also divers examples of learned madness, in which men have manifestly been distracted upon any occasion that hath put them in remembrance of their own ability. Amongst the learned men may be remembered (I think also) those that determine of the time of the world's end, and other such the points of prophecy. And the gallant madness of Don Quixote is nothing else but an expression of such height of vain-glory as reading of romance may produce in pusillanimous men. Also rage, and madness of love, are but great indignations of them in whose brains is predominant contempt from their enemies or their mistresses. And the pride taken in form and behavior hath made divers men run mad, and to be so accounted, under the name of fantastic.

And as these are the examples of extremities, so also are there examples too many of the degrees, which may therefore be well accounted follies: as it is a degree of the first for a man, without certain evidence, to think himself to be inspired, or to have any other effect of God's holy spirit than other godly men have; of the second, for a man continually to speak his mind in a cento of other men's Greek or Latin sentences; of the third, much of the present gallantry in love and duel. Of rage, a degree is *malice;* and of fantastic madness, *affectation.*

As the former examples exhibit to us madness and the degrees thereof, proceeding from the excess of self-opinion, so also there be other examples of madness and the degrees thereof, proceeding from too much vain fear and dejection; as in those melancholy men that have imagined themselves brittle as glass, or have had some other like imagination: and degrees hereof are all those exorbitant and causeless fears which we commonly observe in melancholy persons.

OF ALMIGHTY GOD

From 'Leviathan'

HITHERTO of the knowledge of things *natural*, and of the passions that arise naturally from them. Now forasmuch as we give names not only to things natural but also to *supernatural*, and by all names we ought to have some meaning and conception, it followeth in the next place to consider what thoughts and imaginations of the mind we have, when we take

into our mouths the most blessed name of God, and the names of those virtues we attribute unto him; as also, what image cometh into the mind at hearing the name of *spirit*, or the name of *angel*, good or bad.'

And forasmuch as God Almighty is incomprehensible, it followeth that we can have no conception or image of the Deity; and consequently all his attributes signify our inability and defect of power to conceive anything concerning his nature, and not any conception of the same, excepting only this, That there is a God. For the effects we acknowledge naturally do include a power of their producing, before they were produced; and that power presupposeth something existent that hath such power: and the thing so existing with power to produce, if it were not eternal, must needs have been produced by somewhat before it, and that again by something else before that, till we come to an eternal (that is to say, the first) Power of all powers, and first Cause of all causes: and this is it which all men conceive by the name of God, implying eternity, incomprehensibility, and omnipotency. And thus all that will consider, may know that God is, though not *what* he is: even a man that is born blind, though it be not possible for him to have any imagination what kind of thing fire is, yet he cannot but know that something there is that men call fire, because it warmeth him.

And whereas we attribute to God Almighty *seeing*, *hearing*, *speaking*, *knowing*, *loving*, and the like, by which names we understand something in men to whom we attribute them,—we understand nothing by them in the nature of God. For, as it is well reasoned, *Shall not the God that made the eye, see, and the ear, hear?* so it is also, if we say, Shall God, which made the eye, not see without the eye; or that made the ear, not hear without the ear; or that made the brain, not know without the brain; or that made the heart, not love without the heart? The attributes, therefore, given unto the Deity are such as signify either our *incapacity* or our *reverence:* our incapacity, when we say Incomprehensible and Infinite; our reverence, when we give him those names which amongst us are the names of those things we most magnify and commend, as Omnipotent, Omniscient, Just, Merciful, etc. And when God Almighty giveth those names to himself in the Scriptures, it is but anthropopathos,—that is to say, by descending to our manner of speaking; without which we are not capable of understanding him.

ERNST THEODOR WILHELM HOFFMANN

(1776–1822)

HOFFMANN'S character is one of the most singular and contradictory in all that eccentric group of German Romanticists. His sarcastic wit and flashes of humor made him popular with his companions, and his society was much sought after; but he inspired rather fear than love, for he was reckless in his indiscretions and ruthless in giving offense. Of all art he took a serious view,—"There is no art which is not sacred," he said,—and yet he felt a repugnance to looking at things from their serious side: "These are *odiosa*" was one of his familiar phrases. In his character as in his work there is much that suggests Poe, and the quality of his weird and often delicate fancy reminds one of Hawthorne. The unquestioned mastery of language and description that he displays is weakened by his uncontrolled mannerisms, and his wayward imagination often injures his finest flights of fancy. He delighted to make his studies of men in the borderlands between reason and madness; for him the step was always a short one into the misty realm of ghosts and doubles and startling visions. This love of the marvelous increased as he grew older. And yet, as Professor Kuno Francke has said, "Hoffmann with all his somnambulism and madness was at the same time a master of realistic description and of psychological analysis."

E. T. W. HOFFMANN

Ernst Theodor Wilhelm Hoffmann was born at Königsberg on January 24th, 1776. The unpleasant relations subsisting between his parents led to their separation when he was still a child; and to the lack of happy home influences he attributed much of the misery which his habits brought upon him in later years. He adopted the legal profession, in which his father had distinguished himself, and he began his career under promising auspices. He served a term as assessor in Posen, in the then newly acquired Polish provinces; but in consequence of a thoughtless bit of folly he was transferred to the remote little town of Plozk, whither he went with his young Polish

wife in 1802, and where he gave himself up to wild and extravagant gayety. Life seemed to open up brightly before him once more when he received an appointment to Warsaw; but his career in that «motley world» was brought to an abrupt end in 1806 by the troops of Napoleon.

The bit of folly which led to Hoffmann's removal to Plozk reveals incidentally his remarkable versatility. He was an excellent draughtsman, and some of the best remembered caricatures of Napoleon were made by him. It was a series of witty caricatures of prominent men in Posen that gave offense to certain high officials there, upon whose complaint he was removed. Throughout his life Hoffmann continued to practice this art: during his «martyr years» in Bamberg he eked out his scanty income by painting family portraits, and he acted as scene-painter for a theatrical company with which he subsequently became connected.

But his professional work in Bamberg was of quite a different character. In the period of penury and hardship that followed the loss of his government post, Hoffmann had gone to Berlin and cast about for any employment that would afford him support. He secured the position of musical director of the theatre at Bamberg. Hoffmann was a composer of no mean talent. His work had sufficient merit to win and hold the esteem of Weber, although in the strife between the Italian school and the new national German school, of which the 'Freischütz' was the symbol and example, Hoffmann sided with Spontini and the Italians. Nevertheless he was an ardent admirer of the genius of Beethoven, for whose work he made propaganda, and in his passionate admiration of Mozart he went so far as to adopt the name of Amadeus instead of his own Wilhelm. Indeed, to most of his readers, perhaps, he is known as E. T. A. rather than E. T. W. Hoffmann. His masterly analysis of 'Don Giovanni' is a choice piece of musical criticism, not without value to-day.

In his management of the Bamberg theatre Hoffmann was guided by high artistic ideals; through his influence several of Calderon's plays were produced. But the incubus of the Napoleonic wars rested upon every enterprise, and the theatre had to be closed. Hoffmann still held the post of correspondent of the Musical Gazette of Leipzig, but had no adequate income. He led a wretched life as musical director of a troupe which played alternately in Leipzig and in Dresden. He was in Dresden during the siege, and while the bullets flew thick around him he wrote with enthusiastic exaltation one of his best tales, 'Der Goldene Topf' (The Golden Pot), which Carlyle translated for his collection of German romances. It was during this period also that he set Fouqué's 'Undine' to music, and the opera was produced at the Berlin opera-house.

All this is aside from Hoffmann's literary work, upon which his fame is solely founded. His early years, with their varied experiences in strange places and amid exciting scenes, supplied his pen with inexhaustible material. His first characteristic contribution to literature was the 'Fantasiestücke in Callots Manier' (Fantasy-pieces in the style of Callot). These were a collection of his articles that had been published in the Musical Gazette; striking pen sketches in the manner of the celebrated and eccentric French engraver of the early seventeenth century, Jacques Callot. In the following year, 1815, appeared 'Die Elixire des Teufels' (The Devil's Elixir). This work made his literary reputation sure. Among the most widely known of his numerous books is the collection of tales bearing the general title of 'Die Serapionsbrüder' (The Serapion Brethren). The name was derived from an association of kindred spirits in Berlin, which happened to hold its first meeting on the night of the anniversary of St. Serapion. Among the occasional guests of this coterie was Oehlenschläger, who in introducing a young countryman of his wrote to Hoffmann: «Dip him also a little into the magic sea of your humor, respected friend, and teach him how a man can be a philosopher and seer of the world under the ironical mantle of the madhouse, and what is more, an amiable man as well.» These words admirably characterize the peculiar quality of Hoffmann's strange blending of wit, wisdom, and madness. His amiability appears probably most conspicuously in the 'Kater Murr' (Tom-Cat Murr's Views of Life). The satire is keen but genial, and of the author's more ambitious works this is his most finished production. But it is in the shorter tales that the artist displays his highest excellence: the serious philosopher in the garb of a madman, and the tender-hearted poet telling quaint fairy tales. Spiritually he is related to Jean Paul, but missed his depth and greatness. The lyric swing, the wild imagination, the serious undercurrent beneath the sprightly wit, the biting satire, and the playful fancy, assure him generations of readers among his countrymen, and numerous translations attest his popularity in England and America.

The rest of the story of Hoffmann's sad life is soon told. After the peace which concluded the Napoleonic wars he was restored to his official position in 1816, this time in the high tribunal of Berlin; and his seniority was acknowledged as if he had served without a break. Here he found himself in the midst of a choice and congenial circle: Hitzig his biographer, Fouqué, Chamisso. His dissolute ways, however, never completely abandoned, led finally to the disease which terminated in his death. He died literally inch by inch, though eager to live in what pitiable condition soever; and to the end, when his vital functions were almost suspended, his mind and imagination remained unimpaired. He died on June 25th, 1822.

Hoffmann's writings, like himself, are full of strange contradictions. He was an epicurean to the point of weakness and a stoic to the point of heroic endurance. At the very portals of death he continued to write in his own fantastic vein; and at the same time was inspired to compose a tale, 'Des Vetters Eckfenster' (The Cousin's Corner Window), which is so unlike his usual style that lovers of Émile Souvestre would take pleasure in its serene and grave philosophy. "He preferred to remain a riddle to himself, a riddle which he always dreaded to have solved," wrote a friend; and he demanded that he should be regarded as a "sacred inexplicable hieroglyph."

FROM 'THE GOLDEN POT'

Stir not the emerald leaves of the palm-trees in soft sighing and rustling, as if kissed by the breath of the morning wind? Awakened from their sleep, they move, and mysteriously whisper of the wonders which from the far distance approach like tones of melodious harps! The azure rolls from the walls, and floats like airy vapor to and fro; but dazzling beams shoot through it; and whirling and dancing, as in jubilee of childlike sport, it mounts and mounts to immeasurable height, and vaults itself over the palm-trees. But brighter and brighter shoots beam on beam, till in boundless expanse opens the grove where I behold Anselmus. Here glowing hyacinths and tulips and roses lift their fair heads; and their perfumes in loveliest sound call to the happy youth: "Wander, wander among us, our beloved; for thou understandest us! Our perfume is the longing of love; we love thee, and are thine for evermore!" The golden rays burn in glowing tones: "We are fire, kindled by love. Perfume is longing; but fire is desire; and dwell we not in thy bosom? We are thy own!" The dark bushes, the high trees, rustle and sound: "Come to us, thou loved, thou happy one! Fire is desire; but hope is our cool shadow. Lovingly we rustle round thy head; for thou understandest us, because love dwells in thy breast!" The brooks and fountains murmur and patter: "Loved one, walk not so quickly by; look into our crystal! Thy image dwells in us, which we preserve with love, for thou hast understood us." In the triumphal choir, bright birds are singing: "Hear us! Hear us! We are joy, we are delight, the rapture of love!" But anxiously Anselmus turns his eyes to the glorious temple which rises behind him in the distance. The fair pillars seem trees,

and the capitals and friezes acanthus leaves, which in wondrous wreaths and figures form splendid decorations. Anselmus walks to the temple; he views with inward delight the variegated marble, the steps with their strange veins of moss. "Ah, no!" cries he, as if in the excess of rapture, "she is not far from me now; she is near!" Then advances Serpentina, in the fullness of beauty and grace, from the temple; she bears the golden pot, from which a bright lily has sprung. The nameless rapture of infinite longing glows in her meek eyes; she looks at Anselmus and says, "Ah! dearest, the lily has sent forth her bowl; what we longed for is fulfilled. Is there a happiness to equal ours?" Anselmus clasps her with the tenderness of warmest ardor; the lily burns in flaming beams over his head. And louder move the trees and bushes; clearer and gladder play the brooks; the birds, the shining insects dance in the waves of perfume; a gay, bright, rejoicing tumult, in the air, in the water, in the earth, is holding the festival of love! Now rush sparkling streaks, gleaming over all the bushes; diamonds look from the ground like shining eyes; strange vapors are wafted hither on sounding wings; they are the spirits of the elements, who do homage to the lily, and proclaim the happiness of Anselmus. Then Anselmus raises his head, as if encircled with a beamy glory. Is it looks? Is it words? Is it song? You hear the sound: "Serpentina! Belief in thee, love of thee has unfolded to my soul the inmost spirit of nature! Thou hast brought me the lily, which sprung from gold, from the primeval force of the world, before Phosphorus had kindled the spark of thought; this lily is knowledge of the sacred harmony of all beings; and in this do I live in highest blessedness for evermore. Yes, I, thrice happy, have perceived what was highest; I must indeed love thee forever, O Serpentina! Never shall the golden blossoms of the lily grow pale; for, like belief and love, this knowledge is eternal."

Carlyle's Translation.

NUTCRACKER AND THE KING OF MICE

From 'The Serapion Brethren'

As soon as Marie was alone, she set rapidly to work to do the thing which was chiefly at her heart to accomplish, and which, though she scarcely knew why, she somehow did not like to set about in her mother's presence. She had been holding Nutcracker, wrapped in the handkerchief, carefully in her arms all this time; and she now laid him softly down on the table, gently unrolled the handkerchief, and examined his wounds.

Nutcracker was very pale, but at the same time he was smiling with a melancholy and pathetic kindliness which went straight to Marie's heart.

"O my darling little Nutcracker!" said she very softly, "don't you be vexed because brother Fritz has hurt you so: he didn't mean it, you know; he's only a little bit hardened with his soldiering and that; but he's a good nice boy, I can assure you: and I'll take the greatest care of you and nurse you till you're quite, quite better and happy again. And your teeth shall be put in again for you, and your shoulder set right; godpapa Drosselmeier will see to that; he knows how to do things of the kind—"

Marie could not finish what she was going to say, because at the mention of godpapa Drosselmeier, friend Nutcracker made a most horrible ugly face. A sort of green sparkle of much sharpness seemed to dart out of his eyes. This was only for an instant, however; and just as Marie was going to be terribly frightened, she found that she was looking at the very same nice, kindly face, with the pathetic smile, which she had seen before, and she saw plainly that it was nothing but some draught of air making the lamp flicker that had seemed to produce the change.

"Well!" she said, "I certainly am a silly girl to be so easily frightened, and think that a wooden doll could make faces at me! But I'm too fond really of Nutcracker, because he's so funny, and so kind and nice; and so he must be taken the greatest care of, and properly nursed till he's quite well."

With which she took him in her arms again, approached the cupboard, and kneeling down beside it, said to her new doll:—

"I'm going to ask a favor of you, Miss Clara: that you will give up your bed to this poor, sick, wounded Nutcracker, and make yourself as comfortable as you can on the sofa here. Remember that you're quite well and strong yourself, or you

wouldn't have such fat red cheeks, and that there are very few dolls indeed who have as comfortable a sofa as this to lie upon."

Miss Clara, in her Christmas full dress, looked very grand and disdainful, and said not so much as "Muck!"

"Very well," said Marie, "why should I make such a fuss, and stand on any ceremony?"—took the bed and moved it forward; laid Nutcracker carefully and tenderly down on it; wrapped another pretty ribbon, taken from her own dress, about his hurt shoulder, and drew the bed-clothes up to his nose.

"But he shan't stay with that nasty Clara," she said, and moved the bed, with Nutcracker in it, up to the upper shelf, so that it was placed near the village in which Fritz's hussars had their cantonments. She closed the cupboard and was moving away to go to bed, when—listen, children!—there began a low soft rustling and rattling, and a sort of whispering noise, all round, in all directions, from all quarters of the room,—behind the stove, under the chairs, behind the cupboards. The clock on the wall "warned" louder and louder, but could not strike. Marie looked at it, and saw that the big gilt owl which was on the top of it had drooped its wings so that they covered the whole of the clock, and had stretched its cat-like head, with the crooked beak, a long way forward. And the "warning" kept growing louder and louder, with distinct words: "Clocks, clockies, stop ticking. No sound, but cautious 'warning.' Mousey king's ears are fine. Prr-prr. Only sing 'poom, poom'; sing the olden song of doom! prr-prr; poom, poom. Bells go chime! Soon rings out the fated time!" And then came "Poom! poom!" quite hoarsely and smothered, twelve times.

Marie grew terribly frightened, and was going to rush away as best she could, when she noticed that godpapa Drosselmeier was up on the top of the clock instead of the owl, with his yellow coat-tails hanging down on both sides like wings. But she manned herself, and called out in a loud voice of anguish:—

"Godpapa! godpapa! what are you up there for? Come down to me, and don't frighten me so terribly, you naughty, naughty godpapa Drosselmeier!"

But then there began a sort of wild kickering and queaking, everywhere, all about, and presently there was a sound as of running and trotting, as of thousands of little feet behind the walls and thousands of little lights began to glitter out between

the chinks of the woodwork. But they were not lights; no, no! little glittering eyes; and Marie became aware that everywhere mice were peeping and squeezing themselves out through every chink. Presently they were trotting and galloping in all directions over the room; orderly bodies, continually increasing, of mice, forming themselves into regular troops and squadrons, in good order, just as Fritz's soldiers did when manœuvres were going on. As Marie was not afraid of mice (as many children are), she could not help being amused by this; and her first alarm had nearly left her, when suddenly there came such a sharp and terrible piping noise that the blood ran cold in her veins. Ah! what did she see then? Well, truly, kind reader, I know that your heart is in the right place, just as much as my friend Field Marshal Fritz's is, itself: but if you had seen what now came before Marie's eyes, you would have made a clean pair of heels of it; nay, I consider that you would have plumped into your bed, and drawn the blankets further over your head than necessity demanded.

But poor Marie hadn't it in her power to do any such thing, because, right at her feet, as if impelled by some subterranean power, sand and lime and broken stone came bursting up, and then seven mouse-heads, with seven shining crowns upon them, rose through the floor, hissing and piping in a most horrible way. Quickly the body of the mouse which had those seven crowned heads forced its way up through the floor, and this enormous creature shouted, with its seven heads, aloud to the assembled multitude, squeaking to them with all the seven mouths in full chorus; and then the entire army set itself in motion, and went trot, trot, right up to the cupboard — and in fact, to Marie who was standing beside it.

Marie's heart had been beating so with terror that she had thought it must jump out of her breast, and she must die. But now it seemed to her as if the blood in her veins stood still. Half fainting, she leant backwards, and then there was a "klirr, klirr, prr," and the pane of the cupboard, which she had broken with her elbow, fell in shivers to the floor. She felt for a moment a sharp, stinging pain in her arm, but still this seemed to make her heart lighter; she heard no more of the queaking and piping. Everything was quiet; and though she didn't dare to look, she thought the noise of the glass breaking had frightened the mice back to their holes.

But what came to pass then? Right behind Marie a movement seemed to commence in the cupboard, and small faint voices began to be heard, saying:—

"Come, awake, measures take;
Out to the fight, out to the fight;
Shield the right, shield the right;
Arm and away,—this is the night."

And harmonica bells began ringing as prettily as you please.

"Oh! that's my little peal of bells!" cried Marie, and went nearer and looked in. Then she saw that there was bright light in the cupboard, and everything busily in motion there; dolls and little figures of various kinds all running about together, and struggling with their little arms. At this point, Nutcracker rose from his bed, cast off the bedclothes, and sprung with both feet on to the floor (of the shelf), crying out at the top of his voice:—

"Knack, knack, knack,
Stupid mousey pack,
All their skulls we'll crack.
Mousey pack, knack, knack,
Mousey pack, crick and crack,
Cowardly lot of schnack!"

And with this he drew his little sword, waved it in the air, and cried:—

"Ye, my trusty vassals, brethren and friends, are ye ready to stand by me in this great battle?"

Immediately three scaramouches, one pantaloon, four chimney-sweeps, two zither-players, and a drummer, cried in eager accents:—

"Yes, your Highness: we will stand by you in loyal duty; we will follow you to the death, the victory, and the fray!" And they precipitated themselves after Nutcracker (who in the excitement of the moment had dared that perilous leap) to the bottom shelf. Now *they* might well dare this perilous leap; for not only had they got plenty of clothes on, of cloth and silk, but besides, there was not much in their insides except cotton and sawdust, so that they plumped down like little wood-sacks. But as for poor Nutcracker, he would certainly have broken his arms and legs; for, bethink you, it was nearly two feet from where he had stood to the shelf below, and his body was as fragile as if

he had been made of elm-wood. Yes, Nutcracker would have broken his arms and legs had not Miss Clara started up from her sofa at the moment of his spring, and received the hero, drawn sword and all, in her tender arms.

"O you dear good Clara!" cried Marie, "how I did misunderstand you! I believe you were quite willing to let dear Nutcracker have your bed."

But Miss Clara now cried, as she pressed the young hero gently to her silken breast:—

"O my lord! go not into this battle and danger, sick and wounded as you are. See how your trusty vassals—clowns and pantaloon, chimney-sweeps, zithermen, and drummer—are already arrayed below; and the puzzle figures, in my shelf here, are in motion and preparing for the fray! Deign, then, O my lord, to rest in these arms of mine, and contemplate your victory from a safe coign of vantage."

Thus spoke Clara. But Nutcracker behaved so impatiently, and kicked so with his legs, that Clara was obliged to put him down on the shelf in a hurry. However, he at once sank gracefully on one knee, and expressed himself as follows:—

"O lady! the kind protection and aid which you have afforded me will ever be present to my heart, in battle and in victory!"

On this, Clara bowed herself so as to be able to take hold of him by his arms, raised him gently up, quickly loosed her girdle, which was ornamented with many spangles, and would have placed it about his shoulders. But the little man drew himself swiftly two steps back, laid his hand upon his heart, and said with much solemnity:—

"O lady! do not bestow this mark of your favor upon me; for—" He hesitated, gave a deep sigh, took the ribbon with which Marie had bound him from his shoulders, pressed it to his lips, put it on as a cognizance for the fight, and waving his glittering sword, sprang like a bird over the ledge of the cupboard down to the floor.

You will observe, kind reader, that Nutcracker, even before he really came to life, had felt and understood all Marie's goodness and regard, and that it was because of his gratitude and devotion to her that he would not take, or wear even, a ribbon of Miss Clara's, although it was exceedingly pretty and charming. This good, true-hearted Nutcracker preferred Marie's much commoner and more unpretending token.

But what is going to happen further, now? At the moment when Nutcracker sprang down, the queaking and piping commenced again worse than ever. Alas! under the big table the hordes of the mouse army had taken up a position, densely massed, under the command of the terrible mouse with the seven heads. So what is to be the result?

The Battle

«Beat the *Générale*, trusty vassal drummer!» cried Nutcracker very loud; and immediately the drummer began to roll his drum in the most splendid style, so that the windows of the glass cupboard rattled and resounded. Then there began a cracking and a clattering inside, and Marie saw all the lids of the boxes in which Fritz's army was quartered bursting open, and the soldiers all came out and jumped down to the bottom shelf, where they formed up in good order. Nutcracker hurried up and down the ranks, speaking words of encouragement.

«There's not a dog of a trumpeter taking the trouble to sound a call!» he cried in a fury. Then he turned to the pantaloon (who was looking decidedly pale), and wobbling his long chin a good deal, said in a tone of solemnity:—

«I know how brave and experienced you are, General! What is essential here is a rapid comprehension of the situation, and immediate utilization of the passing moment. I intrust you with the command of the cavalry and artillery. You can do without a horse; your own legs are long, and you can gallop on them as fast as is necessary. Do your duty!»

Immediately Pantaloon put his long lean fingers to his mouth, and gave such a piercing crow that it rang as if a hundred little trumpets had been sounding lustily. Then there began a tramping and a neighing in the cupboard; and Fritz's dragoons and cuirassiers—but above all, the new glittering hussars—marched out, and then came to a halt, drawn up on the floor. They then marched past Nutcracker by regiments, with *guidons* flying and bands playing; after which they wheeled into line, and formed up at right angles to the line of march. Upon this, Fritz's artillery came rattling up, and formed action-front in advance of the halted cavalry. Then it went «boom-boom!» and Marie saw the sugar-plums doing terrible execution amongst the thickly massed mouse battalions, which were powdered quite white by them, and

greatly put to shame. But a battery of heavy guns, which had taken up a strong position on mamma's footstool, was what did the greatest execution; and "poom-poom-poom!" kept up a murderous fire of gingerbread nuts into the enemy's ranks with most destructive effect, mowing the mice down in great numbers. The enemy, however, was not materially checked in his advance, and had even possessed himself of one or two of the heavy guns, when there came "prr-prr-prr!" and Marie could scarcely see what was happening, for smoke and dust; but this much is certain, that every corps engaged fought with the utmost bravery and determination, and it was for a long time doubtful which side would gain the day. The mice kept on developing fresh bodies of their forces, as they were advanced to the scene of action; their little silver balls — like pills in size — which they delivered with great precision (their musketry practice being specially fine) took effect even inside the glass cupboard. Clara and Gertrude ran up and down in utter despair, wringing their hands and loudly lamenting.

"Must I — the very loveliest doll in all the world — perish miserably in the very flower of my youth?" cried Miss Clara.

"Oh! was it for this," wept Gertrude, "that I have taken such pains to *conserver* myself all these years? Must I be shot here in my own drawing-room after all?"

On this they fell into each other's arms, and howled so terribly that you could hear them above all the din of the battle. For you have no idea of the hurly-burly that went on now, dear auditor! It went prr-prr-poof, piff-schnetterdeng — schnetterdeng — boom-booroom — boom-booroom — boom — all confusedly and higgledy-piggledy; and the mouse king and the mice squeaked and screamed; and then again Nutcracker's powerful voice was heard shouting words of command and issuing important orders, and he was seen striding along amongst his battalions in the thick of the fire.

Pantaloon had made several most brilliant cavalry charges, and covered himself with glory. But Fritz's hussars were subjected — by the mice — to a heavy fire of very evil-smelling shot, which made horrid spots on their red tunics: this caused them to hesitate, and hang rather back for a time. Pantaloon made them take ground to the left, in *échelon;* and in the excitement of the moment, he, with his dragoons and cuirassiers, executed a somewhat analogous movement. That is to say, they brought up the

right shoulder, wheeled to the left, and marched home to their quarters. This had the effect of bringing the battery of artillery on the footstool into imminent danger; and it was not long before a large body of exceedingly ugly mice delivered such a vigorous assault on this position that the whole of the footstool, with the guns and gunners, fell into the enemy's hands. Nutcracker seemed much disconcerted, and ordered his right wing to commence a retrograde movement. A soldier of your experience, my dear Fritz, knows well that such a movement is almost tantamount to a regular retreat, and you grieve with me, in anticipation, for the disaster which threatens the army of Marie's beloved little Nutcracker. But turn your glance in the other direction, and look at this left wing of Nutcracker's, where all is still going well, and you will see that there is yet much hope for the commander-in-chief and his cause.

During the hottest part of the engagement, masses of mouse cavalry had been quietly debouching from under the chest of drawers, and had subsequently made a most determined advance upon the left wing of Nutcracker's force, uttering loud and horrible queakings. But what a reception they met with! Very slowly, as the nature of the *terrain* necessitated (for the ledge at the bottom of the cupboard had to be passed), the regiment of motto figures, commanded by two Chinese emperors, advanced and formed square. These fine, brilliantly uniformed troops, consisting of gardeners, Tyrolese, Tungooses, hair-dressers, harlequins, Cupids, lions, tigers, unicorns, and monkeys, fought with the utmost courage, coolness, and steady endurance. This *bataillon d'élite* would have wrested the victory from the enemy had not one of his cavalry captains, pushing forward in a rash and foolhardy manner, made a charge upon one of the Chinese emperors and bitten off his head. This Chinese emperor, in his fall, knocked over and smothered a couple of Tungooses and a unicorn; and this created a gap, through which the enemy effected a rush which resulted in the whole battalion being bitten to death. But the enemy gained little advantage by this; for as soon as one of the mouse cavalry soldiers bit one of these brave adversaries to death, he found that there was a small piece of printed paper sticking in his throat, of which he died in a moment Still, this was of small advantage to Nutcracker's army, which, having once commenced a retrograde movement, went on retreating farther and farther, suffering greater and greater loss.

So that the unfortunate Nutcracker found himself driven back close to the front of the cupboard, with a very small remnant of his army.

«Bring up the reserves! Pantaloon! Scaramouch! Drummer! where the devil have you got to?» shouted Nutcracker, who was still reckoning on reinforcements from the cupboard. And there did, in fact, advance a small contingent of brown gingerbread men and women, with gilt faces, hats, and helmets; but they laid about them so clumsily that they never hit any of the enemy, and soon knocked off the cap of their commander-in-chief, Nutcracker himself. And the enemy's chasseurs soon bit their legs off, so that they tumbled topsy-turvy, and killed several of Nutcracker's companions-in-arms into the bargain.

Nutcracker was now hard pressed, and closely hemmed in by the enemy, and in a position of extreme peril. He tried to jump the bottom ledge of the cupboard, but his legs were not long enough. Clara and Gertrude had fainted; so they could give him no assistance. Hussars and heavy dragoons came charging up at him, and he shouted in wild despair:—

"A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse!»

At this moment two of the enemy's riflemen seized him by his wooden cloak, and the king of the mice went rushing up to him, squeaking in triumph out of all his seven throats.

Marie could contain herself no longer. «O my poor Nutcracker!» she sobbed; took off her left shoe without very distinctly knowing what she was about, and threw it as hard as she could into the thick of the enemy, straight at their king.

Instantly everything vanished and disappeared. All was silence. Nothing to be seen. But Marie felt a more stinging pain than before in her left arm, and fell on the floor insensible.

JAMES HOGG

(1770–1835)

One of the great names in modern Scottish Border poetry is James Hogg, better known as the Ettrick Shepherd; a child of nature, nourished in the Border glens and beside Border streams, on the stories and traditions of Scotland. Born in 1770 in Ettrick, which is situated in one of the most mountainous and picturesque districts in the South of Scotland, when he was thirty he had had but half a year's schooling; for he was sent to fold the sheep when but seven years old, and at sixteen attained to the dignity of shepherd, in which capacity he remained until he met Sir Walter Scott (1801), who felt that in him he had found "a true son of nature and genius, hardly conscious of his power," and advised him to publish his poems.

James Hogg

At this time Hogg is described by the son of his master as

"above middle height, of faultless symmetry of form; his face was round and full, and of a ruddy complexion, with bright blue eyes that beamed with gayety, glee, and good-humor. His head was covered with a singular profusion of light-brown hair, which he was obliged to wear coiled up under his hat. On entering church on a Sunday, he used, on lifting his hat, to raise his right hand to assist a graceful shake of his head in laying back his long hair, which rolled down his back and fell almost to his loins. And every female eye was upon him, as with light step he ascended the stair to the gallery where he sat."

From 1810 to 1816 he lived in Edinburgh, but then went back to Eltrive Lake in Yarrow, where his best verse was inspired. Of his early work, which was done in Blackhouse Glen, far from human life, alone with his lambs and dogs, the poet says: "For several years my compositions consisted wholly of songs and ballads, made up for the lasses to sing in chorus; and a proud man I was when I first heard the rosy nymphs chanting my uncouth strains, and jeering me by the still clear appellation of 'Jamie the Poeter.'" Hogg's poetry, which is happiest when it has a strong flavor of dialect, is notable for its fanciful humor or rollicking spirit of song, its love

of the weird and wonderful, its pictures of brownies, fairies, and country life; but his ambition to rival in their own way the greatest poets of his time was curiously egotistic. 'The Queen's Wake,' his most ambitious effort, was written in imitation of Scott's historical romances, and he boasted that he had "beaten him in his own line." Though a most prolific writer, the greater part of his verse is charming. He died at Eltrive Lake, November 21st, 1835, aged sixty-five.

WHEN MAGGY GANGS AWAY

Oh, what will a' the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?
Oh, what will a' the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?
There's no a heart in a' the glen
That disna dread the day:
Oh, what will a' the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?

Young Jock has ta'en the hill for't,
A waefu' wight is he;
Poor Harry's ta'en the bed for't,
An' laid him down to dee;
An' Sandy's gane unto the kirk,
An' learnin' fast to pray:
An' oh, what will the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?

The young laird o' the Lang-Shaw
Has drunk her health in wine;
The priest has said — in confidence —
The lassie was divine,
An' that is mair in maiden's praise
Than ony priest should say:
But oh, what will the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?

The wailing in our green glen
That day will quaver high;
'Twill draw the redbreast frae the wood,
The laverock frae the sky;
The fairies frae their beds o' dew
Will rise an' join the lay:
An' hey! what a day 'twill be
When Maggy gangs away!

THE SKYLARK

BIRD of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place:
Oh to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay, and loud,
Far in the downy cloud;
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth!
Where, on thy dewy wing—
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven; thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar singing away!
Then when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh to abide in the desert with thee!

DONALD M'DONALD

Air—«*Woo'd an' married an' a'.*»

MY NAME it is Donald M'Donald,
I live in the Hielands sae grand;
I hae follow'd our banner, and will do,
Wherever my Maker has land.
When rankit amang the blue bonnets,
Nae danger can fear me ava:
I ken that my brethren around me
Are either to conquer or fa'.
Brogues an' brochen an' a',
Brochen an' brogues an' a':
An' is nae her very weel aff,
Wi' her brogues an' brochen an' a'?

What though we befriendit young Charlie?
To tell it I dinna think shame:
Poor lad! he came to us but barely,
An' reckoned our mountains his hame.
'Twas true that our reason forbade us,
But tenderness carried the day;
Had Geordie come friendless amang us,
Wi' him we had a' gane away,
Sword an' buckler an' a',
Buckler an' sword an' a';
Now for George we'll encounter the Devil,
Wi' sword an' buckler an' a'!

An' oh, I wad eagerly press him
The keys o' the East to retain;
For should he gie up the possession,
We'll soon hae to force them again.
Than yield up an inch wi' dishonor,
Though it were my finishing blow,
He aye may depend on M'Donald,
Wi' his Hielanders a' in a row,
Knees an' elbows an' a',
Elbows an' knees an' a';
Depend upon Donald M'Donald,
His knees an' elbows an' a'!

Wad Bonaparte land at Fort William,
Auld Europe nae langer should grane;
I laugh when I think how we'd gall him,
Wi' bullet, wi' steel, an' wi' stane;
Wi' rocks o' the Nevis an' Gairy
We'd rattle off frae our shore,
Or lull him asleep in a cairny,
An' sing him—'Lochaber no more!'
Stanes an' bullets an' a',
Bullets an' stanes an' a';
We'll finish the Corsican callan
Wi' stanes an' bullets an' a'!

For the Gordon is good in a hurry,
An' Campbell is steel to the bane,
An' Grant, an' M'Kenzie, an' Murray,
An' Cameron will hurkle to nane;
The Stuart is sturdy an' loyal,
An' sae is M'Leod an' M'Kay;

An' I their gude brither M'Donald,
Shall ne'er be last in the fray!
Brogues an' brochen an' a',
Brochen an' brogues an' a';
An' up wi' the bonnie blue bonnet,
The kilt an' the feather an' a'!

WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME

COME, all ye jolly shepherds,
That whistle through the glen
I'll tell ye of a secret
That courtiers dinna ken:
What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name?
'Tis to woo a bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloaming and the mirk,
When the kye comes hame.

'Tis not beneath the coronet,
Nor canopy of state,
'Tis not on couch of velvet,
Nor arbor of the great—
'Tis beneath the spreading birk,
In the glen without the name,
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,
When the kye comes hame.

There the blackbird bigs his nest,
For the mate he lo'es to see,
And on the topmost bough
Oh! a happy bird is he!
Where he pours his melting ditty
And love is a' the theme,
And he'll woo his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.

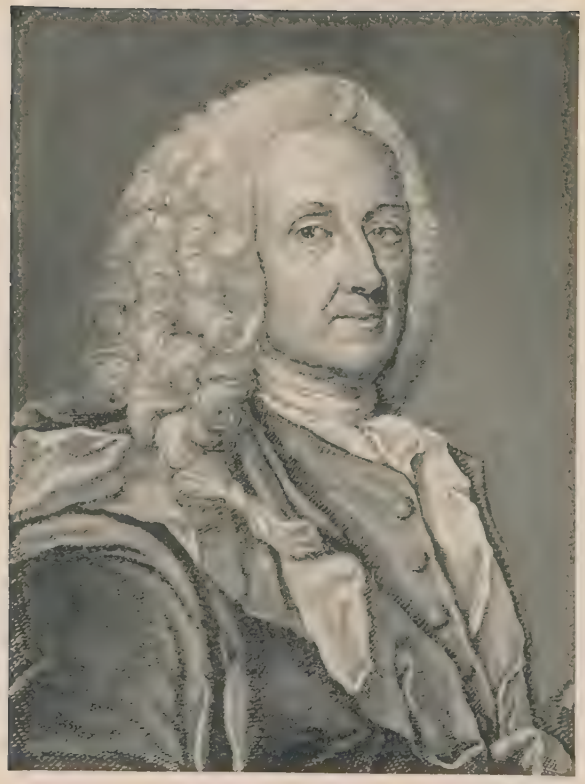
When the blewart bears a pearl,
And the daisy turns a pea,
And the bonny luken gowan
Has fauldit up her ee,

Then the laverock, frae the blue lift,
Drops down and thinks nae shame
To woo his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.

See yonder pawkie shepherd,
That lingers on the hill:
His ewes are in the fauld,
An' his lambs are lying still,
Yet he downa gang to bed,
For his heart is in a flame,
To meet his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.

When the little wee bit heart
Rises high in the breast,
An' the little wee bit starn
Rises red in the east,
Oh, there's a joy sae dear
That the heart can hardly frame,
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.

Then since all Nature joins
In this love without alloy,
Oh wha wad prove a traitor
To Nature's dearest joy?
Or wha wad choose a crown,
Wi' its perils and its fame,
And miss his bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame?



L. HOLBERG.

LUDVIG HOLBERG

(1684–1754)

BY WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE

THE literature of modern Scandinavia was, like that of Germany, slow to emerge from the intellectual darkness of the Middle Ages; and the writer who ushers in the literature of modern Denmark was a boy of eighteen when the seventeenth century rounded to its close. In Scandinavia, as in Germany, the Reformation had indeed been followed by a period of intellectual ferment, but the energies thus liberated found their chief exercise in theological and political discussion. In Danish literature this period is known as the age of learning; but it was an age which made humanism clean out of the question, and even its learning was of the narrow scholastic type. Into the world thus busied, which was destined during his lifetime and largely owing to his activity to undergo so complete an intellectual transformation, Ludvig Holberg was born at Bergen, Norway, December 3d, 1684. The accident of his birth in this Hansa town has led the Norwegians to claim him for their own, and to dispute his title as the Father of Danish Literature. The facts are, of course, that Norway and Denmark were politically one until 1814, with a common language, and a common intellectual centre in Copenhagen. Nearly all the literature produced, whether

is properly to be described as Danish literature. Holberg saw Norway for the last time in 1705; it was in Denmark that he lived and wrote, and made for himself the greatest name in all Scandinavian literature.

The principal authority for the facts of Holberg's life, except for the closing years, is a sort of autobiography, originally published in 'Opuscula Latina,' and afterwards translated into Danish with

foibles with the same sort of good-humor that goes to the creation of the types immortalized in 'Den Danske Skueplads,' or collection of his plays. From this autobiography we learn that Ludvig was the youngest of twelve children, and was left an orphan at the age of

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The principal authority for the facts of Holberg's life, except for the closing years, is a sort of autobiography, originally published in his 'Opuscula Latina,' and afterwards translated into Danish with the title 'Trende Epistler' (Three Epistles). This little volume is candid, concise, and extremely readable, mingling jest with earnest in an altogether delightful fashion. The touch of the writer of satirical comedy is frequently seen, and the author describes his own foibles with the same sort of good-humor that goes to the creation of the types immortalized in 'Den Danske Skueplads,' or collection of his plays. From this autobiography we learn that Ludvig was the youngest of twelve children, and was left an orphan at the age of

ten. He went to school in Bergen, and was then sent to Copenhagen for an examination. Being without the money needful for university study, he soon returned to Norway, where he taught for a year in a clergyman's family, incidentally preaching on occasion in his master's place, and giving great satisfaction in the latter capacity by the brevity of his discourses. With the money thus earned, he went back to Copenhagen, studied French and Italian, and passed a fairly creditable examination in philosophy and theology. In the autumn of 1704, with sixty rigsdaler in his pocket, he set out to see the world.

Holberg's first glimpse of foreign lands was gained in about two months, and at cost of no little hardship. He got as far as Amsterdam and Aachen, and then home again. This was the first of the five foreign journeys that he made in about twenty years. In itself it was unimportant, but all the five taken together were of great significance both for him and his country. For from these excursions into the larger world of thought and action, he brought back nothing less than the great gift of European culture to bestow upon his fellow-countrymen; through him the light of the modern intelligence shone upon the darkness of the North. The freedom of the human spirit was asserting itself in many directions abroad; at home it was held in the shackles of tradition. Holberg learned of such men as Rabelais and Montaigne, Descartes and Bayle, Newton and Locke, Leibnitz and Puffendorf, Spinoza and Grotius; and felt called upon to become their interpreter to his fellow-countrymen. To this task he gave his life; and, thanks to his efforts, the Scandinavian countries, in spite of their place apart, have never lagged far behind the rest of Europe. But it is eminently characteristic of their literature, from that time to the present, that its main inspiration has been thus brought from without; and Ibsen in 1864, leaving his country because its air seemed too sultry to breathe, but repeated the experience of Holberg a century and a half earlier.

Holberg's second outing took him to Oxford, where he remained from 1705 to 1707, pursuing his studies and supporting himself by teaching music and the languages. It has been recently pointed out, mainly from internal evidence, that Addison was probably numbered among the friends made during this English sojourn, and that the germs of several of the comedies may be found in the Spectator and Tatler. The stay in Oxford was a turning-point in Holberg's life, in the sense that when he returned it was to Copenhagen, not to Norway, and that he never thereafter set foot upon his native soil. After lecturing for a while in Copenhagen, he went abroad for a winter in Dresden, Leipzig, and Halle. Returning in 1708, he spent the six years following in teaching, and during this period published his first

work, an introduction to European history. The publication of this work got the author into a literary controversy which is mainly significant because it first aroused Holberg's consciousness of his possession of the gift of satire, and helped prepare the way for 'Peder Paars' and the comedies.

The dedication to the King of a historical work of minor importance won for Holberg an appointment as professor extraordinary at the University, a purely honorary post. He thought it a good deal of a joke that he should be appointed to lecture at the University, in view of his opinion of the subjects most industriously pursued in that institution. «I could,» he says, «by good luck frame a syllogism after a fashion, but could by no means be sure whether it was in Barbara or Elizabeth.» The question of subsistence in his unsalaried position was, however, anything but a joke; for his new dignity debarred him from giving private instruction, hitherto his mainstay. But there came presently a traveling stipend of one hundred rigsdaler annually; and thus slenderly provided, he set out in 1714 upon his fourth foreign journey, remaining more than two years away from home, for the most part in France and Italy. In the summer of 1716 he made his way home, and his *Wanderjahre* were over. The one foreign journey subsequently made by him took place ten years later, when he was at the height of his fame.

For two years after his return, Holberg lived in great poverty. At this time he published a treatise upon the law of nations, basing his work upon that of Grotius and Puffendorf. At last a chair became vacant in the University, and he was called to fill it. In 1718 he was installed in his professorship, and for the rest of his life remained, occupying higher and higher positions, in close official connection with the University. Metaphysics was the subject at first assigned him, and so with a wry face he became, and remained for two years, *philosophe malgré lui.* Brandes very plausibly finds in this enforced and distasteful occupation a main cause of the irony which was planted deep within his soul, and the active impulse which led to the development of his genius in its most characteristic phase.

'Peder Paars,' the first of the works to which Holberg mainly owes his fame, was published in 1719–20. It is a mock epic in four books, and extends to upwards of six thousand lines. It is written in rhymed iambic hexameters of a very pedestrian gait. Although a poem in form, it is as destitute of the spirit of true poetry as is the 'Lutrin' of Boileau, which it suggests. Holberg was not a poet, and could not become one. The gifts of irony and satire he had in the richest measure, his humor was all but the deepest, and his imagination was vivid upon every side but the poetic. His intellectual and human sympathies embraced nearly all the life and thought of mankind. He

was of the Voltairean type, the incarnation of intelligence tempered by sympathy; and he even had his enthusiasms, although the superficial student might fail to find them. Most of these qualities appear in this his first great work, which recounts the adventures of a grocer of Callundborg upon a journey to Aarhus. It pretends to be written by one Hans Mickelson, and is provided with notes by an equally mythical Just Justesen. Speaking through the mask of the latter, the author declares that it is the object of his work «to ridicule the many ballads that are with so much eagerness read by the common people. . . . He has also wished to poke fun at heroic verse.» The poem is from beginning to end a travesty of the heroic epic, employing and turning to ridicule the supernatural machinery and the rhetorical devices of the classics of antiquity. Both the one and the other seemed absurd enough to this shrewd humorist, and probably the use to which the classics were put in an institution like the University of Copenhagen was sufficient to repress any impulse on the part of anybody to enter into their real spirit.

In the course of his journeyings, Peder Paars is wrecked upon the island of Anholt; and the following passage, relating to the inhabitants of that spot, may be given to illustrate the poem:—

«Anholt the island's name, in answer he did say,
And daily for seafarers the islanders do pray,
That they may come to shore. And answer oft is given,
For hither storm-tossed ships quite frequently are driven.
Good people are they now, although I fear 'tis true
That they in former days were but a sorry crew.
A very aged man, once guest of mine, I know,
Who told me of a priest that lived here long ago,—
His name I do not give; it need not mentioned be,—
Who for a child baptized a daler charged as fee;
And when 'twas asked of him upon what grounds, and why,
He made this double charge, he boldly gave reply:—
'Two marks I am allowed for each child I baptize,
And two for burial. Now, rarely 'tis one dies
Of sickness in his bed, for hanged are nearly all,
And thus my rightful dues I get, or not at all.'
Of yore their lives were evil, as we from this may tell,—
It little touches me, for here I do not dwell,—
But now we see that better they grow from day to day,
For Christian lives they lead, and shipwrecks are their stay.»

A certain worthy Anholter felt so much aggrieved at this description that he petitioned to have the poem burned by the hangman. Another passage, which gave particular offense to the solemn pedants of the University, thus describes an academic disputation:—

«The entire hall was seen with syllogisms quaking,
While some their outstretched hands, and others fists were shaking.
From off the learnèd brows salt perspiration ran,
And most profusely from a venerable man
Who in the pulpit stood. There flew his head about
Greek-Latin shafts so thick, one could no longer doubt
That nothing less than life and honor were at stake;
Since for no trifle men would such a tumult make.
Tell me, Calliope, what deep, what grievous wrong
Hath to such passionate wrath stirred up this learnèd throng?
What ails these sages now, whose minds the world illume,
That here, like men made drunk or mad, they shout and fume?»

In spite of the indignation aroused by such passages, the poem escaped burning and the author punishment. Tradition says that the King read it and found it amusing. And the public read it as no Danish book had ever been read before. The author had his reward in the fame that suddenly came to him, and in the proud consciousness that posterity would atone for the injustice done him by his enemies. Some years later, in verses that come as near to being genuine poetry as any that Holberg ever penned, he referred to himself and his work in the following prophetic terms:—

«Perchance, when in the grave his body moldering lies,
Perchance, when with his death the voice of envy dies,
Another tone may swell, struck from another chord,
And things now hidden men may view with sight restored.
Admit, the work does not display the scholar's lore,
Admit that 'tis a fantasy, and nothing more:
Although of little use, yet with a work of art
For many learnèd books the wise man will not part.»

We now come to the most fruitful period of Holberg's activity; the creative period that gave to Denmark a national stage, and to universal literature a series of comedies that can be classed with those of Molière alone. The comedies of Aristophanes and Shakespeare are of course out of court: they constitute a distinct literary species, with a divineness all its own. We owe the comedies of Holberg to the fact that King Frederik IV. was fond of the theatre, and the other fact that the foreign companies that gave plays in Copenhagen were not exactly successful in suiting the public taste. In this emergency, it was suggested that Danish plays might be ventured upon as an experiment, and Holberg was asked to try his hand at their composition. After some hesitation he consented, and soon had a batch of five comedies ready for the players. They were received by the public with great enthusiasm; and others followed in

quick succession, until no less than twenty-eight had been produced, all within a period of about five years. When we consider the technical finish of these comedies, their wealth of invention and humor, and the variety of the figures that live and breathe in their pages, we must reckon their production as one of the most astonishing feats in the history of literature.

The theatre was opened to the public in 1722. Six years later, Copenhagen was almost wholly destroyed by fire, and there was an end of theatre-going. In 1730 Christian VI. came to the throne; the court became strictly puritanical, and the genial days of play-acting were over. In 1747, under Frederik V., the theatre was reopened, and for it Holberg wrote six new plays, making thirty-four in all. These plays, to which the author himself gave the collective name of 'Den Danske Skueplads' (The Danish Stage), are the most important contribution yet made by the Scandinavian genius to literature.

To the student of Shakespeare or of Molière, the chronological order of the plays is a matter of the greatest consequence. To the student of Holberg it has no significance whatever. The first of them all is as finished and mature a production as any of those that come after. The only fact worth noting, perhaps, is that the comedies of the later period are less effective than those of the earlier; for the intervening score of years seem to have taken from the author's hand something of its cunning. One group of the comedies, six or eight in number, deal with fantastic and allegorical subjects. Here we may mention the 'Plutus,' an imitation of Aristophanes; 'Ulysses von Ithacia,' a jumble of incidents connected with the Trojan War; and 'Melampe,' a parody of French tragedy, and the only one of the comedies written largely in verse. Another group deals with the popular beliefs of a superstitious age,—beliefs very real in Holberg's day, and requiring considerable boldness to ridicule. This group of half a dozen includes 'Det Arabiske Pulver' (The Arabian Powder), concerned with the impostures of alchemy; 'Uden Hoved og Hale' (Without Head or Tail), which contrasts the two types of excessive credulity and excessive skepticism; and 'Hexerie' (Witchcraft), the hero of which makes a profitable business out of the Black Art. Many of the comedies depict «humors» in the Jonsonian sense, as 'Den Stundeslöse' (The Busy Man); 'Den Vœgelsindede' (The Fickle-Minded Woman); 'Jean de France,' depicting the dandy just returned from Paris; 'Jacob von Tyboe,' depicting the braggart soldier; and 'Den Honnette Ambition' (The Proper Ambition), depicting the personality of the title-seeking snob. Another group of the plays depend for their interest upon pure intrigue; and of these 'Henrich og Pernille' is perhaps the best, because the most symmetrical in construction.

Four of the comedies deserve more extended mention, because they display Holberg's highest powers of humorous satire, his keenest penetration, and his deepest moral earnestness. They are 'Den Politiske Kandestöber' (The Political Pewterer), 'Jeppe paa Bierget,' 'Erasmus Montanus,' and 'Det Lykkelige Skibbrud' (The Fortunate Shipwreck). In the first of these four plays we have a humorous delineation of the man who, without any practical experience in the work of government or any knowledge of political science, boldly discusses questions of public policy, and makes the most grotesque proposals for the welfare of the State. In 'Jeppe paa Bierget' we have the story made familiar to us by the 'Induction' to the 'Taming of the Shrew.' In his portrayal of a drunken peasant made for a day to believe himself a nobleman, Holberg achieved one of his greatest triumphs. It is not so much the drunken humor as the genuine humanity of the peasant that appeals to us, and the springs of pity are tapped no less than the springs of mirth. In 'Erasmus Montanus,' which Brandes calls "our deepest work," we have a study of the country youth who is sent to Copenhagen for his education, and who comes back to his simple home a pedantic prig, a superior person, scorning his family and old-time associates. Petty and insufferable as his training has made him, he is in some sort, after all, the representative of the intellectual life; and there is something almost tragic in the manner in which he is forced finally to succumb to prejudice, sacrificing the truth to his personal comfort. The special significance of 'Det Lykkelige Skibbrud' is in the last of the five acts, which gives us the author's *apologia pro vita sua*, and strikes a note of earnestness that must arrest the attention. The hero is a satirical poet, brought to judgment by his enraged fellow-citizens, and triumphantly acquitted by a righteous judge.

It must not be forgotten, however, that the comedies, large as they loom in the history of Danish letters, represent only five or six years of a life prolonged to the Scriptural tale, and almost Voltairean in its productiveness. Among the other works that must at least be mentioned are the 'Dannemarks Riges Historie' (History of the Kingdom of Denmark), the author's highest achievement as a historian; and the 'Hero Stories' and 'Heroine Stories' in Plutarch's manner, which were among the most popular of his prose writings. The most widely known of all Holberg's works is the 'Nicolai Klimii Iter Subterraneum' (Niels Klim's Underground Journey), published at Leipzig in 1741, and soon after translated into Danish and almost every other European tongue. It is a philosophical romance of the type of 'Utopia' and 'Gulliver,' and champions the spirit of tolerance in religious and other intellectual concerns.

The same liberal spirit breathes in the 'Moralske Tanker' (Moral Reflections) of 1744. This work, and the five volumes of 'Epistler'

(1748–54), are about the last of Holberg's writings, and embody his ripest thought upon government, literature, philosophy, religion, and the practical conduct of life. If hitherto we have thought of Holberg as the Northern prototype of Molière or Voltaire, he appears to us in his 'Epistles' rather in the light of a Northern Montaigne. These brief essays, between five and six hundred in number, afford the most intimate revelation of the author's life and intellectual attitude. They are charmingly ripe and genial work, and close in the worthiest imaginable way the long list of the writings with which for nearly forty years he continued to enrich the national literature of which he had been the creator.

Nearly twenty years before his death, Holberg, who had never married, expressed a determination to devote to public uses the modest fortune that he had accumulated. He finally decided to apply this fortune to the endowment of Sorö Academy, a sort of auxiliary of the University; and the gift was made effective several years before his death. In 1747 he received a title of nobility; but as Baron Holberg remained the same conscientious and unaffected citizen that he had been as a commoner. He accepted his title with simple dignity, as a deserved recognition of his services to the State and the nation, just as in our own day the greatest of modern English poets accepted a similar title for similar reasons.

The last summons came to him near the close of 1753, in the form of an affection of the lungs. When told of his danger, he said:— «It is enough for me to know that I have sought all my life long to be a useful citizen of my country. I will therefore die willingly, and all the more so because I perceive that my mental powers are likely to fail me.» The end came January 28th, 1754, when he had entered upon his seventieth year. His body lies in the church at Sorö, beneath a marble sarcophagus placed there a quarter of a century after his death.

The words just quoted strike the prevailing note of Holberg's character, in their unaffected simplicity revealing the inmost nature of the man. He was simple in his daily life, and simple in his chosen forms of literary expression, abhorring parade in the one as he abhorred pedantry in the other. Few figures of the eighteenth century stand out in as clear a light, and none is more deserving of respect. Holberg founded no school in the narrow sense, but in the wider sense the whole spiritual life of modern Denmark is traceable to his impulse and indebted to his example. He was not unconscious of his high mission, and even in the lightest of his comedies we may detect the ethical undercurrent. «Ej blot til Lyst»—«Not merely for pleasure»—has long been the motto of the Danish National Theatre; and it was in the spirit of that fine phrase that Holberg wrote, not only 'Den Danske Skueplads,' but also the many books of history

and allegory, of philosophy and criticism, that occupied his long and industrious days. Denmark may well be proud that such a figure stands in the forefront of its intellectual life.

NOTE. — It is difficult to give any adequate idea of Holberg's work by means of a few selections, but the attempt must be made. I have chosen three extracts from the comedies: the first, from 'Ulysses von Ithacia,' illustrates the author's work in its most fantastic phase; the second, from 'Den Politiske Kandestöber,' illustrates his powers and his limitations as a delineator of character; the third, from 'Erasmus Montanus,' develops the central situation of his most remarkable play, illustrating his insight, his humor, and his skill in the management of dialogue. To these dramatic scenes I have appended two of the most characteristic 'Epistles,' as examples of his manner as an essayist in prose. All the translations are my own, and made for the present occasion. W. M. P.

FROM 'ULYSSES VON ITHACIA'

ULYSSES — Alas, Chilian, I have tried in every way to calm the wrath of Neptune; but prayers, offerings, are all in vain. We have now wandered about for twenty years since the conquest of Troy from one place to another, until we have at last come to Cajania, where Queen Dido has promised us provision of ships for the pursuit of our journey; but alas! day after day goes by, and I fear that it will be longer than we think. For I am afraid of something I dare not think about. I am afraid, Chilian —

Chilian — What is my lord afraid of?

Ulysses — I am afraid that Dido has fallen in love with me.

Chilian — Perhaps —

Ulysses — Oh, unfortunate man that I am! If it is true, Chilian, we shall never get away from here.

Chilian — Will my lord not take it ill if I ask him how old he was when he left home?

Ulysses — I was in the flower of my age, not over forty.

Chilian — Good. Forty years to begin with; then ten years for the siege makes fifty, then twenty years on the homeward

journey makes seventy. The great Dido must be a great lover of antiquities, if she is so cold towards the many young men from whom she might choose, and falls in love with an aged and bearded man.

Ulysses — Listen, Chilian: I don't want to hear any such arguments; you must have made a mistake in the reckoning. When you see a thing with your eyes, you mustn't doubt it. If you saw snow in midsummer, you shouldn't say, "It is not possible that this should be snow, for it is now summer": it should be enough for you to see the snow with your eyes.

Chilian — I observe, my lord, that I must leave reason out of the question in the things that have happened to us. So I will no longer doubt, but rather think how we can get ourselves out of this fix.

Ulysses — How shall we escape this impending disaster?

Chilian — There is no other way but to steal away from the land in secret.

Ulysses — You are right there, Chilian. I will go right away and talk the situation over with my faithful comrades; stay here until I come back. [*Goes away.*]

Chilian [*alone*] — I wish I had a pinch of snuff, so I could catch my breath; for my head is almost distracted. I am sure that when my lord comes back he will say again that it is ten years since he last spoke with me. We shall get to be five or six thousand years old before we come home to our fatherland; for I notice that we do not keep pace with time, but that time runs away from us while we stand still. I have a piece of English cheese here that I brought from Ithaca thirty years ago, and it is still quite fresh. And not only does time run away from us, but the earth on which we stand; for many times, when I light my pipe we are in the eastern corner of the world, and before I have smoked it out we find ourselves in the western corner.

Ulysses *returns*

Ulysses — Oh heavens! is it possible that such things can be in nature?

Chilian — What is up now, your Worship?

Ulysses — Alas, Chilian, I never could have imagined such a thing, if I hadn't seen it with these my eyes.

Chilian — What is it, my lord?

Ulysses — O Dido, Dido, what ill have I done thee, that thou shouldst thus exercise thy magic arts upon my faithful comrades?

Chilian — Are they bewitched?

Ulysses — Listen, Chilian, to a marvelous tale, the like of which has not been known from Deucalion's flood to the present time. During the four weeks since I last spoke with you —

Chilian — Is it only four weeks? I thought it was about four years.

Ulysses — During the four weeks, I say, I have been planning with my comrades to journey away in secret. We were all ready to go on board, when Dido got wind of it, and to prevent our departure, by magic changed all my comrades into swine.

Chilian — Ei, that cannot be possible, gracious lord! [*aside*] because they were swine before.

Ulysses — Alas, it is too true, Chilian. I thought my eyes deceived me, and I spoke to them. But their speech was transformed with their shape, and for an answer they grunted at me. Then I took flight for fear of likewise being turned into a hog. But there they come; I dare stay no longer. [*Departs weeping.*]

Enter the Comrades of Ulysses, *crawling on their hands and feet, and grunting*

Chilian — Ha, ha! ha, ha! ha, ha! ha, ha! The deuce take you all! I never saw the like in all my days.

Swine — Ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh!

Chilian — Listen, you fellows: what devil is bestride you?

Swine — We are swine, little father. Ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh!

Chilian — The Devil take me if you are swine.

Swine — Ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh!

Chilian [*gets down on his hands and feet, and begins to grunt*] — Ugh, ugh, ugh! Listen, you fellows, are you sure you are swine?

Swine — Ugh, ugh, ugh!

Chilian — Well, since you are swine, you shall have swine's food. Eat me up this filth that lies here.

Swine — We are not hungry, little father. Ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh!

Chilian [*beating them with a whip*] — Go on, I tell you, — eat it up, or I will cut your swinish backs into strips. Go on, go on; if you are swine it is the right food for you.

[*He flogs them roundly. The swine get up, and become men again.*]

Swine — As sure as you live, you shall pay us for these blows, my good Monsieur Wegner.* Aren't you ashamed to spoil the whole story in this way? [*They run off.*]

Chilian — I didn't spoil the story,— I made them into two-legged hogs, as they were before. But there comes my lord again.

Ulysses — Alas! Chilian, have they all gone?

Chilian — Yes, my lord, they have gone. They go on two legs now as they did before.

Ulysses — Are they no longer swine?

Chilian — I don't say that; far from it: but my leechcraft has gone so far as to make them two-legged once more.

Ulysses — O great son of Æsculapius! you deserve to have temples and altars erected in your honor. From what god or goddess did you learn such divine arts?

Chilian — I lay down in the field for a while, and with bitter tears bewailed the misfortune of our people. While weeping I fell asleep, and there appeared to me Proserpina, the goddess of leechcraft, (that's her name, isn't it?) who said to me: "Chilian, I have heard thy tears and thy prayers. Get up, and cut a branch from the first birch at your left hand. It is a sacred tree that no man has hitherto touched. As soon as you touch your countrymen with it, they shall rise up and walk on two legs as before." Which happened just as she said. Whether they are still swine or not, I don't say; but it is certain that they look as they used to, walk on two legs, and speak,— for they abused me because I hit them too hard with the sacred rod.

Ulysses — O Chilian, you have saved me! Let me embrace you!

Chilian — Serviteur! It would be a pleasure to me if my lord would also turn hog, so that I might have the satisfaction of curing him too.

Ulysses — Listen, Chilian, there is not much time to waste; the ship is all ready. Let us go and gather our people together, that we may escape hastily and in silence. See, there comes Dido: we must run.

* The name of the actor who took the part of Chilian.

FROM 'THE POLITICAL PEWTERER'

[Herman von Bremen, a Hamburg pewterer, has become a dabbler in politics, and with the freedom of ignorance expresses his opinions concerning various affairs of State. He meets regularly with a number of his friends in what they call a Collegium Politicum, for the discussion of political matters. The characters in this act are Herman, his wife Geske, his fellow-politicians, and his servant Heinrich.]

HERMAN — Heinrich, get everything ready. Mugs and pipes on the table. That is right.

[*Heinrich makes preparations. One comes in after another, and all take seats at the table, Herman at the head.*]

Herman —Welcome, good men, all of you! Where did we leave off last?

Richart the Brushmaker —We were talking about the interests of Germany.

Gert the Furrier — That is so; I remember now. It will all come up at the next Reichstag. I wish I could be there for an hour, — I would whisper something to the Elector of Mainz that he would thank me for. The good people do not know where the interests of Germany lie. When did one ever hear of an imperial city like Vienna without a fleet, or at least without galleys? They might keep a war fleet for the defense of the kingdom; there is the war tax and the war treasure. See how much wiser the Turk is. We can never learn to wage war better than he does. There are forests enough in Austria and Prague, if they were only used for ships and masts. If we had a fleet in Austria or Prague, then the Turk and the Frenchman would stop besieging Vienna, and we could go to Constantinople. But nobody thinks of such things.

Sivert the Inspector — No, not a mother's son of them. Our forefathers were a good deal wiser. It all depends upon circumstances. Germany is no bigger now than it was in the old days, when we not only defended ourselves well enough against our neighbors, but even seized large parts of France, and besieged Paris by land and water.

Frantz the Wigmaker — But Paris isn't a seaport.

Sivert the Inspector — Then I have read my map very badly. I know how Paris lies. Here lies England, right where my finger is; here is the Channel, here is Bordeaux, and here is Paris.

Frantz the Wigmaker — No, brother! Here is Germany, close to France, which connects with Germany; *ergo*, Paris cannot be a seaport.

Sivert — Doesn't France have any sea-coast?

Frantz — No indeed; a Frenchman who has not traveled abroad doesn't know anything about ships and boats. Ask Master Herman. Isn't it the way I say, Master Herman?

Herman — I will soon settle the dispute. Heinrich, get us the map of Europe.

The Host — Here you have one, but it is in pieces.

Herman — That doesn't matter. I know where Paris is, well enough, but I want the map to convince the others. Do you see, Sivert, here is Germany.

Sivert — That is all right; I can tell it by the Danube, which lies here.

[*As he points to the Danube his elbow tips over a mug, and the beer runs over the map.*]

The Host — The Danube is flowing a little too fast.

[*General laughter.*]

Herman — Listen, good people, — we talk too much about foreign affairs: let us talk about Hamburg; there is plenty here to think about. I have often wondered how it happens that we have no settlements in India, and have to buy our wares of others. This is a matter that the Bürgermeister and his council ought to think about.

Richart — Don't talk about Bürgermeister and council; if we wait till they think about it, we shall have to wait a long while. Here in Hamburg a bürgermeister gets credit only for restricting law-abiding citizens.

Herman — What I mean, my good men, is that it is not yet too late; for why should not the King of India trade with us as well as with Dutchmen, who have nothing to send him but cheese and butter, which generally spoils on the way? It is my opinion that we should do well to bring the matter before the council. How many of us are there here?

Host — There are only six of us; I don't believe the other six are coming any more.

Herman — There are enough of us. What is your opinion, host? Let us put it to vote.

Host — I am not wholly in favor of it; for such journeys bring a good many people here from town, and I pick up some skillings from them.

Sivert — It is my opinion that we should think more of the city's welfare than of our own interests, and that Master Herman's plan is one of the finest that has ever been made. The more trade we have, the more the city must prosper; the more ships come hither, the better it will be for us small officials. Yet this is not the chief reason why I vote for the plan; and I recommend it wholly for sake of the city's needs and prosperity.

Gert — I can't altogether agree with this plan, but propose rather settlements in Greenland and Davis Strait; for such trade would be much better and more useful for the city.

Frantz the Cutler — I see that Gert's vote has more to do with his own interest than with the good of the republic; for Indian voyages bring less business to furriers than voyages to the North. For my part, I hold that the Indian trade is the most important of all; for in India you can often get from the savages, for a knife or a fork or a pair of scissors, a lump of gold that weighs as much. We must arrange it so that the plan we propose to the council shall not savor of self-interest, else we shall not make much headway with it.

Richart — I am of Niels Skriver's opinion.

Herman — You vote like a brushmaker: Niels Skriver isn't here. But what does that woman want? It is my wife, I declare.

Enter Geske

Geske — Are you here, you idler? It would be quite as well if you did some work, or looked after your people a little. We are losing one job after another by your neglect.

Herman — Be quiet, wife! You may be Frau Bürgermeister before you know it. Do you suppose I am wasting my time? I am doing ten times more work than all of you in the house: you only work with your hands, and I am working with my head.

Geske — That's what all crazy folks do: they build air-castles, and split their heads with craziness and foolishness, imagining that they are doing something important when it amounts to nothing at all.

Gert — If that was my wife, she shouldn't talk that way more than once.

Herman — Ei, Gert! A politician mustn't mind it. Two or three years ago, I would have dressed my wife's back for such

words; but since I began to dip into political books, I have learned to scorn talk like that. *Qui nescit simulare, nescit regnare* (Who knows not how to dissimulate knows not how to reign), says an old politician who was no fool; I think his name was Agrippa or Albertus Magnus. It is a principle of politics all over the world, that he who cannot bear a few sharp words from an ill-tempered and crazy woman isn't fit for any high place. Coolness is the greatest of virtues, and the jewel that best adorns rulers and authorities. So I hold that no one here in the city should have a place in the council before he has given proof of his coolness, and let people see that he cannot be disturbed by abusive words, blows, and boxes on the ear. I am quick-tempered by nature, but I strive to overcome it by reflection. I have read in the preface of a book called 'Der Politische Stockfisch' (The Political Stockfish) that when a man is overcome with anger he should count twenty, and his anger will often pass away.

Gert — It wouldn't help *me* if I counted a hundred.

Herman — That means you are only fit for a humble place. Heinrich, give my wife a mug of beer at the little table.

Geske — Ei, you rascal, do you think I came here to drink?

Herman — One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen — now it is all over. Listen, mother: you mustn't talk so harshly to your husband, — it is so very vulgar.

Geske — Is it genteel to beg? Hasn't any wife cause to scold, when she has for husband an idler who neglects his family this way, and lets his wife and children suffer?

Herman — Heinrich, give her a glass of brandy: she is getting excited.

Geske — Heinrich, box the ears of that rascal my husband.

Heinrich — You will have to do that yourself: I don't like the commission.

Geske — Then I will do it myself. [*Boxes her husband's ears.*]

Herman — One, two, three [*counts up to twenty, then acts as if he were about to strike back, but begins to count twenty over again*] — If I hadn't been a politician, it would have been bad for you.

Gert — If you can't manage your wife, I'll do it for you. [*To Geske.*] Get out of here!

[*Geske flings herself out.*]

Gert — I'll teach her to stay at home next time. If you have to be dragged about by the hair by your wife to be a politician, I shall never be one.

Herman — Ah, ah! *Qui nescit simulare, nescit regnare.* It is easily said, but not so easy to practice. I confess it was a great shame my wife did me; I think I will run after her and beat her in the street. Yet — one, two, three [*counts to twenty*]. It is all over: let us talk about something else.

Frantz — Women-folk have altogether too much to say here in Hamburg.

Gert — That is true; I have often thought of making a proposal on the subject. But it is a serious thing to get into trouble with them. The proposal is a good one, however.

Herman — What is your proposal?

Gert — There are not many articles in it. First, I would not have the marriage contract lasting, but only for a certain number of years, so that if a man were not satisfied with his wife, he could make a new contract with another: only both he and his companion should be bound to let each other know, three months before moving day (which might be at Easter or Michaelmas); in case he was satisfied with her, the contract might be renewed. Believe me, if such a law were passed, there wouldn't be a single bad wife in Hamburg: they would all do their best to please their husbands and get the contract extended. Have any of you anything to say against the article? Frantz! you smile in a knowing way: you must have something to say against it — let us hear from you.

Frantz — Might not a wife sometimes find her account in getting separated from a husband who either treated her badly, or was lazy, doing nothing but eat and drink, without working to support his wife and children? Or she might take a liking for somebody else, and lead her husband such a dance that he would let her go in spite of his resolve to keep her. I think that great misfortunes might spring from such a plan. There are ways to manage a wife, after all. If everybody would, like you, Master Herman, count twenty every time his ears were boxed, we should have a lot of fine wives. — Let us hear the other articles, Gert.

Gert — Yes, you are likely to. You only want to make more fun of me: no plan can be so good that something will not be said against it.

Herman — Let us talk about something else. Anybody who heard us would think we met to discuss the marriage relation. I was thinking last night, when I could not sleep, how the government of Hamburg might be changed so as to shut out a few families, who seem born to be bürgermeisters and councilors, and bring back full freedom to the city. I was thinking that we might choose our bürgermeisters, now from one trade, now from another, so that all citizens could share in the government and all kinds of business prosper: for example, when a goldsmith became bürgermeister he would look after the goldsmiths' interests, a tailor after the tailors', a pewterer after the pewterers'; and nobody should be bürgermeister more than a month, so that no trade should prosper more than another. If the government were arranged that way, we might be a truly free people.

All — Your plan is a fine one, Master Herman. You talk like a Solomon.

Franz the Cutler — The plan is good enough, but —

Gert the Furrier — You are always coming in with your "buts." I believe your father or mother was a Mennonite.*

Herman — Let him say what he means. What do you want to say? What do you mean by your "but"?

Frantz — I was wondering whether it wouldn't be hard sometimes to find a good bürgermeister in every trade. Master Herman is good enough, for he has studied; but after he is dead, where could we find another pewterer fit for such an office? For when the republic is on its knees, it isn't as easy to mold it into another shape as it is to mold a plate or a mug when it is spoiled.

Gert — Oh, rubbish! We can find plenty of good men among the working classes.

Herman — Listen, Frantz: you are a young man yet, and so you can't see as far into things as we others; but I see that you have a good head, and may amount to something in time. I will briefly prove to you from our own company that your reason is not a good one. There are twelve of us here, all working people, and each of us can see a hundred mistakes that the council makes. Now just imagine one of us made bürgermeister: he could correct the mistakes we have so often talked about, and that the council is too blind to see. Would Hamburg City

* This is a play upon the words: Men = but; — Mennist, Mennonite.

lose anything by such a bürgermeister? If you good people think it would, I will give up my plan.

All—You are quite right.

Herman—But now about our affairs. The time is going, and we haven't read the papers yet. Heinrich, let us have the latest papers.

Heinrich—Here are the latest papers.

Herman—Hand them to Richart the brushmaker, who is our reader.

Richart—They write from the head camp on the Rhine that recruits are expected.

Herman—Yes, they have written that a dozen times running. Skip the Rhine. I lose my temper altogether when that thing is talked about. What is the news from Italy?

Richart—They write from Italy that Prince Eugene has broken up his camp, crossed the Po, and passed by all the fortresses to surprise the enemy's army, which thereupon retreated four miles in great haste. The Duke of Vendôme laid waste his own country on the retreat.

Herman—Ah, ah! His Highness is struck with blindness; we are undone; I wouldn't give four skillings for the whole army in Italy.

Gert—I believe that the Prince did right; that was always my plan. Didn't I say the other day, Frantz, that he ought to do so?

Frantz—No, I can't remember that you did.

Gert—I have said so a hundred times, for how can the army lie and loiter there? The Prince was all right. I will maintain it against anybody.

Herman—Heinrich, give me a glass of brandy. I must say, gentlemen, that things grew black before my eyes when I heard this news read. Your health, Mussiörs! Now, I confess I call it a capital mistake to pass by the fortresses.

Sivert—I would have done just the same if the army had been under my command.

Frantz—Yes, the next thing we shall see is that they will make generals out of inspectors.

Sivert—You need not jeer; I could do as well as some other people.

Gert—I think that Sivert is right, and that the Prince did well to go straight at the enemy.

Herman—Ei, my good Gert, you know too much; you have a good deal to learn yet.

Gert—I won't learn it from Frantz the cutler.

[*They get into a sharp quarrel, talk in one another's faces, get up from their stools, storm and threaten.*]

Herman [*strikes the table and shouts*]—Quiet, quiet, gentlemen! Let us not talk about it any more; every one can have his own opinion. Listen, gentlemen, pay attention! Do you suppose the Duke of Vendôme retreated and laid waste the country because he was frightened? No; the fellow has read the chronicle of Alexander Magnus, who acted just that way when Darius pursued him, and then won a victory as great as ours at Hochstedt.

Heinrich—The postmaster's clock just struck twelve.

Herman—Then we must all go.

[*They continue the dispute on the way out.*]

FROM 'ERASMUS MONTANUS'

[Rasmus Berg, the son of Jeppe and Nille, simple country-folk, has been sent to the university for an education, and returns to his home a pedantic prig. He has Latinized his name into Erasmus Montanus, and his attainments make a deep impression upon his parents. The third act introduces, besides these three, the betrothed of Erasmus, Lisbed by name, her parents Jeronimus and Magdelone, Jesper Ridefoged the bailiff, and Per Degn the parish clerk.]

NILLE—My son Montanus is staying away a long while. I wish he would come back before the bailiff goes, for he wants to talk with him, and is curious to ask him about this and that, such as— Why, there he comes! Welcome back, my dear son! Jeronimus must have been glad to see Mr. Son in good health after so long an absence.

Montanus—I spoke neither with Jeronimus nor his daughter, on account of a fellow with whom I got into an argument.

Nille—What sort of a fellow was he? Perhaps it was the schoolmaster.

Montanus—No, it was a stranger who leaves here to-day. I know him a little, although I never associated with him in Copenhagen. I lose my temper completely with people who imagine themselves the embodiment of all wisdom, and who are idiots. I will tell you, little mother, what it was all about. The fellow has been *ordinarius opponens* once or twice, and therein is his

sole *merita*. But how did he perform his *partes? Misere et hæsitanter absq. methodo.* When Præses once made a distinction *inter rem et modum rei*, he asked, *Quid hoc est?* Wretch! you should have learned that *antequam in arenam descendis.* "*Quid hoc est?*" *quæ bruta!* A fellow that ignores *distinctiones cardinales*, and yet would dispute *publice!*

Nille — Well, Mr. Son must not take it too much to heart. I can tell from what you say that he must be a fool.

Montanus — An ignoramus.

Nille — Nothing is more certain.

Montanus — An idiot.

Nille — He cannct be anything else.

Montanus — He publicly confused *materiam cum forma.*

Nille — He ought to be punished for it.

Montanus — And such a fellow thinks he can dispute.

Nille — The devil he can!

Montanus — Not to speak of the mistake he made in his *proœmio*, when he said, *Lectissimi et doctissimi auditores.*

Nille — What a fool he must be!

Montanus — Think of putting *lectissimus* before *doctissimus*, when *lectissimus* is a *prædicat*, as every beginner should know.

Jeppe — But didn't my son get to talk with Jeronimus?

Montanus — No, for just as I was going in I saw the fellow passing by the door, and since we knew each other I went up to greet him; whereupon we got into a discussion about learned matters, and finally into a disputation, so that I had to postpone my visit.

Jeppe — I am afraid that Monsieur Jeronimus will take it ill, that my son went to his place and came away without seeing him.

Montanus — I couldn't help it. When a man attacks philosophy, he attacks my honor. I am fond of Mademoiselle Lisbed, but *metaphysica* and *logica* have the prior place in my affections.

Nille — O my dear son, what do I hear? Are you engaged to two other girls in Copenhagen? You may get into trouble with the courts.

Montanus — You don't understand me: it is not meant that way. They are not girls, but two branches of science.

Nille — That is different. But here comes the bailiff; don't be angry any more.

Montanus — I can't be angry with him, because he is a simple and ignorant man, with whom I cannot get into any argument.

Enter Jesper

Jesper — *Serviteur, Monsieur.* I congratulate you on your return.

Montanus — Thank you, Mr. Bailiff.

Jesper — I am very glad that we have so learned a man in town. It must have racked his brain a good deal before he got so far. I wish you joy, too, Jeppe Berg! Your son makes you very happy in your old age.

Jeppe — Yes, that is true.

Jesper — Now listen, my dear Monsieur Rasmus: I want to ask you about something.

Montanus — My name is Montanus.

Jesper [*aside to Jeppe*] — Montanus — is that Latin for Rasmus?

Jeppe — Yes, it must be.

Jesper — Listen, my dear Monsieur Montanus Berg: I have heard said that learned folks have singular ideas. Is it true that in Copenhagen they think the earth is round? Here in the country no one will believe it; for how can it be, since the earth seems quite flat?

Montanus — That is because the earth is so big that we do not notice its roundness.

Jesper — Yes, that is true: the earth is big; it is almost half as big as the world. But listen, monsieur: how many stars would it take to make a moon?

Montanus — A moon! The moon is to a star about as Pebling Lake is to the whole of Sjælland.

Jesper — Ha, ha, ha, ha! Learned people are never quite right in their heads. I have even heard people say that the earth runs and the sun stands still. Monsieur doesn't believe that too?

Montanus — No reasonable man any longer doubts it.

Jesper — Ha, ha, ha! If the earth ran, we should all fall over and break our necks.

Montanus — Cannot a ship sail with you without breaking your neck?

Jesper — But you say that the earth goes round; if a ship turned over, wouldn't the people fall out into the sea?

Montanus — I will explain it more clearly, if you will only be patient.

Jesper — I don't want to hear about it. I should have to be crazy to believe such stuff. The earth turns round without our

all falling into the gulf and going to the devil, ha, ha, ha! But, my dear Monsieur Berg, how does it happen that the moon is sometimes so little and sometimes so big?

Montanus — If I were to tell you, you wouldn't believe it.

Jesper — But just be good enough to tell me.

Montanus — It is because when the moon is grown to full size, they cut off little pieces to make stars of.

Jesper — That is very curious, I declare. I didn't know that before. If they didn't cut off the little pieces it might grow too big, and be as broad as Sjælland. Nature rules things very wisely. But why doesn't the moon warm us like the sun, since it is quite as big?

Montanus — It is because the moon gives no light, but is made of the same dark matter as the earth, and gets its light from the sun.

Jesper — Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Let us talk about something else. These things are distracting enough to make a man's head turn Catholic.

Enter Per Degn

Jeppe — Welcome, Per! Good people come where good people are. Here you see my son, who has just come home.

Per — Welcome here, Monsieur Rasmus Berg!

Montanus — In Copenhagen I am usually called Montanus: I beg that you will address me by that name.

Per — All right, it amounts to about the same thing. How are affairs in Copenhagen? Did many graduate this year?

Montanus — As many as usual.

Per — Were there some rejected this year?

Montanus — Two or three *conditionaliter.*

Per — Who is *imprimatur* this year?

Montanus — What do you mean?

Per — I mean, who is *imprimatur* in verses and books that are printed?

Montanus — Is that supposed to be Latin?

Per — It was good Latin in my time.

Montanus — If it was good Latin then, it must be now; but it was never Latin in the sense you give to it.

Per — Good Latin it is, all the same.

Montanus — Is it a *nomen* or a *verbum?*

Per — It is a *nomen.*

Jesper — That's right, Per, stick to it!

Montanus — *Cujus declinationis* is *imprimatur* then?

Per — All the words there are, belong to eight classes, which are *nomen*, *pronomen*, *verbum*, *principium*, *conjugatio*, *declinatio*, *interjectio*.

Jesper — Hear, hear; listen to Per, when he talks off-hand. That is right, press him hard!

Montanus — He doesn't answer what I ask him. What is *imprimatur* in *genitivo?*

Per — *Nominativus ala*, *genitivus alæ*, *dativus alo*, *vocativus alo*, *ablativus ala*.

Jesper — There, there, Monsieur Montanus, we have people here in the country too.

Per — I should say so. In my time the fellows that matriculated were of a different sort from nowadays. They were fellows that got shaved twice a week, and could *scandere* all sorts of verse.

Montanus — That is a great thing to boast of: anybody can do that now in the second lesson. Fellows now graduate from the schools of Copenhagen who can make Hebrew and Chaldaic verses.

Per — Then they can't know much Latin.

Montanus — Latin! If you were to go to school now, they would put you in the booby class.

Jesper — Don't say that, Montanus. I know that the clerk is a deeply studied man; I have heard the tax collector and the district judge say so.

Montanus — Perhaps they know no more Latin than he does.

Jesper — But I can hear that he speaks up stoutly for himself.

Montanus — He doesn't answer the questions I ask him. *E qua schola dismissus es, mi domine?*

Per — *Adjectivum et substantivum genere, numero, et caseo conveniunt.*

Jesper — He gives him full measure, i' faith. Come, Per, we'll have a glass of brandy together.

Montanus — If Mr. Bailiff knew what these answers meant, he would split his sides laughing. I ask him from what school he graduated, and he answers with a lot of rubbish that has nothing to do with the question.

Per — *Tunc tua res agitur, paries cum proximus ardet.*

Jesper — Well, well, now he wants to go on. Just answer that.

Montanus — I cannot answer it; it is mere nonsense. Let us talk Danish together, so that the others can understand, and you will soon find out what sort of fellow he is.

[*Nille weeps.*]

Jesper — What are you weeping for, mother?

Nille — It hurts me so to have my son beaten in Latin.

Jesper — Well, mother, that is no wonder,— Per is so much older than he is. It is no wonder. Let them talk Danish now, so we can all understand.

Per — Very well. I am ready for whichever he chooses. We will ask each other a few questions: for example, who was it that cried so loud that he was heard all over the world?

Montanus — I know of no one who can cry louder than donkeys and parish clerks.

Per — Nonsense! can you hear them all over the world? It was an ass in the ark, because the whole world was in the ark.

Jesper — Ha, ha, ha! So it was, ha, ha, ha! Per Degn has got a cunning head on his shoulders.

Per — Who killed a quarter of mankind?

Montanus — I do not answer such coarse questions.

Per — It was Cain, who killed his brother Abel.

Montanus — Prove that there were not more than four human beings in the world.

Per — Prove that there were more.

Montanus — I am not forced to; for *affirmanti incumbit probatio.* Do you understand that?

Per — Certainly. *Omnia conando docilis solertia vincit.* Do you understand that?

Montanus — I am very foolish to stay here in disputation with a booby. You would dispute, and know neither Latin nor Danish, still less what *logica* is. Let us hear, *Quid est logica?*

Per — *Post molestam senectutem, post molestam senectutem nos habebat humus.*

Montanus — Will the rascal make fun of me?

[*Grabs him by the hair; they struggle; the clerk escapes, crying "Booby, booby!" All go out except the bailiff.*]

Enter Jeronimus

Jeronimus — Your servant, Mr. Bailiff. So I find you here. I came to see my future son-in-law, Rasmus Berg.

Jesper — He will be here right away. Pity you didn't come half an hour sooner; you might have heard him argue with the clerk.

Jeronimus — How did it come out?

Jesper — Per Degn, deuce take him, is slyer than I thought; I see that he has forgotten neither his Latin nor his Hebrew.

Jeronimus — I can believe that, for he never knew much of them.

Jesper — Don't say that, Monsieur Jeronimus. He has got a deuce of a mouth on him. It is really a pleasure to hear the man talk Latin.

Jeronimus — That is more than I supposed he could do. But how does my son-in-law look?

Jesper — He looks dreadfully learned; you would hardly know him again. He has got another name, too.

Jeronimus — Another name! What is his name now?

Jesper — He calls himself Montanus, which is the same as Rasmus in Latin.

Jeronimus — Oh fie! that is abominable I have known many who have thus changed their Christian names, and they never did well in the world. I knew one a few years ago who was christened Peer, and who when he amounted to something sought to change his stamp, and had himself called Peiter. But his Peiter cost him dear, for he broke his leg and died in great wretchedness. Our Lord does not like such doings, Mr. Bailiff.

Jesper — I don't care what sort of a name he takes, but I don't like to have him believe in such strange opinions.

Jeronimus — What opinions has he got?

Jesper — They are frightful. The hair stands up on my head when I think of them. I don't remember all that I heard, but I know that he said for one thing that the earth was round. What do you think of that, Monsieur Jeronimus? It is nothing less than upsetting all religion and leading people away from their faith. A heathen cannot be worse.

Jeronimus — He must have said it in jest.

Jesper — It is dreadful to make such jests. See, there he comes.

Enter Montanus

Montanus — Welcome, dear father-in-law. I am glad to see you in good health.

Jeronimus — People of my age cannot expect to have remarkable health.

Montanus — You look thoroughly well.

Jeronimus — Do you think so?

Montanus — How is Mademoiselle Lisbed?

Jeronimus — Well enough.

Montanus — Why, what is the matter, that you greet me so coldly, dear father-in-law?

Jeronimus — I have good cause to.

Montanus — What wrong have I done?

Jeronimus — I have been told that you have peculiar opinions: people must think you are crazy or Catholic in your head, for how can a reasonable man have the rashness to say that the earth is round?

Montanus — Of course it is round; I must say what is true.

Jeronimus — It is the Devil's own truth; such notions must come from the father of lies. I am sure there is not one man in this town who would not condemn such an opinion: ask the bailiff, who is a reasonable man, if he doesn't agree with me.

Jesper — It is all the same to me whether it is round or long; but I must believe my eyes, and they tell me the earth is flat as a pancake.

Montanus — It is all the same to me what the bailiff or anybody else in this town thinks about it, for I know the earth is round.

Jeronimus — It isn't round. I believe you are crazy. You have eyes in your head like other men.

Montanus — It is well known, my dear father-in-law, that there are people right under us, with feet pointed toward ours.

Jesper — Ha, ha, ha, hi, hi, hi, ha, ha, ha!

Jeronimus — You may well laugh, for he has a screw loose in his head. Just try once to get up under the ceiling, and turn your head down, and then see what will come of it.

Montanus — That is quite another matter, father-in-law.

Jeronimus — I won't be your father-in-law any more. I think more of my daughter than to throw her away on you.

Montanus — Your daughter is as dear to me as my own soul, in truth; but you cannot expect me for her sake to renounce philosophy and send my intelligence into exile.

Jeronimus — Yes, yes, I hear you have got some other woman in your head. You may keep your Lucy or Sophy: I shall not force my daughter upon you.

Montanus — You misunderstand me. Philosophy is only a branch of science, and it has opened my eyes in this matter as in others.

Jeronimus — It has rather blinded both eyes and understanding. How can you show such a thing as that?

Montanus — It is not necessary to prove it. Educated persons no longer doubt it.

Jesper — Per Degn would never admit that.

Montanus — Per Degn! He is a nice fellow! I am foolish to stand here and talk philosophy with you; but to please Monsieur Jeronimus, I will give you two proofs. First, that we get from travelers; who, when they get several thousand miles away from us, have daylight when we have night, see other stars and another sky.

Jeronimus — Are you crazy, that you say there is more than one heaven and earth?

Jesper — Yes, Monsieur Jeronimus. There are twelve heavens, one above the other, until you come to the crystal heaven. He is right as to that.

Montanus — *O quantæ tenebræ!*

Jeronimus — I went to Kiel sixteen times when I was young, but as true as I am an honest man, I never saw any other sky than the one we have here.

Montanus — You would have to travel sixteen times as far, Domine Jeronime, before you could see it, because —

Jeronimus — Stop talking such nonsense; it doesn't lead to anything. Let us hear the other proof.

Montanus — The other proof is from eclipses of the sun and moon.

Jesper — Just listen to that; now he is really crazy.

Montanus — What do you suppose an eclipse is?

Jesper — Eclipses are signs set upon the sun and moon to show when some misfortune is to happen on earth. I can prove that by my own experience: when my wife was sick three years

ago, and when my daughter Gertrude died, both times there were eclipses before.

Montanus — Such nonsense will drive me crazy.

Jeronimus — The bailiff is right; for there is never an eclipse that does not mean something. When the last one occurred, everything seemed to be going well, but not for long: only two weeks afterwards we got news from Copenhagen that six students had failed at once, and two of them were deans' sons. If you don't hear of something bad in one place after such an eclipse, you are sure to in another.

Montanus — That is certain enough; for no day passes without bringing misfortune in some part of the world. As for the people you speak about, they should not put it off on the eclipse, for if they had studied harder they would have got through.

Jeronimus — What is an eclipse of the moon, then?

Montanus — It is nothing but the earth's shadow, which deprives the moon of sunlight; and since the shadow is round, we can see that the earth likewise is round. It is all perfectly natural; for we can calculate eclipses, and therefore it is foolishness to say that they are signs of coming misfortune.

Jeronimus — Ah, Mr. Bailiff, I feel sick. It was an unhappy hour when your parents let you study.

Jesper — Yes, he is pretty near to becoming an atheist. I must set Per Degn at him again. There is a man who can talk to some purpose. He shall prove to you, either in Latin or Greek as you like, that the earth, thank God, is as flat as my hand. But there comes Madame Jeronimus with her daughter.

Enter Magdelone *and* Lisbed

Magdelone — O my dear son-in-law, it is a joy to see you back again in good health.

Lisbed — O my love, let me embrace you!

Jeronimus — Softly, softly, my child, not so fast.

Lisbed — May I not embrace my betrothed, whom I have not seen for years?

Jeronimus — Keep away from him, I tell you, or you will get beaten.

Lisbed [*weeping*] — I know that we were publicly betrothed.

Jeronimus — That is true enough; but a difficulty has since arisen.

[*Lisbed weeps.*]

Jeronimus — You shall know, my child, that when he became engaged to you he was a well-behaved man and a good Christian; but now he is a heretic and a fanatic, who deserves to be put into the Litany rather than into relationship with us.

Lisbed — Is that all, father? We can settle that easily enough.

Jeronimus — Keep away from him, I say!

Magdelone — What does this mean, Mr. Bailiff?

Jesper — It is bad enough, madame! He brings false learning into the town, says that the earth is round, and things of that sort that I blush to mention.

Jeronimus — Don't you pity the good old parents who have spent so much money on him?

Magdelone — Ei, is that all? If he loves our daughter he will give up his notion, and say that the earth is flat, for her sake.

Lisbed — Ah, my love, say for my sake that it is flat.

Montanus — I cannot oblige you, so long as my reason is left me. I cannot give the earth any other shape than it has by nature. I will say and do all that is possible for your sake, but I cannot oblige you in this. For should my fellow students come to know that I had made such a statement, I should be scorned and held for a fool; besides, we learned men never take back what we have said, but defend it to the last drop of our ink-bottle.

Magdelone — Listen, husband: this does not seem to me important enough to make us break off the match.

Jeronimus — And I say that if they were already married, I would have them divorced on account of it.

Magdelone — I think I've got something to say about it; for if she is your daughter she is mine too.

Lisbed [*weeping*] — O my dear, say that it is flat.

Montanus — That I cannot.

Jeronimus — Listen, wife: you must know that I am the man of the house, and that I am her father.

Magdelone — You must know also that I am the woman of the house, and that I am her mother.

Jeronimus — What I mean is, that a father is of more account than a mother.

Magdelone — And I say that he isn't, for no one can doubt that I am her mother, while you — I won't say any more, or I shall get excited.

Lisbed [*weeping*] — O my love, can't you say for my sake that it is flat?

Montanus — I cannot, my pet: *nam contra naturam est.*

Jeronimus — What do you mean by that, wife? Am I not her father as you are her mother? Listen, Lisbed, am I not your father?

Lisbed — I think you must be, for my mother says so. I think you are my father, but I know she is my mother.

Jeronimus — What do you think of all this nonsense, Mr. Bailiff?

Jesper — I can't say that ma'mselle is wrong, because —

Jeronimus — That's enough. Come, let us go. Be quite sure, my good Rasmus Berg, that you shall never get my daughter as long as you persist in your errors.

Lisbed [*weeping*] — O my love, say that it is flat!

Jeronimus — Out, out of the door!

[*The visitors all depart.*]

A DEFENSE OF THE DEVIL

From the 'Epistles'

Our last conversation was about apologetic or defensive writings, which I confessed I could not endure; partly because an honest man and a good book need no apology, partly because it is possible to write in defense of anything, even of the Devil. You laughed at my words, and replied that the latter task might prove somewhat difficult. I retorted that it would be no more difficult than to frame the defense that is made for the ass, wherein this beast is credited with various heroic qualities. In order to show that the thing may be done, I will briefly set forth what an apologist willing to trouble himself in such a cause may find to say in defense of the Devil.

I will say nothing of his capacity and intelligence; for all, including his greatest enemies, are agreed that a person who bears six thousand years on his shoulders, and who has lived twice as long as the Shoemaker of Jerusalem, must possess more learning and wisdom than the seven wise men of Greece, perhaps more than all the professors on earth if they were made into one. Nor will it be urged that he is falling into the childishness of age; a thing that cannot be asserted without *médisance*, since the

most learned theologians, who have made a thorough study of the man's character, and know him to a nicety, are quite sure that he is in full vigor, so that age cannot have bitten him much if at all. Similarly, the learned men of the last century who had the honor of talking with the Shoemaker of Jerusalem bore witness that this self-same shoemaker was still in full possession of his five senses; so that neither understanding nor memory was at fault, although he had wandered about the world for sixteen hundred years. There can therefore be no dispute about the understanding and knowledge of the Devil, which cannot be other than vast, when we take his great age into consideration; and this is the reason why the Norse peasants bestow upon him the venerable title of Old Erik.

But let us examine the evil characteristics that are ascribed to him. The Devil is frequently said to go about plunging men into misfortune and leading souls astray. But since he has plainly, and by manifesto, so to speak, declared war upon the human race, he is more excusable than many men who under the guise of friendship mislead their neighbors; who make peaceful compacts only to break them, and who call God to witness the uprightness of their hearts, that are yet full of hatred, enmity, and predatory desire. Hence it is said that we can guard ourselves against the Devil, but not against men. That he should seek to lead souls astray is nothing more than that he should be desirous of strengthening his power, and showing that he is an alert politician, statesman, and economist. In the matter of pacts and contracts his dealings are far more honorable than those of most men; for although the latter make agreements straightway to break them, and have thus brought themselves into so ill credit that none will contract with them save under the protection of a guarantee, experience on the other hand teaches us that the Devil fulfills his agreements to the letter, performs exactly his promises to the contracting party, and seizes upon no one before the stipulated time is out; as we may see from the history of Dr. Faustus and other worthy men, whom by virtue of executed contracts he has instructed in arts, learning, and statesmanship, or aided with great cash subsidies, and demanded no payment for the work until the time of expiry, the term, and the hour, came to hand. Among all the harsh things that are said of the Devil, we hear no one accuse him of failing to perform his contracts, or even of cheating anybody with false coin

or false wares, as great numbers of our merchants and writers do,—the former by giving false names to their wares, the latter by attaching false titles to their writings, for which they ask payment in advance; while the Devil, for his part, carries out his agreements, neither giving nor exacting any advance payment. For that reason, we never hear of any one who has contracted with the Devil exacting any guarantee, which is indisputable evidence that he keeps his agreements honestly.

It may be objected to this, that the uprightness shown by the Devil in his pacts and contracts does not proceed from honesty but from self-interest; since thereby he supports himself, and entices many to contract with him. But do you suppose our so-called upright merchants in all their dealings are honest merely for the sake of being honest? May not the rectitude of their conduct spring from the same source? It is said that when two things are one, they are yet not one; for what we call a virtue in the merchant is depicted as a vice in the Devil. Since then the Devil has thus come into ill repute, we ascribe to his influence adultery, murder, theft, and all evil doings. I do not go so far in this matter as wholly to acquit him; but I venture to say that the charges ordinarily brought against him have a bad effect, and are not well based. Their effect is bad, because they persuade sinners to put their guilt off their own shoulders and use the Devil as a shield for their misdoings. They are ill based, because the corrupt flesh and blood of men are sufficient, without any co-operation, to drive them to sin.

Further, the Devil is said to prowl about at night for the disturbance of mankind. The conception one is bound to have of a cunning and evil spirit has prevented me from sharing the opinion of the learned in this matter; partly because I find the thing improbable,—unless people admit, as no one does, that he is in his second childhood,—and partly because such spooking would oppose his own interests. But since I have been blamed for this opinion, I have renounced it, and now confess with the orthodox that it really is the Devil who spooks by night in church-yards, houses, and nurseries. But in that case it follows that people are made God-fearing, and that the Devil by this practice of spooking shows himself a friend rather than an enemy of mankind, so that he should be praised rather than blamed for the habit. His function as the judge and executioner of the lost should not be a blot upon his name and good report;

for that is a necessity, and just as no city can dispense with an executioner, so mankind in general cannot get along without such a general officer to execute the judgments pronounced upon the guilty. The office in itself is not only necessary, but even honorable, as we may see from the ancient Greeks, who made two men of importance, Minos and Rhadamanthus, the executioners in Pluto's realm. We see from all these considerations that the Devil is not as black as he is painted; that on the contrary he has many good qualities, so that it is far less difficult to defend him than many men upon whose record there is no blot. It is quite to be believed, as many unpartisan men have observed, that we go too far in such judgments; and that if the learned and unpartisan theologian Gotfried Arnold, who was the advocate for many despised persons, had lived longer, he would have undertaken the defense of this notorious spirit, which we see is not a task so difficult but that with the help of a good *rhetorica* it may be given some color of success. That the Devil tempts men cannot well be disputed; but since experience shows that these alleged temptations may often be driven off by means of powders and drops, we see that even this accusation is often ill-founded, unless one is willing to contend that the Devil himself may be driven off by crabs' eyes and purgative pills; which would be to hold the enemy too cheap.

See, here you have the Devil's defense, written in haste. You may see from it what a skillful *disputator* might accomplish, who should undertake to defend his case *ex cathedra*, or an advocate who had won a reputation for turning evil to good. *Logica* and *rhetorica* are two of the chief sciences. It was with the aid of *logica* that Zeno Eleates proved that nothing in the world had motion. It was by the same aid that Erasmus Montanus distinctly showed Peder Degn to be a cock, and that to beat one's parents is a meritorious act. But to speak seriously, I beg that you will not show this letter to anybody, and particularly not to Herr Niels or Peder Degn; for they might take it all literally, and find in it the text for a sermon, and it might fare with me as with a certain man who was dubbed cardinal by the jovial papal *collegio* organized in this town a few years ago: after his death a number of letters were found giving him the title of Cardinal Orsini, and this the authorities took literally, discussing with their colleagues whether the deceased might be permitted burial in Christian earth. I remain, etc.

THE SOCIETY OF WOMEN

From the 'Epistles'

You express surprise that I, who am advanced in years, and have always been devoted to study, should take more satisfaction in the society of women than of men. But you will be still more surprised when I say that it is precisely on account of my studies that I seek such society. To make sense out of this paradox, you must know that when at home I am usually occupied with some sort of work that racks my brains, and go out only for the purpose of giving my head a necessary rest. Such rest may be comfortably enjoyed in the drawing-rooms of women, where there is heard as a rule only commonplace talk that calls for no meditation. And that is the reason why, when I have given myself a headache with study, I would rather go to see Madame N. N. than anybody else; for she will tell me nothing except what she has eaten during the day, or how many eggs her hens have laid that week, or other things of that sort, which neither rack the brains nor strain the sinews of the head.

In men's company, on the other hand, there are discourses that make the head swim. There is usually talk of judicial proceedings and affairs of State, which are useful enough matters, and even agreeable at the proper time, but not when one seeks society for the sole purpose of recreating the mind and giving the brain a rest. People begin, as soon as the first greetings are over, by explaining to me some matter that has that day been decided in court or council chamber, in order to get my opinion of it; or they entangle my wits in affairs of State, for which any new regulation or bit of fresh news affords a pretext; which is like proposing a game of chess to a man just out of his library, thus setting him to the work of study again.

This is the reason why Englishmen, among other matters that give evidence of their discernment, do not like games that require meditation. Their *Back Game* [*sic*], for example, is not nearly so tedious as our *forkering*. The same can be said of their sports in the shape of cocks' and bull-dogs' fights, and others of the sort. *Le jeu déchec*, the French say, *n'est pas assez jeu;* that is, chess and other games of that sort are not amusement but study. Hence they are good for people who have nothing serious to do, and whose brains are in danger of rusting

from idleness; but not for busy folks, who seek for recreation in games and society. We find in consequence that people of affairs set apart certain hours of the day in which they wish to hear nothing but innocent gossip; and it is related that for this reason Richelieu spent one hour of each day in such company, for he could not find his account in taking up metaphysical discussions when he had just left his cabinet all tired out. It was also for this reason that Socrates played with his children now and then. Another reason why I prefer to seek the society of women is this: when I come into men's society, I am offered either a glass of wine or a pipe of tobacco, which is by no means to my taste. In women's society, on the other hand, I get tea, coffee, and nonsensical chatter, which best suits my idle hours. Here you have the reasons for my conduct in this matter.

I remain, etc.

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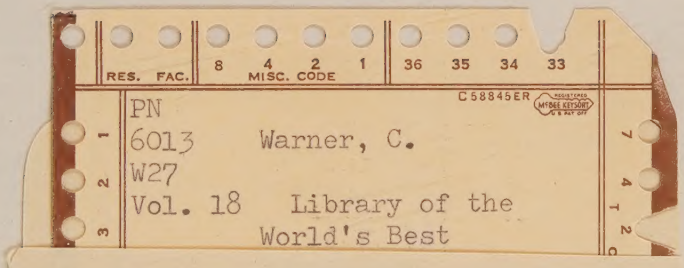

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